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LIBRARY EDITION
OF
SHAKSPERE.

VOL. V.—HISTORIES.

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COMMONS HISTORIES, TRAGEDIES

AND FORMS

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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KING HENRY IV.,

PART I.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY IV.

HENRY, *Prince of Wales*,
PRINCE JOHN *of Lancaster*, } *sons to the King.*

EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
SIR WALTER BLUNT, } *friends to the King.*

THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of Worcester.*

HENRY PERCY, *Earl of Northumberland.*

HENRY PERCY, *surnamed HOTSPUR, his son.*

EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*

SCROOP, *Archbishop of York.*

SIR MICHAEL, *a friend of the Archbishop.*

ARCHIBALD, *Earl of Douglas.*

OWEN GLENDOWER.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

POINS.

GADSHILL.

PETO.

BARDOLPH.

Lady PERCY, *wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.*

Lady MORTIMER, *daughter to Glendower, and wife to
Mortimer.*

Mrs. QUICKLY, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.*

*Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers,
Two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.*

SCENE,—ENGLAND.



[Henry of Monmouth.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE TO KING HENRY IV., PARTS I. AND II.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY.

THE first edition of 'Henry IV., Part I.,' appeared in 1598, under the following title: 'The History of Henrie the Fourth; with the Battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North. With the Humourous Conceits of Sir John Falstalfe. Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise.' Five other editions were printed before the folio of 1623. In the second edition of 1599 *Falstaffe* is put for *Falstalfe*, but in the third edition of 1604 we have *Falstalfe*. The first edition of 'Henry IV., Part II.,' appeared in 1600, under the following title: 'The Second Part of Henrie the Fourth, continuing to his Death, and Coronation of Henry the Fift. With the Humours of Sir John Falstaffe, and swaggering Pistoll. As it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by William Shakspeare. Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley.' Another edition was issued the same year, by the same publishers, for the purpose of supplying the omission of the first scene of the third act. No subsequent

edition appeared till the folio of 1623. The text of the folio, from which we print, does not materially differ from the original quartos, in the First Part. In the Second Part there are large additions, and those some very important passages, in the folio. In both Parts, not a few of the expressions which were thought profane, especially some of the ejaculations of Falstaff, have, in the folio, been softened or expunged. We do not think that the wit has been in the slightest degree injured by this process. This class of variations we have not deemed it necessary to point out in detail; but all other material differences between the quartos and the folio are indicated in our foot-notes.

‘The First Part of King Henry IV.’ was entered in the books of the Stationers’ Company in 1597. Chalmers, for several reasons which we think altogether unimportant, believes it to have been written in 1596. The Second Part was entered in the Stationers’ books in 1600. Francis Meres, in 1598, enumerated ‘Henry IV.’ amongst Shakspeare’s tragedies. He might, or he might not, have referred to both Parts. The Second Part was probably written in 1598; for the following passage is found in Ben Jonson’s ‘Every Man out of his Humour,’ first acted in 1599:—

“*Savi.* What’s he, gentle Mons. Brisk? Not that gentleman.
Fast. No, lady; this is a kinsman to *Justice Silence.*”

SOURCES OF THE “HISTORY” OF HENRY IV.

DR. JOHNSON has correctly remarked that Shakspeare “apparently designed a regular connexion of these dramatic histories, from ‘Richard the Second’ to ‘Henry the Fifth;’” and he further says, “These two plays (‘Henry IV.,’ the First and Second Parts) will appear, to every reader who shall peruse them without ambition of critical discoveries, to be so connected that the second is merely a sequel to the first; to be two, only because they are too long to be one.” This essential connexion of the two Parts renders it necessary that our Introductory Notice should embrace both plays; and that the same principle should also govern our Supplementary Notice. Shakspeare, indeed, found the stage in possession of a rude drama, ‘The Famous Victories of Henry V.,’ upon the foundation of which he constructed not only his two Parts of ‘Henry IV.,’ but his ‘Henry V.’ That old play was acted prior to 1588; Tarleton, a celebrated comic actor, who played the clown in it, having died in that year. It was entered on the Stationers’ books in 1594, and was performed by Henslowe’s company in 1595. It is, in many

respects, satisfactory that this very extraordinary performance has been preserved. None of the old dramas exhibit in a more striking light the marvellous reformation which Shakspeare, more than all his contemporaries, produced in the dramatic amusements of the age of Elizabeth. We have shown how immeasurably superior the 'King John' of our poet is to the 'King John' of 1591, upon which it was founded. But even that play is of a far higher character, as a work of art, than 'The Famous Victories of Henry V.,' of which the comic parts are low buffoonery, without the slightest wit, and the tragic monotonous stupidity, without a particle of poetry. And yet Shakspeare built upon this thing, and for a very satisfactory reason—the people were familiar with it. It is highly probable that in many more cases than we are acquainted with Shakspeare adopted the same principle. A gentleman whose name, were we at liberty to publish it, would stamp the highest value upon his opinions, writes to us, "I begin to doubt whether we have a single play that is altogether by that master-hand." In the instance of 'The Famous Victories' some improvements might have been made upon the original when it was acted in 1595; for it seems almost impossible that an audience who were then familiar with Shakspeare could have tolerated such a mass of ribaldry and dulness. We can, however, only judge of Shakspeare's obligations to that play from the copy which has come down to us. By examining this old play somewhat in detail, we shall have an opportunity of touching upon several controverted points, such as the historical truth of Shakspeare's delineation of Prince Henry, and the supposed originals of his character of Falstaff.

In 'The Famous Victories' we are introduced to the "young Prince" in the opening scene. His companions are "Ned," "Tom," and "Sir John Oldcastle," who bears the familiar name of "Jockey." They have been committing a robbery upon the king's receivers; and Jockey informs the prince that his (the prince's) man hath robbed a poor carrier. The plunder of the receivers amounts to a thousand pounds; and the prince worthily says, "As I am a true gentleman, I will have the half of this spent tonight." He shows his gentility by calling the receivers villains and rascals. The royal amusements in the old tavern in Eastcheap are thus described by a boy of the tavern: "This night, about two hours ago, there came the young prince, and three or four more of his companions, and called for wine good store, and then they sent for a noise of musicians, and were very merry for the space of an hour: then, whether their music liked them or not, or whether they

had drunk too much wine or no, I cannot tell, but our pots flew against the walls, and then they drew their swords, and went into the streets and fought, and some took one part, and some took another." The prince is sent to the "counter" by the Lord Mayor. "Gadshill," the prince's man, who robbed the carrier, is taken before the Lord Chief Justice; and the young prince, who seems to have got out of the counter as suddenly as he got in, rescues the thief, after the following fashion:—

Henry. Why, then, belike you mean to hang my man?

Judge. I am sorry that it falls out so.

Henry. Why, my lord, I pray ye, who am I?

Judge. An please your grace, you are my lord the young prince, our king that shall be after the decease of our sovereign lord king Henry the fourth, whom God grant long to reign.

Henry. You say true, my lord: And you will hang my man?

Judge. An like your grace, I must needs do justice.

Henry. Tell me, my lord, shall I have my man?

Judge. I cannot, my lord.

Henry. But will you not let him go?

Judge. I am sorry that his case is too ill.

Henry. Tush! case me no casings. Shall I have my man?

Judge. I cannot, nor I may not, my lord.

Henry. Nay, and I shall not, say, and then I am answered.

Judge. No.

Henry. No! then I will have him. [*He gives him a box on the ear.*]

Ned. Gog's wounds, my lord! shall I cut off his head?"

The scene ends with the Chief Justice committing Henry to the Fleet. In a subsequent scene with Oldcastle, Ned, and Tom, we have a passage which has evidently suggested a part of the dialogue betwixt the prince and Falstaff.

'FAMOUS VICTORIES.'

Henry.—Here's such ado now-a-days, here's prisoning, here's hanging, whipping, and the devil and all: but I tell you, sirs, when I am king we will have no such thing; but, my lads, if the old king my father were dead, we would be all kings.

Oldcastle. He is a good old man. God take him to his mercy the sooner.

Henry. But, Ned, so soon as I am king, the first thing I will do shall be to put my lord chief justice out of office, and thou shalt be my lord chief justice of England.

Ned. Shall I be lord chief justice? By Gog's wounds I'll be the bravest lord chief justice that ever was in England."

SHAKSPERE'S 'HENRY IV.'

Falst. I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

Henry. No; thou shalt.

Falst. Shall I? O rare! I'll be a brave judge."

The ruffian prince of the old play goes on in the same low strain:—
"That fellow that will stand by the wayside courageously, with

his sword and buckler, and take a purse,—that fellow, give him commendations.” “But whither are ye going now?” quoth Ned. “To the court,” answers the true gentleman of a prince, “for I hear say my father lies very sick. . . . The breath shall be no sooner out of his mouth but I will clap the crown on my head.” To the court he goes, and there the bully becomes a hypocrite. “Ah, Harry, now thrice unhappy Harry. But what shall I do? I will go take me to some solitary place, and there lament my sinful life, and when I have done I will lay me down and die.” The great scene in ‘The Second Part of Henry IV.,—

“I never thought to hear you speak again,”—

is founded, probably, upon a passage in Holinshed; but there is a similar scene in the ‘The Famous Victories.’ It is, perhaps, the highest attempt in the whole play. The blank verse of this old play is blank verse only to the eye.

And now that we have seen what the popular notion of the conqueror of Agincourt was at the period when Shakspeare began to write, and, perhaps, indeed, up to the time when he gave us his own idea of Henry of Monmouth,—when we have seen that, for some ten years at least, the Henry of the stage was an ill-bred, unredeemed blackguard, without a single sparkle of a “better hope,” surrounded by companions of the very lowest habits, thieves and cutthroats,—when we see him, not seduced from the gravity of his station by an irrepressible love of fun, kept alive by the wit of his principal associate, but given up only to drinking and debauchery, to throwing of pots, and brawls in the streets,—when we see not a single gleam of that “sun,”

“Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world;”—

and when we know that nearly all the historians up to the time of Shakspeare took pretty much the same view of Henry’s character,—we may, perhaps, be astonished to be told that Shakspeare’s fascinating representation of Henry of Monmouth, “as an historical portrait, is not only unlike the original, but misleading and unjust in essential points of character.”* Misleading and unjust! We admire, and even honour, Mr. Tyler’s enthusiasm in the vindication of his favourite hero from every charge of early impurity. In the nature of things it was impossible that Henry of Monmouth,—in many particulars so far above his age, in literature, in accomplishments, in real magnanimity of character,—should have been the

* ‘Henry of Monmouth,’ by J. Endell Tyler, B.D., vol. i. page 356.

low profligate which nearly all the ancient historians represent him to have been. But Mr. Tyler, instead of blaming Shakspeare for the view which he took of Henry's character,—instead of calling upon us “to allow it no weight in the scale of evidence;”—instead of informing us that the poet's descriptions are “wholly untenable when tested by facts, and irreconcilable with what history places beyond doubt;”—instead of attempting to shake our belief in Shakspeare's general truth, by minute comparisons of particular passages with real dates, trying the poet by a test altogether out of the province of poetry;—instead of telling us that the great dramatist's imagination worked “only on the vague traditions of a sudden change for the better in the prince, immediately on his accession;”—instead of all this, Mr. Tyler ought to have called our attention to the fact that Shakspeare was the *only* man of his age who rejected the imperfect evidence of all the historians as to the character of Henry of Monmouth, and nobly vindicated him even from his own biographers, and, what was of more importance, from the coarser traditions embodied in a popular drama of Shakspeare's own day. It is not our business to enter into a discussion whether the early life of Henry was entirely blameless, as Mr. Tyler would prove. This is a question which, as far as an editor of Shakspeare is concerned, may be classed with a somewhat similar question of the character of Richard III., as argued in Walpole's ‘*Historic Doubts.*’ But the real question for us to consider is this,—what were the opinions of all the historians up to Shakspeare's own time? Mr. Tyler himself says, “Before Shakspeare's day, the reports adopted by our historiographers had fully justified him in his representations of Henry's early courses.” But we contend that Shakspeare did *not* rest upon the historiographers;—he did *not* give credence to the vulgar traditions;—he did *not* believe in the story of Henry's sudden conversion;—he did *not* make him the low profligate of the old play, or of the older Chronicles. We are very much accustomed to say, speaking of Shakspeare's historical plays, that he follows Holinshed. He does so, indeed, when the truth of the historian is not incompatible with the higher poetical truth of his own conceptions. Now, what says Holinshed about Henry V.?—“After that he was invested king, and had received the crown, he determined with himself to put upon him the shape of a new man, turning insolency and wildness into gravity and soberness. And whereas he had passed his youth in wanton pastime and riotous disorder, with a sort of misgoverned mates and unthrifty playfeers, he now banished them from his presence.” Holinshed wrote

this in 1577; but did he invent this character? Thomas Elmham, a contemporary of Henry V., who wrote his *Life*, distinctly tells us of his passing the bounds of modesty, and, “when not engaged in military exercises, he also indulged in other excesses which unrestrained youth is apt to fall into.” Of Henry’s sudden conversion this author also tells the story; and he dates it from his father’s deathbed. Otterburn, another contemporary of Henry, gives us also the story of his sudden conversion:—“repenté mutatus est in virum alterum.” Hardyng, another contemporary, and an adherent of the house of Lancaster, says—

“The hour he was crowned and anoint
He changed was of all his old condition;”

or, as he says in the argument to this chapter of his *Chronicle*, “he was changed from all vices unto virtuous life.” Walsingham, a fourth contemporary, speaking of a heavy fall of snow on the 9th of April, the day of his coronation, says, “that some interpreted this unseasonable weather to be a happy omen; as if he would cause the snow and frost of vices to fall away in his reign, and the serene fruit of virtues to spring up; that it might be truly said by his subjects, ‘Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.’” Who, indeed, as soon as he was invested with the ensigns of royalty, was suddenly changed into a new man, behaving with propriety, modesty, and gravity, and showing a desire to practise every kind of virtue.” There is a ballad of Henry IV.’s time addressed to Prince Henry and his brothers, to dissuade them from spending time in “youthed folily.” Caxton, who wrote in the time of Edward IV., says, “Here is to be noted that the King Henry V. was a noble prince after he was king and crowned; howbeit before in his youth he had been wild, reckless, and spared nothing of his lusts nor desires, but accomplished them after his liking.” Fabyan is even more severe:—“This man before the death of his father applied himself to all vice and insolency.” The story of Henry insulting the Lord Chief Justice, and being by him committed to prison, was first told by Sir Thomas Elyot, in 1534, in his book entitled ‘*The Governor*.’ and he sets out by saying, “The most renowned prince King Henry V., late King of England, during the life of his father was noted to be fierce and of wanton courage.” His servant, according to this story, was arraigned for felony, and the prince, “incensed by light persons about him, in furious rage came hastily to the bar.” According to Sir Thomas Elyot, the prince did not strike the judge; but, “being set all in a fury, all

chafed, in a terrible manner came up to the place of judgment, men thinking that he would have slain the judge." Holinshed makes the blow to have been inflicted. Stow, whose Chronicle was published in 1580, gives us a much more natural version of the prince's robberies than that of the old play:—he makes them to have been wanton frolics, followed by restitution. Lastly, Hall collects and repeats all the charges against Henry of the earlier historians. In a word, there is not one solitary writer up to the time of Shakspeare that entertained any doubt that

" His addiction was to courses vain;
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports."

This passage in 'Henry V.,' which is introduced by the archbishop to heighten his praises of the king by contrast with his former state, is the severest passage which Shakspeare has against the early character of the prince. It is stronger than his father's reproof, in the third act of the First Part. But where is the "insolency" of Holinshed—the "all vices" of Hardyng—the "spared nothing of his lusts and desires" of Caxton? Let it be observed, too, how careful Shakspeare has been to make the common tradition of Henry's almost miraculous conversion rest only upon the opinion of others. The archbishop indeed says,—

" ——— never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king."

But the prince, in the very first scene in which he appears, thus apostrophizes his companions:—

" I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness."

Even in the 'Richard II.,' when Henry IV. speaks of his "unthrifty son," we are prepared, not for the coarse profligate of the old play, but for a high-couraged and reckless boy, offending in the very wantonness of his hot blood, which despises conventional forms and opinions:—

" As dissolute as desperate; yet, through both,
I see some sparkles of a better hope."

But it is not from the representations of others that we must form our opinion of the character of the prince of Shakspeare. He is, indeed, the "madcap prince of Wales,"

" that daff'd the world aside,"

but he is not the "sword and buckler prince of Wales," that Hot-

spur would have "poisoned with a pot of ale." He is a gentleman; a companion, indeed, of loose revellers, but one who infinitely prefers the excitement of their wit to their dissipation. How graceful too, and how utterly devoid of meanness and hypocrisy, is his apology to his father for his faults! How gallantly he passes from the revels at the Boar's Head to the preparations for the battle-field! How just are his praises of Hotspur! How modest his challenge!—

"I have a truant been to chivalry."

What a key to his real kindness of heart and good nature is his apostrophe to Falstaff:—

— "Poor Jack, farewell!

I could have better spar'd a better man!"

How magnanimous is his pleading for the life of the Douglas! Never throughout the two plays is there a single expression of unfilial feeling towards his father. "My heart bleeds inwardly," says the prince of Shakspeare, "that my father is so sick." The low profligate of the old play says, "I stand upon thorns till the crown be on my head." The king's description of his son in Shakspeare is truly in accordance with the poet's delineation of his character:—

"He bath a tear for pity, and a hand

Open as day for melting charity;

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he 's flint;

As humorous as winter."

And yet, according to Mr. Tyler, Shakspeare has done injustice to Henry of Monmouth. When in 'Richard II.' Bolingbroke speaks of his "unthrifty son," Mr. Tyler informs us that the boy was only twelve years and a half old. "*At the very time*," says Mr. Tyler, "when, according to the poet's representation, Henry IV. uttered this lamentation (Part I., Act I. Scene 1), expressive of deep present sorrow at the reckless misdoings of his son, and of anticipations of worse, that very son was doing his duty valiantly and mercifully in Wales." Again, according to Mr. Tyler, the noble scene between Henry and his father in the third act of the First Part was not the real truth—*Henry was not then in London*;—and from a letter of Henry to his council we find that the king had received "most satisfactory accounts of his very dear and well-beloved son the prince, which gave him very great pleasure." Mr. Tyler remarks upon this letter, "It is as though history were designed on set purpose, and by especial commission, to counteract the bewitching fictions of the poet." For our own parts, we have a love of Henry, as Shakspeare evidently himself had; but we have derived that love

more from "the bewitching fictions" of the poet, than from what we learn from history apart from the poet. With every respect for Mr. Tyler's excellent intentions, we are inclined to think that Shakspeare has elevated the character of Henry, not only far above the calumnies of the old Chroniclers, which, we believe, were gross exaggerations, but has painted him much more amiable, and just, and merciful than we find him in the original documents which Mr. Tyler has rendered popular. Mr. Tyler has printed a letter of Prince Henry to the council, written in 1401, and describing his proceedings in Wales against Owen Glendower. It contains the following passages:—"So we caused the whole place to be set on fire, and many other houses around it, belonging to his tenants. And then we went straight to his other place there we burnt a fine lodge in his park, and the whole country round. And certain of our people sallied forth, and took a gentleman of high degree he was put to death; and several of his companions, who were taken the same day, met with the same fate. We then proceeded to the commote of Edionyon, in Merionethshire, and there laid waste a fine and populous country." Our tastes may be wrong; but we would rather hold in our affections "the madcap prince of Wales" at the Boar's Head, "of all humours, that have showed themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam," than adulterate the poetical idea with the documentary history of a precocious boy, burning, wasting, and slaying; or, as Mr. Tyler says, "doing his duty valiantly." There is sometimes a higher truth even than documentary truth. The burnings and slayings of Henry of Monmouth must be judged of according to the spirit of his age. Had the great dramatist represented these things, he would, indeed, have done injustice to Henry in his individual character. We believe that he most wisely vindicated his hero from the written and traditionary calumnies that had gathered round his name, not by showing him, as he did Prince John of Lancaster, a "sober-blooded boy," but by divesting his dissipation of the grossness which up to his time had surrounded it; and by exhibiting the misdirected energy of an acute and active mind, instead of the violent excesses and the fierce passions that had anciently been attributed to him. The praiseworthy attempt of Mr. Tyler to prove that there was no solid historical ground for Henry's early profligacy is founded upon a very ingenious treatise, full of antiquarian research, by Mr. Alexander Luders.* That gentleman, as

* 'An Essay on the Character of Henry V. when Prince of Wales.' 1813.

it appears to us, has left the question pretty much where he found it. He has, however, taken a right view of what our poet did for the character of Henry: "Shakspeare seemed to struggle against believing the current stories of misconduct as much as he could, that he might not let the prince down to their level."

In the play of 'The Famous Victories of Henry V.' we have, as already mentioned, the character of "Sir John Oldcastle." This personage, like all the other companions of the prince in that play, is a low worthless fellow, without a single spark of wit or humour to relieve his grovelling profligacy. But he is also a very insignificant character, with less stage business than even "Ned" and "Tom." Dericke, the clown, is, indeed, the leading character throughout this play. Altogether Oldcastle has only thirty lines put in his mouth in the whole piece. We have no allusion to his being fat; we hear nothing of his gluttony. Malone, however, calls this Sir John Oldcastle "a pampered glutton." The question which we have here to consider is, whether this Oldcastle, or Jockey, suggested to Shakspeare his Falstaff. We cannot discover the very slightest similarity; although Malone, with less caution than usual, decidedly says, "Shakspeare appears evidently to have caught the idea of the character of Falstaff from a wretched play entitled 'The Famous Victories of King Henry V.'" But Malone is arguing for the support of a favourite theory. Rowe has noticed a tradition that Falstaff was written originally under the name of Oldcastle. This opinion would receive some confirmation from the fact that Shakspeare has transferred other names from the old play, Ned, Gadshill,—and why not, then, Oldcastle? The prince in one place calls Falstaff "my old lad of the castle;" but this may be otherwise explained. The Sir John Oldcastle of history, Lord Cobham, was, as is well known, one of the most strenuous supporters of the Reformation of Wickliffe; and hence it has been argued that the original name of Shakspeare's fat knight was offensive to zealous protestants in the time of Elizabeth, and was accordingly changed to that of Falstaff. Malone holds a contrary opinion to this belief, and prefers to make Shakspeare catch the idea of the character of Falstaff from the old play, instead of holding that he took the name alone. We are inclined to think, with Ritson, that Shakspeare took the name without receiving the slightest hint of the character. In our opinion, there was either another play besides 'The Famous Victories' in which the name of Oldcastle was introduced, or the remarks of contemporary writers applied to Shakspeare's Falstaff, who had originally

borne the name of Oldcastle. The following passage is from Fuller's 'Church History :—“ Stage-poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon-companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot. The best is, Sir John Falstaff hath relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and of late is substituted buffoon in his place.” This description of Fuller cannot apply to the Sir John Oldcastle of 'The Famous Victories.' The dull dog of that play is neither a jovial companion, nor a coward to boot. The prologue to the old play of 'Sir John Oldcastle,' printed in 1600, has these lines :—

“ It is no pamper'd glutton we present,
Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin,
But one whose virtue shone above the rest,
A valiant martyr and a virtuous peer.”

Whether or not Shakspeare's Falstaff was originally called Oldcastle, he was, after the character was fairly established as Falstaff, anxious to vindicate himself from the charge that he had attempted to represent the Oldcastle of history. In the epilogue to 'The Second Part of Henry IV.' we find this passage :—“ For anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions ; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.” It is remarkable, however, that as late as 1611, or perhaps later, in a comedy by Nathaniel Field, called 'Amends for Ladies,' Falstaff's description of honour is mentioned by one of the characters as if it had been delivered by Sir John Oldcastle.

But another controversy has arisen out of the substitution of Falstaff for Oldcastle. Fuller is once more the complainant against Shakspeare. In his 'Worthies,' speaking of Sir John Fastolff, he says, “ The stage has been over bold with his memory, making him a Thrasonical puff, and emblem of mock valour.—True it is, Sir John Oldcastle did first bear the brunt of the one, being made the makesport in all plays for a coward. . . . Now, as I am glad that Sir John Oldcastle is put out, so I am sorry that Sir John Fastolfe is put in. . . . Nor is our comedian excusable by some alteration of his name, writing him Sir John Falstafe (and making him the property and pleasure of King Henry V. to abuse), seeing the vicinity of sounds intrench on the memory of that worthy knight.” The charge against Shakspeare of libelling the memory of Sir John Fastolff is repeated by other writers, as we find in a very curious note under the article 'Fastolff' in Kippis's edition of the

‘*Biographia Britannica*.’ Our readers, who are perhaps already weary of the subject, will be satisfied with the following very sensible remarks of Oldys, the writer of that note :—

“Upon whom does the horsing of a dead corpse on Falstaff’s back reflect? whose honour suffers, in his being forced by the unexpected surprise of his armed plunderers to surrender his treasure? whose policy is impeached by his creeping into a bucking-basket to avoid the storms of a jealous husband? whose reputation suffers by his being buffeted in the disguise of an old witch, or fortune-teller, of Brentford? or whose valour is to be called in question, because he cannot avoid being tormented by a swarm of little fairies in Windsor Forest? If the good name of Fastolff, or any other man of honour, had ever been maliciously doomed to be sacrificed to durable disgrace or exposure in the character of Falstaff, it would have been founded upon some important, some significant transactions, some instances of flagitious and irreputable misconduct, not such odd, droll, inconsiderable circumstances as these, the harmless issue of pleasant wit and humour, or delightful union of nature and fancy; all so visibly devised of the comic strain, so designed only for innocent merriment and diversion, without any personal reflection on this great man, or any other, that we believe there is no real character to be read of in all history that can be justly disparaged by any application, discernibly intended, of this imaginary one in poetry.”*

COSTUME.

THE fashions of the reign of Richard II. underwent little if any variation during that of Henry IV., as our engravings and descriptions of the monumental effigies and other portraits of the principal historical personages introduced in the two Parts of this play will show.

To begin with the king: the effigy of Henry, in Canterbury Cathedral, is one of the most magnificent of the series of royal monuments. The king is represented in his robes of state, consisting of a long tunic, with pocket-holes richly embroidered, as are also the borders of the sleeves. Over his shoulders is a cape which descends in front low enough to cover the girdle. The inner tunic has a rolling collar sitting close up into the neck. The mantle, with a broad edging of embroidery, is connected not only by cords

* We shall again notice the subject in our Analysis of ‘*Sir John Oldcastle*, Part I.,’ in ‘*Plays ascribed to Shakspeare*.’

and tassels, but by a splendidly jewelled band, passing over the chest. The face has beard and moustaches, but no hair is visible on the head, it being cropped all round excessively short,—a fashion which commenced towards the close of this reign. The crown is very large and most tastefully ornamented, and may have been a faithful representation of the “great Harry crown,” which was broken up by Henry V., and pawned in pieces, A.D. 1415, to raise moneys for the expenses of the French war.

Of Henry Prince of Wales there are two representations,—one in a copy of Occleve’s Poems in the Royal Collection, Brit. Mus., marked 17 D 6, in which the poet is depicted presenting a copy of his ‘Regimine Principis’ to the prince, who is dressed in a pink robe, and wears a peculiarly shaped coronet on his head: the other is a painting by Vertue, copied from some other illuminated MS. of Occleve’s Poems, also representing that poet offering a book to the prince. This painting, formerly in the possession of Mr. Douce, is now, we presume, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, with the rest of that gentleman’s splendid collection of prints, drawings, MSS., &c. The prince is therein habited in a long blue robe, with the extravagantly long sweeping sleeves of the period, lined with ermine, and escalloped at the edges. His coronet is without the high pinnacles which distinguish it in the former representation.

The decoration of the collar, SS, first appears during this reign; but of the derivation we have still no precise information. The most plausible conjecture is that it was formed of the repetition of the initial letter of Henry IV.’s word or device, “Souveraine;” which appears also to have been that of his father, John of Gaunt. The collar of Esses is seen round the neck of Joan of Navarre, Henry’s queen, who lies beside him at Canterbury; and the canopy of the monument is powdered with the letter S, intermingled with the eagle volant and crowned, which in this reign was usually appended to the collar of SS. That of Queen Joan had formerly such a pendant, but it is now broken off. A great gold collar, called of Ilkington, is mentioned, in Rymer’s ‘Fœdera,’ as having been a personal jewel of Henry V. while Prince of Wales. It was richly adorned with rubies, sapphires, and pearls, and pawned for 500*l.* to the Bishop of Worcester, in 1415. To the prince also belonged a sword, the sheath of which was garnished with ostrich-feathers, in goldsmith’s work, or embroidery. Such dresses and decorations would, of course, be worn by Prince Henry only on state occasions. In his revels at the Boar’s Head he would wear only the dress of a private gentleman; and for the general dress of the time the best



[Costume of Gentleman. Harl. MS., 2335.]

authorities are the illuminations in the MSS. marked Digby, 283, in the Bodleian Lib. Oxford, and No. 2332, in the Harleian Collect., Brit. Mus., which latter is a curious little calendar of the year 1411, every month being headed with the representation of a personage following some occupation or amusement, indicative of its peculiarities, and affording a most authentic specimen of the habit of the period. Of Prince John of Lancaster we know no representation until after he became Duke of Bedford. Nor are we aware of any portrait of Thomas Duke of Clarence or Prince Humphrey of Gloucester at this period. The Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland have been already presented, in their civil dresses, to our readers with the play of 'Richard II. ;' but we give the former, in complete armour, from his effigy in Staindrop Church, Durham, as an illustration of the military costume of this reign. The bascinet is ornamented with a splendid border and fillet, of goldsmith's work and jewellery; the jupon, emblazoned with the arms of Neville, confined over the hips by an equally magnificent military girdle. With the difference of the armorial bearings, such would be the appointments of every knight in the field, from the sovereign downwards, the king's bascinet, or those of the knights armed in *imitation* of the king, being surrounded by a crown instead of a jewelled band or fillet.

The seal of Owen Glendower, as Prince of Wales, exhibits that famous personage, on one side, in his robes of state, and, on the other, in complete armour, with his tilting helmet and crest, encircled by a coronet.

Sir William Gascoigne, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, is represented in his judicial costume on his monument in Harwood Church, Yorkshire.

For the proper costume of the Ladies Northumberland, Percy, and Mortimer, we should point to the effigy of the Countess of Westmoreland, in Staindrop Church, Durham; and for that of Dame Quickly and Doll Tearsheet, to the descriptions of Chaucer and the illuminated MSS. of the period.



[Costume of Lady. Countess of Westmoreland.]



[Scene II.—Gadshill. “Early at Gadshill.”]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, WESTMORELAND, Sir WALTER BLUNT,
and others.

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc’d in stronds^a afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance^b of this soil

^a *Stronds*—strands—shores.

^b *Entrance*. In the variorum editions of Shakspeare, except Malone’s of 1821, we have the following correction of the text:—

“No more the thirsty *Erinnys* of this soil.”

This ingenious reading was suggested by Monck Mason, and adopted by Steevens, in defiance “of such as restrain themselves within the bounds of timid conjecture.” *Erinnys*, according to Monck Mason, is the Fury of Discord. He gives examples of the use of the name from Virgil, Lucan, and Statius. We will add another example from Ovid (Ep. vi.):—

“Sed tristis *Erinnys*

Prætulit infaustas sanguinolenta faces.”

But such a change is beside the proper duty of an editor, whose business is not to attempt the improvement of his author, but to explain what he has written. *Entrance* could not be a misprint for *Erinnys*;—the words could not be confounded by

Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood ;
 No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
 Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
 Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
 Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
 All of one nature, of one substance bred,
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock
 And furious close of civil butchery,
 Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
 March all one way ; and be no more oppos'd
 Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies :
 The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
 No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
 As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
 (Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
 We are impressed and engag'd to fight,)
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy ;^a

a transcriber;—nor could the ear mistake the one for the other. The first conjecture of Steevens, that the word was *entrants*, came within the proper line of editorial emendation;—the suggestion of Douce, *entrails*, is not far beyond it. But why is the original text to be disturbed at all?

“ No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
 Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood,”

is somewhat obscure; but the obscurity is perfectly in the manner of Shakspeare, and in great part arises from the boldness of the metaphor. *Entrance* is put for *mouth*; and if we were to read, “No more the thirsty mouth of this earth shall daub her lips with the blood of her own children,” we should find little more difficulty than with the passage in Genesis, which was probably in Shakspeare's mind when he wrote the line:—“And now art thou cursed from the *earth*, which hath *opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood* from thy hand.” The terms entrance and mouth are convertible even now—as the mouth of a river, for the entrance of a river.

Or, suppose the word *surface* stood in the place of *entrance*,—for as the surface is the outward part so is the entrance,—the difficulty is lessened. “No more this soil shall daub her lips” is clear;—“no more the thirsty surface of this soil shall daub her lips” is equally clear. The only difficulty, then, is in taking “entrance” to mean “surface.” If we look at the whole passage as an impersonation of Soil—Earth—Mother Earth—little remains to be explained or guessed at.

^a *Levy*. Gifford (Ben Jonson, v. 138) has properly rebuked the rash disposition of Steevens to meddle with the text, in a remark upon the passage before us. Steevens says, to *levy* a power as far as *to* the sepulchre of Christ is an expression quite unexampled, if not corrupt; and he proposes to read *lead*. “The expression is neither unexampled nor corrupt,” says Gifford, “but good authorized English. One instance of it is before me: ‘Scipio, before he *levied* his force *to* the walles of Carthage, gave his soldiers the print of the citie in a cake to be devoured.’—Gosson's ‘School of Abuse,’ 1587.”

Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
 To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
 Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd,
 For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
 But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
 And bootless 't is to tell you—we will go;
 Therefore we meet not now:^a—Then let me hear
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
 What yesternight our council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits^b of the charge set down
 But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
 A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
 Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
 And a thousand of his people butchered:
 Upon whose dead corpses^c there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,
 By those Welshwomen done,^d as may not be,
 Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil
 Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This, match'd with other like, my gracious lord.
 For more uneven and unwelcome news
 Came from the north, and thus it did report:^e

^a *Therefore we meet not now.* We do not meet now on that account.

^b *Limits.* To limit is to define; and therefore the limits of the charge may be the calculations, the estimates.

^c *Corpses.* So the folio; the quartos, *corpse*.

^d *Welshwomen, &c.* The story is told in Walsingham, and may be found in Andrews's 'History of Great Britain,' vol. i., part ii., p. 4.

^e The first quarto, which has been followed in modern editions, reads thus:—

“ This, match'd with other, *did*, my gracious lord,
 For more uneven and unwelcome news
 Came from the north, and thus it did *import*.”

The quarto of 1604 has *like, for,* and *import*. We retain the reading of the folio, substituting *for* in the place of *far*.

On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
 Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
 At Holmedon met,
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour ;
 As by discharge of their artillery,
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;
 For he that brought them, in the very heat
 And pride of their contention did take horse,
 Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
 Stain'd with the variation of each soil
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours ;
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news :
 The earl of Douglas is discomfited ;
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
 Balk'd^a in their own blood, did sir Walter see
 On Holmedon's plains : Of prisoners, Hotspur took
 Mordake earl of Fife, and eldest son
 To beaten Douglas ; and the earl of Athol,
 Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
 And is not this an honourable spoil ?
 A gallant prize ? ha, cousin, is it not ?^b

West. In faith,
 It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
 In envy that my lord Northumberland
 Should be the father of so bless'd a son :
 A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue ;
 Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant ;
 Who is sweet Fortune's minion, and her pride :

^a *Balk'd.* To balk is to raise into ridges,—as in Minshew—"to balke, or make a balk in earing of land." Thus, the ten thousand bold Scots, balk'd in their own blood, are the slain heaped up—the "hills of dead" of Pope's translation of the 'Iliad.' Some conjecture the passage ought to be "*bak'd* in their own blood,"—as in Heywood's 'Iron Age,'—

"Troilus lies *embak'd*

In his cold blood."

^b All the quarto editions, and the folio, make the king answer himself—"In faith, it is." This was probably *not* an error.

Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts:—What think you, coz',
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this:
And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor; and so inform the lords;
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter HENRY Prince of WALES, and FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffata; I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me, now, Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phœbus,—he, that wandering knight so fair.¹ And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none,)——

P. Hen. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty;^a let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: And let men say, we be men of good government; being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As for proof.^b Now, a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by;^c and spent with crying—bring in:^d now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder: and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. Thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle.^e And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?^f

^a *Day's beauty.* Perhaps *beauty* is meant to be pronounced *booty*, as it is sometimes provincially.

^b *As for proof.* We point this according to the punctuation of the old copies. Modern editions read, *As for proof, now.*

^c *Lay by*—stop. To lay by, in navigation, is to slacken sail.

^d *Bring in*—the call to the drawers for more wine.

^e *Old lad of the castle.* Lad of the castle was a somewhat common term in Shakspeare's time, and is found in several contemporary writers. Farmer says it meant *lad of Castile*—a Castilian. The passage in the text, in connexion with other circumstances, has given rise to the notion that Sir John Oldcastle was pointed at in the character of Falstaff. (See Introductory Notice.)

^f *Robe of durance.* The *buff-jerkin*, the coat of ox-skin (*boruf*), was worn by

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits: whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. I am as melancholy as a gib cat,^a or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.^a

P. Hen. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?^a

sheriffs' officers. It was a robe of durance, an "everlasting garment," as in 'The Comedy of Errors';—but it was also a robe of "durance" in a sense that would not furnish an agreeable association to one who was always in debt and danger, as Falstaff was.

^a *Gib cat.* Gib and Tib were old English names for a male cat. We have Tybalt called "king of cats" in 'Romeo and Juliet.' Tybert is the cat in 'Reynard the Fox.' Chaucer, in 'The Romaunt of the Rose,' gives "Gibbe," as the translation of "Thibert," the cat. The name appears to have been applied to an old male cat, whose gravity approaches to the character of melancholy.

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascaldest, sweet young prince. But Hal, I prithee trouble me no more with vanity. I would thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought! An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration:^a and 'art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm unto me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now I am, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 't is my vocation, Hal; 't is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a watch.^b O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This

^a *Iteration*—repetition—not mere citation, as some have thought. Falstaff does not complain only of Hal's quoting a scriptural text, but that he has been *retorting* and *distorting* the meaning of his words throughout the scene. For example, Falstaff talks of the *sun and moon*—the Prince retorts with the *sea and moon*; Falstaff uses *hanging* in one sense—the Prince in another; so of *judging*; and so in the passage which at last provokes Falstaff's complaint.

^b *Set a watch.* The folio reads thus; the quartos, *set a match*. Steevens says, "As no *watch* is afterwards *set*, I suppose *match* is the true reading." To "*set a match*" appears, from a passage in Ben Jonson, to be to "*make an appointment*." But Gadshill, it seems to us, was in communication with the chamberlain of the Rochester inn; and this chamberlain, who was to have a share in the "*purchase*," was the watch or spy that Gadshill had *set*. When Gadshill meets Falstaff and Poins he is received with "*O, 't is our setter*."

is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried Stand, to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says monsieur Remorse? What says sir John Sack-and-Sugar?^a Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word,—the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs,—he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill:^b There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye,^a Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.^b

P. Hen. Well, then, once in my days, I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. I'll be a traitor, then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone;

^a *Hear ye.* This, which is the reading of the old editions, has been changed into the feeble *Hear me.* "Hear ye" is the same as "Hark ye."

^b *Ten shillings* was the value of the *royal.* Hence Falstaff's quibble.

I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

Fal. Well, mayst thou have the spirit of persuasion and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: You shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, the^a latter spring! Farewell, All-hallowen summer!^b [Exit FALSTAFF.]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill,^c shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail: and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but 'tis like that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah,^d I have cases of buckram for the nonce,^e to im-mask our noted outward garments.

^a *The latter spring.* So all the old copies. Pope first read "*thou* latter spring"—more emphatic, but less correct.

^b *All-hallowen summer*—summer in November, on the first of which month is the feast of All-hallows, or All Saints.

^c *Falstaff, &c.* In the old copies we read, "*Falstaff, Harvey, Rossil, and Gadshill.*" Harvey and Rossil were, most probably, the names of actors; for Bardolph and Peto were two of the four robbers. (See Act II.) The correction was made by Theobald.

^d *Sirrah*, in this and other passages, is used familiarly, and even sharply, but not contemptuously. The word is supposed to have meant, originally, *Sir, ha!* which etymology agrees with Shakspeare's general application of the term.

^e *For the nonce.* Gifford's explanation of this phrase (which is also the inter-

P. Hen. But, I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary and meet me. To-morrow night^a in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord.

[*Exit POINS.*]

P. Hen. I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness;
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am

pretation of Lord Hailes) is undoubtedly the true one. "*For the nonce* is simply *for the once*—for the *one thing* in question, whatever it be. * * * The progress of this expression is distinctly marked in our early writers,—‘a ones’—‘an anes’—‘for the ones’—‘for the nanes’—‘for the nones’—‘for the nonce.’” (Ben Jonson's Works, iii. 218.)

^a *To-morrow night.* Steevens thinks we should read *to-night*, for the robbery was to be committed at four in the morning. But the Prince is thinking less of the exploit at Gadshill than of “the virtue of this jest—when we meet at supper,”—*after* the robbery. Perhaps some intermediate place of meeting was thought of by the Prince;—but he breaks off exultingly, with his head full of the supper “to-morrow night.” We have ventured to point the passage in this sense.

By so much shall I falsify men's hopes ;^a
 And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
 Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
 I'll so offend to make offence a skill ;
 Redeeming time when men think least I will.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and others.

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
 Unapt to stir at these indignities,
 And you have found me ; for, accordingly,
 You tread upon my patience : but, be sure,
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,
 Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition ;^b
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
 And therefore lost that title of respect
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
 The scourge of greatness to be used on it ;
 And that same greatness too which our own hands
 Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord,—

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
 Danger and disobedience in thine eye :
 O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,^c
 And majesty might never yet endure

^a *Hopes*—expectations. Thus, the Tanner of Tamworth said to Edward IV., "*I hope I shall be hanged to-morrow.*"

^b *Condition*—temper of mind.

^c We print these three lines as in the old copies. Steevens, who is followed in the current editions, has tampered with them, thus :—

" Worcester, get thee gone, for I see danger,
 And disobedience in thine eye : O, sir,
 Your presence is too bold and peremptory."

The moody frontier ^a of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your use and counsel we shall send for you.— [*Exit WOR.*
You were about to speak. [*To NORTH.*

North. Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As was deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision,^b
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat and trimly ^c dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff:^d and still he smil'd and talk'd;
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

^a *Frontier*. Steevens says "frontier was anciently used for *forehead*;" but assuredly it is not so used here. What means "the moody forehead of a brow?" Capell, who has been unwisely neglected, through his general obscurity, tells us that "frontier is a metaphorical expression, highly proper, implying—armed to oppose: opposition to the will of a master being as plainly indicated by such a 'brow' as the king is describing, as war by a town or town's frontier furnished against invasion." ('Notes and various Readings,' vol. i. p. 153.)

^b *Misprision*. So the quartos. The folio reads,

"Who either through envy or misprision."

^c *Neat and trimly*. All the old copies have *and*, which all modern editions omit.

^d *Snuff*. Aromatic powders were used as snuff long before the introduction of tobacco.

With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me ; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what ;
He should, or should not ;—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark !)
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly,* as I said ;
And, I beseech you, let not this report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners ;
But with proviso, and exception,
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer ;
Who, in my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight

* *I answer'd indirectly.* So the quartos. The folio, "made me to answer indirectly."

Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower ;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home ?
Shall we buy treason ? and indent with feres,^a
When they have lost and forfeited themselves ?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve ;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer !

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war ;—To prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower :
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood ;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,⁷
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy^b
Colour her working with such deadly wounds ;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly :
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him ;
He never did encounter with Glendower :
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

^a *Feres.* The usual reading is *fears*. We have explained our reasons for the change in the 6th Illustration to this act.

^b *Base and rotten policy.* This is the reading of the folio ; the quartos, *bare*. Bare policy, Monck Mason well observes, is no policy at all.

Art thou not asham'd ? But, sirrah, henceforth
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer :
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
 We license your departure with your son :—
 Send us your prisoners, or you 'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, BLUNT, and *Train*.]

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them
 I will not send them :—I will after straight,
 And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,
 Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler ? stay, and pause awhile ;
 Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer ?
 'Zounds, I will speak of him ; and let my soul
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him :
 In his behalf^a I 'll empty all these veins,
 And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
 But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
 As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
 As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

[*To* WORCESTER.]

Wor. Who struck this heat up, after I was gone ?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners ;
 And when I urg'd the ransom once again
 Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale ;
 And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
 Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him : Was he not proclaim'd,
 By Richard that dead is, the next of blood ?

North. He was : I heard the proclamation :
 And then it was, when the unhappy king
 (Whose wrongs in us God pardon !) did set forth
 Upon his Irish expedition ;

^a *In his behalf.* This is the reading of the folio ; the quartos, *yea, on his part.*

From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you ; Did king Richard then
Proclaim my brother Mortimer
Heir to the crown ?

North. He did ; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.
But shall it be that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation, shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather ?
O, pardon,^a if that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king.
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
As both of you, God pardon it ! have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker,^b Bolingbroke ?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent ?
No ; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again :
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt

^a *O, pardon, if.* So the folio and some of the quartos ; the first quarto, and that of 1604, *O, pardon me.*

^b *This canker.* The canker is the dog-rose—the rose of the hedge, not of the garden. In 'Much Ado about Nothing' we have, "I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace."

Of this proud king ; who studies, day and night,
 To answer all the debt he owes unto you,
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
 Therefore, I say,——

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more ;
 And now I will unclasp a secret book,
 And to your quick-conceiving discontents
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
 As full of peril, and adventurous spirit,
 As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night :—or sink or swim :—
 Send danger from the east unto the west,
 So honour cross it from the north to south,
 And let them grapple ;—the blood more stirs
 To rouse a lion than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon ;
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks ;
 So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
 Without corrival, all her dignities :
 But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship !

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
 But not the form of what he should attend.—
 Good cousin, give me audience for a while,
 And list to me.*

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
 That are your prisoners,——

Hot. I'll keep them all ;
 By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them ;
 No, if a Scot would save his soul he shall not :
 I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,

* *And list to me.* This short line is found in the folio, but not in the quartos.

And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will ; that 's flat :—

He said he would not ransom Mortimer ;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer ;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I 'll holla—Mortimer !
Nay, I 'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin ; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke :
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I 'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman ! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-tongued^a and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood ;
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own !

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—What d' ye call the place ?—
A plague upon 't—it is in Gloucestershire ;—
'T was where the madcap duke his uncle kept ;
His uncle York ;—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true :—

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me !

^a *Wasp-tongued.* *Wasp-stung*, which finds a place in most editions, is the reading of the first quarto. Steevens says Shakspeare knew the sting of a wasp was not situated in its mouth ; —Malone properly replies, " It means only having a tongue as peevish and mischievous as a wasp."

Look,—“when his infant fortune came to age,”
 And,—“gentle Harry Percy,”—and, “kind cousin,”—
 O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!—
 Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to 't again;
 We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, in sooth.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
 Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
 And make the Douglas' son your only mean
 For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons,
 Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
 Will easily be granted.—You, my lord, [To NORTH.
 Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
 Shall secretly into the bosom creep
 Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
 The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
 His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
 I speak not this in estimation^a
 As what I think might be, but what I know
 Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
 And only stays but to behold the face
 Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it.
 Upon my life it will do wond'rous well.

North. Before the game's a-foot thou still lett'st slip.^b

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:—
 And then the power of Scotland and of York,—
 To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 't is no little reason bids us speed,
 To save our heads by raising of a head:
 For, bear ourselves as even as we can,

^a *Estimation*—conjecture.

^b *Let't slip.* The greyhound is held in slips, and is loosened when “the game's a-foot.”

The king will always think him in our debt;
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell;—No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course,
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly.^a
I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
(As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt.*

^a *Suddenly.* We make the sentence here end, putting a comma after *course*, as in the old editions. The modern editors read,

“No further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe,” &c.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

¹ SCENE II.—“*Phœbus,—he, that wandering knight so fair.*”

THE “wandering knight so fair” was the *Knight of the Sun*, who, when Don Quixote disputed with the Curate which was the better knight, Palmerin of England or Amadis de Gaul, was maintained by master Nicolas, the barber-surgeon, to be that knight to whom “none ever came up.” The adventures of the Knight of the Sun were translated into English in 1585; and the renowned worthy is described in the romance not only as a prodigious “wanderer” but as “most excellently fair.” Falstaff’s allusion to the romance would be well understood by many of Shakspeare’s audience; nor would they object to the sun being represented as a wanderer, according to the long-received theory which the discoveries of Copernik had scarcely then shaken. Douce thinks the allusion was to a spiritual romance, translated from the French, by the name of ‘The Wandering Knight;’ and which may have suggested to Bunyan the idea of his ‘Pilgrim’s Progress.’

² SCENE II.—“*The drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.*”

Steevens is of opinion that the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe is here used, metaphorically, for the croak of the frog in the marshes. Malone, by an apt quotation, has shown that a bagpipe was peculiar to Lincolnshire. The following passage is from ‘A Nest of Ninnies. By Robert Armin’ (1608):—

“At a Christmas time, when great logs furnish the hall fire; when brawne is in season, and indeed all reveling is regarded; this gallant knight kept open house for all commers, where beefe, beere, and bread was no niggard. Amongst all the pleasures provided, a noyse of minstrells and a *Lincolnshire bagpipe* was prepared: the minstrells for the great chamber, the bagpipe for the hall; the minstrells to serve up the knight’s meate, and the bagpipe for the common dauncing.”

³ SCENE II.—“*The melancholy of Moor-ditch.*”

Moor-ditch, a part of the ditch surrounding the city of London, between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate, was not only stinking, poisonous, muddy, black, as described by Thomas Dekker, in 1606, but it was bounded by an unwholesome and impassable morass; so that the citizens, who had many beautiful suburban fields, regarded this quarter as amongst the melancholy places in which pestilence continually lurked, and which they naturally shunned.

⁴ SCENE II.—“*Sir John Sack-and-Sugar.*”

The favourite potation of Falstaff—“a good sherris-sack”—which, with the genial knight, “ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes,”—has had a somewhat different effect upon certain expounders of its virtues. The solemn disputations which the world has seen upon the nature of “sherris-sack”—whether it was sweet or dry—whether it was Sherry or Malaga—whether the name *sack* was derived from *sec*, because it was dry, or from *secco*, because it was sold in a bag—why Falstaff drank it with sugar, and why he eschewed lime in it—have wasted much learned ink; and, like many

other controversies, the questions which have agitated the disputants seem to be left pretty much in their original obscurity. It may be sufficient to refer to Dr. Drake ('Shakspeare and his Times,' vol. ii. p. 130) for the main argument, on one side, that "sherris-sack" was not our Sherry, but was a sweet wine; and to Archdeacon Nares ('Glossary,' art. 'Sack'), on the other hand, that "sherris-sack" was undoubtedly the same wine which we now call Sherry, a wine of the dry or rough kind. There appears only one thing quite certain in the controversy,—that the English in the time of Elizabeth were accustomed to put sugar in their wines; and this fact rests upon the authority of Paul Hentzner and Fynes Moryson.

⁵ SCENE II.—"*But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill.*"

At the head of Act I. we have given a view of Gadshill in its present state. Gadshill appears to have been a place notorious for robberies before the time of Shakspeare;—for Steevens discovered an entry, of the date of 1558, in the books of the Stationers' Company, of a ballad entitled 'The Robbery at Gadshill.' But Sir Henry Ellis, of the British Museum (to whom the public is indebted for the discovery and publication of many curious historical documents, and to whom we are under personal obligations for some valuable suggestions as to the conduct of this edition of Shakspeare), communicated to Mr. Boswell a narrative in the handwriting of Sir Roger Manwood, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, dated 3rd July, 1590, which shows that Gadshill was at that period the resort of a band of robbers of more than usual daring. The Chief Baron, it seems, indicted "certain malefactors" upon suspicion of the robberies; and this document contains a narrative of his proceedings. The robbers were, it seems, like Falstaff's companions, mounted, and wore visors; and the unhappy travellers whom they plundered are, in the narrative, called "true men." We cannot afford space for more than one paragraph from this paper, which is printed at length in Boswell's edition of Malone's 'Shakspeare,' vol. xvi., page 432:—"In the course of that Michaelmas Term, I being at London, many robberies were done in the by ways at Gadeshill on the west part of Rochester, and at Chatham Down on the east part of Rochester, by horse thieves, with such fat and lusty horses as were not like hackney horses nor far-journeying horses; and one of them sometimes wearing a vizard grey beard, he was by common report in the country called Justice Grey Beard; and no man durst travel that way without great company."

⁶ SCENE III.—"*Indent with feares.*"

The old copies all read,

"Shall we buy treason? and indent with feares,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?"

The modern copies invariably read "indent with *fears*." To "indent" is to agree—to sign an indenture—to make a contract. When the king complains that Hotspur still doth deny his prisoners, unless Mortimer is ransomed "at our own charge," he asks, "shall we buy treason?"—shall we pay the ransom of Mortimer to Glendower, when they both are revolted—both allied in treason against me, by a family compact? But what are the *fears* with which the king refuses to indent,

"When they have lost and forfeited themselves?"

How can a contract be made with "fears"? how can "fears" forfeit themselves? The commentators say that "fears" may be used in the active sense for "terrors;" or that "fears" may be substituted for "fearful people"—for "dastards," who have lost or forfeited themselves. This appears to us exceedingly unsatisfactory; and we

have therefore ventured, without any support from preceding editors, to substitute the word *feres*, in sound the same as the received reading. A *ferē*, as is known to all students of our early poetry, is a *companion*. In 'The Ancient Fragment of the Marriage of Sir Gawaine' (Percy's 'Reliques,' vol. iii.) we have,

"What when lords go with their *feires*, she said,
Both to the ale and wine."

If *feres*, then, were to be taken in the general sense of companions, brethren, associates,—and in this particular case applied to Glendower and Mortimer, who have become fellows, colleagues, confederates,—we should have a very fair reading—certainly a superior reading to *fears*. But in the passage before us, we are inclined to think, *feres* has a meaning beyond that merely of *mates* or *companions*, which is the familiar usage;—a meaning which was very likely to present itself to Shakspeare, from his undoubted acquaintance with legal phrases and customs connected with tenures. The word *ferē*, *feere*, *pheer*, or *phear*, as it is variously written, is derived from the Saxon *fera*, or *gefera*, a companion; but it is precisely from the same species of derivation that we obtain the word *vassal*. The *feudal vassals* have been supposed to have had their origin in the *comites* (*companions*) attending each of the German chiefs in war; and the word *vassal* itself, following its derivation from the German *gesell*, means a helper or *subordinate associate*. We believe, then, that the king, in the passage before us, alludes to Mortimer and Glendower as his revolted *vassals*—they are *feres*, with whom the king refuses to "indent,"

"When they have lost and forfeited themselves."

But in this line and a half we have two other technical words, *indent* and *forfeited*. A *deed* is, in law, either an indenture or a deed poll. An indenture is a deed between two parties,—a deed poll is the declaration of one party. The king, then, refuses to put himself upon equal terms with Mortimer and Glendower—to *indent* with those who are his *feres*, his *vassals*. But these *vassals* are further not in a condition to make a contract with their *lord*,—they have *forfeited* themselves—by their treason they have incurred the forfeiture of their *fees*, or *fiefs*. And this brings us to the connexion which appears to us to subsist between the words *fee* and *ferē*. Lands held under the feudal obligation to a superior lord were held in *fee*. We have an example in Skelton's 'Lament upon the Earl of Northumberland':—

"More specially barons, and those knyghtes bold,
And all other gentilmen with hym entertened
In *fee*, as menyall men of his housold,
Whom he as lord worsheply manteyned."

Here, the companions of the earl, the *feres*, were entertained in *fee*. We are not aware of any English example which would show that the holders in *fee* were called *feres*;—but in Scotland, whilst an estate held by a vassal under a superior is a *feu*, the possessor of such an estate is a *feuar*. The different names which have originated in the feudal system for the *estate* and the *tenant*, as the one name arises out of the other, stand thus:—

Feud.....Feud-ary.
Feod.....Feod-ary—Feod-ar.
Feoff.....Feoff-ee.
Feu.....Feu-ar.
Fee.....Fe-ere—Phe-er—Phe-are—Fere.

To these words we may probably have to add our word *peer*, the origin of which it is usual to ascribe to the Latin *par*. But it appears to us that it is the same word as *pheer*. That *peer* was anciently used in the sense of *companion* may be proved by the following quotation from Wickliffe's Translation of the Bible (Matthew, chap. ii., v. 16):—"It is lyk to children sittynge in chepynge that crien to her *peeris*." Our authorised translation of the Bible gives us the same passage as

follows: "It is like unto children sitting in the markets, and calling unto their fellows." We see, then, that *gesell*, *comes*, *count*, *fellow*, *peer*, and *fere*. are all equivalent to *vassal*, in the sense of *companion*. But it is more than possible that the *fere*, *phcer*, or *peer*, were companions subject to a superior, and endowed by him with grants of land in *fee*—the only mode by which, in the early feudal times, any of the associates, followers, fellows, companions of the chief, could be maintained. A remarkable illustration of our belief that *peer* and *fere* were cognate terms,—and that a *fere* or *fear* was one holding of the Crown in *fee*,—is furnished by the title which the famous John Napier attached to his name. At the end of the Dedication to his 'Plain Discovery of the whole Revelation of St. John,' in the edition of 1645, Napier signs himself "*Peer* of Marchistown." Mr. Mark Napier, in the 'Life' of his great ancestor (1834), says that the true signature is "*Fear* of Marchistown," and that "*fear*" means that he was invested with the *fee* of his paternal barony. "*Peer*" might have been a printer's or transcriber's substitution for "*Fear*";—or "*Fear*" might have been rejected by Napier for the more common word "*Peer*." Such a change took place in a passage in 'Titus Andronicus.' Whilst the only quarto edition of that play, and the first folio, describe (Act IV.) Tarquin as a *feere*, the word subsequently became changed to *peer*, and was restored by Tyrwhitt. But whether Napier wrote "*Peer*" or "*Fear*," there can be no doubt that he meant to designate himself as one who held a barony, which in Scotland is a fief or lordship held immediately of the Crown. This appears to us to be a sense very close upon that of the word *feres*, which we have thus ventured to substitute for the accustomed reading of *fears*.

7 SCENE III.—"*Who then, affrighted,*" &c.

The author of 'A Dialogue on Taste,' 1762, speaking of this passage, says,—"*Had not Shakspeare been perverted by wrong taste and imitation, he could never have produced such lines as those. Nature could never have pointed out to him that a river was capable of cowardice, or that it was consistent with the character of a gentleman, such as Percy, to say the thing that was not.*" We like, now and then, to show our readers what was the standard of criticism, combining the qualities of pertness and dullness, in the early days of George III. Johnson alludes, we believe, to this criticism (which we have dragged from its obscurity) when he explains that "*Severn is here not the flood, but the tutelary power of the flood.*" We presume, according to the author of the 'Dialogue on Taste,' that Milton *said the thing that was not*, when he described Sabrina, another tutelary power of the Severn, rising "*attended by water nymphs,*" and singing that exquisite lay—

"By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays."

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

THE events which form the action of 'The First Part of Henry IV.' are included within a period of ten months. The battle of Holmedon, or Homildon, the result of which the king communicates in the first scene, was fought on the 14th September, 1402, and the battle of Shrewsbury, with which the fifth act closes, took place on the 21st July, 1403.

After the defeat of Hepburn of Hales, by the Earl of March, at Nesbit Moor, in 1402, Archibald Earl Douglas, the Douglas of this play, "sore displeased in his

mind for this overthrow, procured a commission to invade England." So writes Holinshed. The Douglas with an army of ten thousand men advanced as far as Newcastle, but, finding no army to oppose him, he retreated loaded with plunder, and satisfied with the devastation he had committed and the terror he had produced. The king at this time was vainly chasing Glendower up and down his mountains; but the Earl of Northumberland and his son Hotspur gathered a powerful army, and intercepted Douglas on his return to Scotland. This army awaited the Scots near Milfield, in the north of Northumberland, and Douglas, upon arriving in sight of his enemy, took up a strong post upon Holmedon Hill. The English weapon, the long-bow, decided the contest, for the Scots fell almost without fight. The desperate valour of two Scotch knights, Swinton and Gordon, forms the subject of Sir Walter Scott's spirited dramatic sketch of 'Halidon Hill.' But he has transferred the incidents of Holmedon to another scene and another period. "For who," he says, "would again venture to introduce upon the scene the celebrated Hotspur?" Shakspeare took the names of the prisoners at Holmedon from Holinshed: but, from some confusion in the Chronicler's recital, he has made Mordake, Earl of Fife, the eldest son of Douglas, when in truth he was the son of the Duke of Albany, Governor of Scotland; and he has omitted Douglas himself, who was the chief of the prisoners. There is a dramatic propriety in our poet making Sir Walter Blunt, "the dear and true-industrious friend" of the king, bring the "smooth and welcome news" of this great victory; and in this he is neither borne out nor contradicted by the Chronicles. An entry, however, has been found in the Pell Rolls, of a grant of forty pounds yearly "To Nicholas Merbury for other good services, as also because the same Nicholas was the first person who reported for a certainty to the said lord the king the good, agreeable, and acceptable news of the success of the late expedition at Holmedon, near Wollor." [Wooler.]

Holinshed thus describes the origin of the quarrel between the Percies and the king:—

"Henry Earl of Northumberland, with his brother Thomas Earl of Worcester, and his son, the Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, which were to King Henry, in the beginning of his reign, both faithful friends and earnest aiders, began now to envy his wealth and felicity; and especially they were grieved because the king demanded of the earl and his son such Scottish prisoners as were taken at Homel-don and Nesbit: for of all the captives which were taken in the conflicts fought in those two places, there was delivered to the king's possession only Mordake Earl of Fife, the Duke of Albany's son, though the king did divers and sundry times require deliverance of the residue, and that with great threatenings: wherewith the Percies being sore offended, for that they claimed them as their own proper prisoners, and their peculiar prizes, by the council of the Lord Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, whose study was ever (as some write) to procure malice and set things in a broil, came to the king unto Windsor (upon a purpose to prove him), and there required of him that, either by ransom or otherwise, he would cause to be delivered out of prison Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, their cousin german, whom (as they reported) Owen Glendower kept in filthy prison, shackled with irons, only for that he took his part, and was to him faithful and true.

* * * "The king, when he had studied on the matter, made answer that the Earl of March was not taken prisoner for his cause, nor in his service, but willingly suffered himself to be taken, because he would not withstand the attempts of Owen Glendower and his accomplices; therefore he would neither ransom him, nor release him.

"The Percies with this answer and fraudulent excuse were not a little fumed, insomuch that Henry Hotspur said openly, Behold, the heir of the realm is robbed

of his right, and yet the robber with his own will not redeem him. So in this fury the Percies departed, minding nothing more than to depose King Henry from the high type of his royalty, and to place in his seat their cousin Edmund Earl of March, whom they did not only deliver out of captivity, but also (to the high displeasure of King Henry) entered in league with the aforesaid Owen Glendower."

The refusal of Henry IV. to ransom Mortimer, or to allow him to be ransomed, proceeded from a not unnatural jealousy; but the prisoner of Glendower was not "the heir of the realm," as Holinshed represents, but Sir Edmund Mortimer, the uncle of the young Earl of March, whom Henry kept in close custody, because he had a prior claim to the crown by succession. Sir Edmund Mortimer was the "brother-in-law" to Hotspur, who had married his sister. Shakspeare has, of course, followed Holinshed in confounding Sir Edmund Mortimer with the Earl of March; but those from whom accuracy is required have fallen into the same error as the old Chronicler,—amongst others Rapin and Hume. A despatch of the king to his council states, "The rebels have taken my beloved cousin, Esmon Mortymer." Edmund Earl of March was at this period only ten years old, and a state prisoner.

The Earl of Westmoreland, who appears throughout this play as one of the most faithful adherents of the king, was a partisan of Bolingbroke from his first landing. We shall find him in 'The Second Part of Henry IV.' actively engaged in suppressing the insurrection in Yorkshire.



[The Earl of Westmoreland.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rochester. *An Inn Yard.*

Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain^a is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.^b

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and this is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down since Robin ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose;¹ it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think this is the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.²

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, you will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away, and be hanged, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger,^c to be delivered as far as Charing Cross.³

^a *Charles' wain*—the churl's wain—the countryman's waggon. The popular name for the constellation of the Great Bear.

^b *Out of all cess.* Ex-cess-ively. The French *sans cesse* is supposed by Cotgrave to be the same as *out of all cess*.

^c *Razes of ginger*—roots of ginger. The Spanish has *rays de gengibre*. In the old play of 'The Famous Victories' we have a "great race of ginger."

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 't were not as good a deed as drink to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged:—Hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.^a

Gads. I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that.

Gads. I prithee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt Carriers.*]

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pickpurse.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: There's a franklin in the wild of Kent^b hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charges too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: They will away presently.

^a *Two o'clock.* The carrier is deceiving Gadshill. He has just said it is four o'clock.

^b *Wild of Kent.* Undoubtedly the *weald* of Kent.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks^a I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I prithee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshipp'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for if I hang, old sir John hangs with me; and thou knowest he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, sixpenny strikers;^b none of these mad, mustachio purple-hued malt-worms:^c but with nobility and tranquillity; burgomasters and great oneyers;^d such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: And yet I lie; for they pray continually unto their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed,^e we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith; I think rather you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase,^e as I am a true man.

^a *Saint Nicholas' clerks*—thieves. See Illustrations to 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' Act III.

^b *Sixpenny strikers*—petty footpads—robbers for sixpence.

^c *Malt-worms*—drunkards.

^d *Oneyers*. Pope interprets this *oneraires*—trustees or commissioners; Theobald, *moneyers*; Hanmer, *owners*; Hardinge, *moniers*—mintmen; Capell, *myneheers*; Malone, *onyers*, public accountants. Johnson wisely dispenses with such subtleties, and thinks that *great oneyers* is merely a cant phrase for *great ones*. The variorum editions contain many comments on other parts of Gadshill's slang, which leave the text pretty much as they found it.

^e *Purchase*. This was another soft name for a theft, of the same kind as convey.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy knave.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Road by Gadshill.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS; BARDOLPH *and* PETO, *at some distance.*

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal; What a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him.
[*Pretends to seek* POINS.]

Fal. I am accurs'd to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire^a further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years; and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—A plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 't were not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon 't,

(See note to 'Richard II.,' Act IV.) The folio has *purpose*; but the quartos agree in the better reading of *purchase*.

^a *By the squire*—by the rule.

when thieves cannot be true one to another!^a [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague light upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt^b me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 't is our setter: I know his voice.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 't is going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 't is going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. You four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

^a *One to another*, in all the early copies; the usual reading is *to one another*.

^b *To colt*—to trick.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather: but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. We'll leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt P. HENRY and POINS.*]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves; Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs;^a I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves, young men must live: You are grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, i' faith.

[*Exeunt FALS., &c., driving the Travellers out.*]

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men:^b Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London,

^a *Chuffs.* The word *chuff* seems to mean a swollen, pampered glutton.

^b *True men.* The narrative of robberies at Gadshill (see Illustrations to Act I.) gives us an example of the peculiar meaning of "true men." The robbers "got to the east end of Gadeshill, and there turned about all their horses on the faces of the true men."

it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money. *[Rushing out upon them.]*

Poins. Villains.

[As they are sharing, the PRINCE and POINS set upon them. They all run away; and FALSTAFF, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind.^a

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse: The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear So strongly, that they dare not meet each other; Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—Warkworth. *A Room in the Castle.⁵*

Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter.

— “ But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.”—He could be contented,—Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. “ The purpose you undertake is dangerous;”—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this

^a The original stage-direction has been inconsiderately deviated from in the modern editions, which read, “ Falstaff, after a blow or two, and the rest, run away;” whereas Falstaff, staying behind after the rest have run away, and giving “ a blow or two,” is clearly not the coward which it has been the fashion to consider him.

nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition."—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! I protest, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! Let him tell the king: We are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:

Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
 Cry, Courage!—to the field! And thou hast talk'd
 Of sallies and retires;^a of trenches, tents;
 Of palisadoes, frontiers,^b parapets;
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;^c
 Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
 And all the current^c of a heady fight.
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
 And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
 Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream:
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath
 On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these?
 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.^d

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: *Esperancé*!^e—

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit Servant.*]

^a *Retires*—retreats.

^b *Frontiers*. A frontier is something standing in front. Thus the *frontier* of a territory is the part opposed to, fronting, another territory; and in this way a fort is a frontier, as in this passage.

^c *Current*. So the folio. Modern editions read '*currents*', for *occurrents*, *occurrences*. But surely "the current of a heady fight"—the course, the rush—presents no difficulty.

^d *Ago*. So the quartos. The folio *agone*, which makes an unpleasant jingle with the *gone* of the preceding line.

^e *Esperancé*. This is the motto of the Percy family. Hotspur pictures himself on his roan,—his throne,—and leading on his men with the family war-cry. The passage is generally printed *O Esperance*; but not so in all the old editions. *Esperancé* is here a word of four syllables, as in the second scene of the fourth act;—Shakspeare knowing that in French metre the *e* final always forms a syllable. The passage is, however, printed as prose in the early copies.

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are toss'd with. In sooth,
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title; and hath sent for you,
To line his enterprise: But if you go—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly to this question that I shall ask.^a
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,

Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with mammetts^b and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—
What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for, since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am a horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,

^a *Shall ask.* So the folio. Modern editions omit *shall*. This, and the previous speech of the lady, are also printed as prose in the early copies.

^b *Mammetts*—puppets.

But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
 No lady closer; for I will believe
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
 And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate!

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
 Whither I go thither shall you go too;
 To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
 Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must of force. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's Head
 Tavern.*⁷

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and lend
 me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or
 four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of
 humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers;
 and can call them all by their christian names, as—Tom,
 Dick, and Francis.⁸ They take it already upon their salvation,
 that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the
 king of courtesy; and tell^a me flatly I am no proud Jack,
 like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,
 and when I am king of England, I shall command all the
 good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dying
 scarlet: and when you breathe in your watering,^b they cry
 —hem! and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good
 a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with
 any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee,
 Ned, thou hast lost much honour that thou wert not with me
 in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of
 Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar,^c clapped even

^a *And tell.* The folio, *telling*.

^b *Breathe in your watering.* To take breath when you are drinking. To *water*
 was a common word for to *drink*, as we still say to *water* a horse. Some mechanics
 have still their *watering-time* in the afternoon.

^c *Pennyworth of sugar*—to sweeten the wine. (See Illustrations to Act I.)

now into my hand by an under-skinker; one that never spake other English in his life, than—"Eight shillings and sixpence," and "You are welcome;" with this shrill addition,—"*Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,*" or so. But, Ned, to drive away time till Falstaff come, I prithee do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

[*Exit POINS.*]

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England I could find in my heart—

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar thou gavest me,—'t was a pennyworth, was 't not?

Fran. O lord, sir! I would it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound : ask me when thou wilt and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within*] Francis !

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis ? No, Francis : but to-morrow, Francis ; or, Francis, on Thursday ; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord ?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal button, nott-pated,^a agate-ring, puke-stocking,^b caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean ?

P. Hen. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink : for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully : in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir ?

Poins. [*Within*] Francis !

P. Hen. Away, you rogue ; Dost thou not hear them call ?
[*Here they both call him ; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What ! stand'st thou still and hear'st such a calling ? Look to the guests within. [*Exit FRANCIS.*] My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door ; Shall I let them in ?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins !

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door. Shall we be merry ?

^a *Nott-pated*—with the hair cut close. A word of contempt equivalent to the roundhead of the next half-century.

^b *Puke-stocking.* *Puke, puce*, is a sober brown colour. The prince describes the drawer's master as a person whose dress and appearance were entirely opposite to those of the gay courtiers who frequented his house. The *caddis-garter*, the garter of ferret, matches the puce-stocking.

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But, hark ye; What cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age^a of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter FRANCIS with wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—“Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.” “O my sweet Harry,” says she, “how many hast thou killed to-day?” “Give my roan horse a drench,” says he; and answers, “Some fourteen”—an hour after; “a trifle, a trifle.” I prithee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. “Rivo” says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too.^b A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter (pitiful-hearted Titan) that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.^c

^a *Pupil age*—the young time of this present midnight, contrasted with the old days of goodman Adam. Bacon, on the contrary, makes the present time the old days, and the days of Adam the pupil age, of the world.

^b *And foot them* is omitted in the folio.

^c *Didst thou never see Titan, &c.* We have three mortal pages of commentary on this passage in the variorum editions. We adopt Warburton's reading, which appears to present no difficulty: “Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter that melted at the sweet tale of the sun?” “Pitiful-hearted Titan” is parenthetical.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it: a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything:^a A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. Hen. How now, woolsack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath,^b and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poin there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

The first quarto reads "at the sweet tale of the son's"—the quarto of 1604 and the folio, "of the sun." Falstaff is the "compound" that looks like a dish of butter in the sun.

^a This is the reading of the early quartos. The corrections in the folio make a large concession to a more decorous system of morals, which some deemed puritanical. For example, in this passage we have "all manner of songs."

^b *Dagger of lath.* The Vice in the old moralities was thus armed, as described in 'Twelfth Night':—

" In a trice, like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain :
Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage, and his wrath."

The modern Harlequin, who is the lineal descendant of the Vice, retains the lath.

P. Hen. O villain ! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. *[He drinks.]*

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Poins. Pray Heaven you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid: two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I

lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen. What, four? thou said'st but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green^a came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool: thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-ketch,^b—

^a *Kendal green* was the livery of Robin Hood and his merry archers.

^b *Ketch*. All the old copies read *catch*. A *ketch* is a tub—a cask; a tallow-cask is no unapt comparison for Falstaff. Modern editions read *keech*, and Dr. Percy says that a *keech* of tallow is the fat of an ox rolled up in a lump. *Catch* and *ketch* appear to have been formerly spelt the same. Our musical *catch* is *ketch* in Beaumont and Fletcher. *Ketch* and *cask* are each derived from the French *caisse*.

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; What sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strap-pado,^a or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, bull's-pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

P. Hen. Well, breathe a while, and then to't again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but thus.^a

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; What trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why,

^a Thus, in the folio; the quartos, *this*.

thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Prithee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exit.]

P. Hen. Now, sirs; by 'r lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslubber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven years before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner,^a and ever since thou hast blushed extempore: Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rann'st away; What instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado,¹⁰ and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,¹¹—What, a plague, call you him?—

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and the sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs a'horseback up a hill perpendicular.

^a Taken with the manner—taken with a stolen thing in hand. (See 'Love's Labour's Lost,' Act I., Scene I.)

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him: he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running!

Fal. A'horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away by night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Hen. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art not thou horribly afeard, thou being heir apparent? Could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou do love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept;

for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyeses' vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech :—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. This is excellent sport, i' faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful^a queen,
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lieth the point;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher,^b and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses?^c a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A good portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff:

^a *Tristful.* All the old copies read *trustful*. Rowe made the change.

^b *Micher*—truant.

if that man should be lewdly given, he deceives me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

P. Hen. Swarest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manning-tree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning,^a but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you.^b Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

^a *Cunning*—skilful.

^b *Take me with you.* A common expression for let me know your meaning.

P. Hen. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, Heaven help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will.

[*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt* Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most, most^a monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, hastily.

Host. O, my lord, my lord!—

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras; ¹²—the rest walk

^a *Most, most.* So in the folio. The repetition of *most* is in character.

up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had : but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the PRINCE and POINS.*]

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.——

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff; what is your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord; A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here; For I myself at this time have employ'd him. And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee, That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For anything he shall be charg'd withal: And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men He shall be answerable; and, so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow; Is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath: Search his pockets. [*POINS searches.*] What hast thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what be they: read them.

Poins. Item, A capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

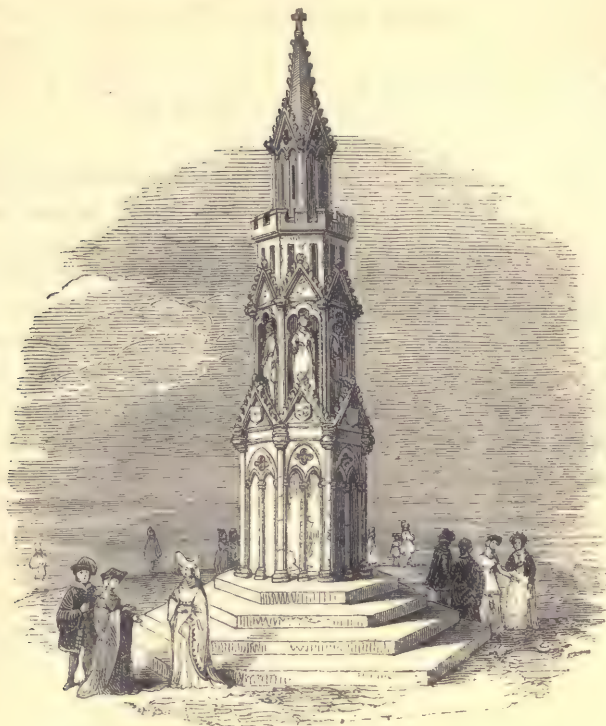
Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one halfpennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score.^a The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, *Poins.*

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

^a *Twelve-score.* The common phraseology for twelve score yards. We have in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' "This boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easily as a cannon will shoot point blank twelve score."



[Charing Cross.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

¹ SCENE I.—“ *Never joyed since the price of oats rose.*”

IN 1596 the price of grain was exceedingly high, “by colour of the unseasonableness of this summer;” and Elizabeth issued a proclamation against engrossers. This play was undoubtedly written about 1596; and Shakspeare had most probably the scarcity in his mind when he made the dear oats kill poor “Robin ostler.”

² SCENE I.—“ *Stung like a tench.*”

The second carrier appears to have had some popular knowledge of the natural history of fishes. The tench which is stung, and the loach which breeds fleas, appear to be allusions to the fact that fish, at particular seasons, are infested with vermin. The particular charge against *fleas*, of troubling fish as they do lodgers “within victualling-houses and inns,” is gravely set forth in Philemon Holland’s translation of Pliny.

³ SCENE I.—*Charing Cross.*

Charing was anciently a village detached from London; and Charing Cross was erected on the last spot where the body of Eleanor, the queen of Edward I.,

rested, in the road to Westminster. The cross was pulled down by the populace in 1643, through that intolerant fury against what were called superstitious edifices which has destroyed so many beautiful monuments of art in this country and in Scotland. The engraving in the preceding page is from an old drawing in the Crowle Collection, Brit. Mus.

⁴ SCENE I.—“ *We have the receipt of fern-seed.*”

The ancients believed that fern had no seed. In Holland's translation of Pliny we find, “Of fern be two kinds, and they bear neither flower nor seed.” The seed of the fern is so small as to escape the sight; and thus, although our ancestors believed that the plant bore seed, they held that it was only visible to those who sought for it under peculiar influences. It was on St. John's Eve that the fern-seed was held to become visible, and that at the precise moment of the birth of the saint. Its possession, it was further held, conferred invisibility. Fletcher, in ‘The Fair Maid of the Inn,’ says—

“Had you Gyges' ring,
Or tae herb that gives invisibility?”

⁵ SCENE III.—“ *Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.*”

The following engraving represents a part of the interior that is remaining of Warkworth Castle, the ancient seat of the Percies.



6 SCENE III.—“*Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin.*”

Douce, in a note on this passage, supposes the names of ordnance, such as basilisk and culverin, to be derived from the names of serpents. He tells us that a basilisk carried a ball weighing two hundred pounds. Neither Douce nor other commentators have noticed a passage in Harrison's ‘Description of England,’ which contains “the names of our greatest ordinance,”—and where the basilisk, the cannon, and the culverin, are fully described. The basilisk, the largest of all, weighed 9000 pounds, and carried a ball of 60 pounds;—the cannon weighed 7000 pounds, and also carried a ball of 60 pounds (but this weight of ball would appear to be a misprint);—and the culverin weighed 4000 pounds, and carried a ball of 18 pounds. Harrison gives a wondrous account of a great gun, compared with which the English basilisk must have been a pocket-pistol: “The Turk had one gun made by one Orbon, a Dane, the caster of his ordinance, which could not be drawn to the siege of Constantinople but by seventy yokes of oxen and two thousand men.”

7 SCENE IV.—“*Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*”

“Who knows not Eastcheap and the Boar's Head? Have we not all been there, time out of mind? And is it not a more real as well as notorious thing to us than the London Tavern, or the Crown and Anchor, or the Hummums, or White's, or What's-his-name's, or any other of your contemporary and fleeting taps?” We quote this passage from Leigh Hunt's delightful ‘Indicator.’ Mr. Hunt is speaking of the endearing *associations* of the Boar's Head—not of a real brick and stone tavern. But Goldsmith, it would appear, had sat in the Boar's Head of Shakspeare. We quote the following from his *Essays*:—

“Such were the reflections that naturally arose while I sat at the Boar's Head tavern, still kept at Eastcheap. Here, by a pleasant fire, *in the very room* where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honoured by Prince Henry, and sometimes polluted by his immoral merry companions, I sat and ruminated on the follies of youth; wished to be young again, but was resolved to make the best of life while it lasted, and now and then compared past and present times together. I considered myself as the only living representative of the old knight, and transported my imagination back to the times when the prince and he gave life to the revel, and made even debauchery not disgusting. The room also conspired to throw my reflections back into antiquity: the oak floor, the Gothic windows, and the ponderous chimney-piece, had long withstood the tooth of time.”

Alas! the *real* Boar's Head was destroyed in the great fire of London; and its successor, that rose up out of the ruins, was recently swept away with the old London Bridge, to which it was a neighbour. We can no longer make a pilgrimage even to the second Boar's Head. “The earliest notice of this place,” says Mr. Brayley in his ‘*Londiniana*,’ “occurs in the testament of William Warden, who, in the reign of Richard II., gave ‘all that his tenement, called the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, to a college of priests or chaplains, founded by Sir William Walworth, lord mayor, in the adjoining church of St. Michael, Crooked Lane.’”

In an enumeration of taverns, in an old black-letter poem, we find the

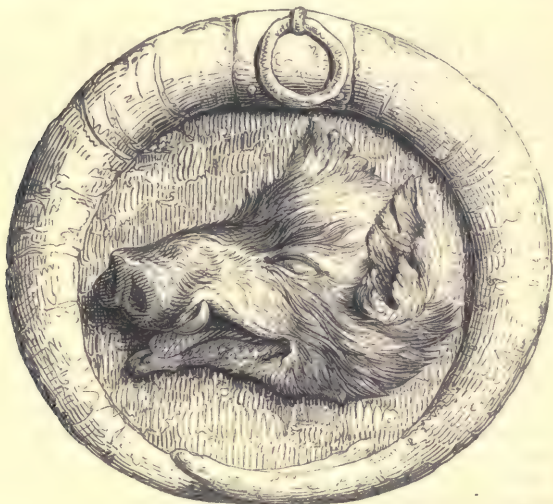
“Bore's Head, neere London Stone.”

“The Boar's Head, in Southwark,” is noticed in one of the Paston Letters, written in the time of Henry VI. Shakspeare found the “Old Tavern in Eastcheap” in the anonymous play described in our Introductory Notice.

But of the original Boar's Head there remains a very interesting, and to all appearance authentic, relic. At any rate we will confide in its authenticity with as implicit a faith as Martinus Scriblerus believed in his brazen shield. In White-

chapel, some years since, there was a hillock called the Mount, traditionally supposed to have been formed out of the rubbish of the great fire of 1666. Upon the clearing away of that Mount, an oaken carving of a boar's head, in a framework formed of two boars' tusks, was found in a half-burned state. The diameter of this curious relic was four inches and a half. On the back of the carving was a date, 1568; and a name, which, by a comparison with some records, corresponded with the name of the tavernkeeper in that year. It is supposed that this curious and very spirited carving was suspended in the tavern. The original was exhibited at the London Institution, and afterwards came into the possession of Mr. Windus, of Stamford Hill.

We have been enabled to give a faithful sketch of this carving, from the drawing of a lady who unites the knowledge of an antiquary to the taste of an artist.



⁸ SCENE IV.—“*Tom, Dick, and Francis.*”

We learn from Dekker's ‘Gull's Horn Book,’ 1609, that to be familiar with drawers, and to know their names, was an accomplishment of gallants some ten or twelve years after Shakspeare wrote this play:—“Your first compliment shall be to grow most inwardly acquainted with the drawers; to learn their names, as Jack, and Will, and Tom.”

⁹ SCENE IV.—“*At the strappado.*”

Douce has described this cruel punishment, which did not consist in the infliction of blows by a strap, but was effected by drawing up the victim by a rope and pulleys, and dropping him suddenly down, for the purpose of dislocating his shoulder. “The good old times” were remarkable for the ingenuity with which man tormented man.

¹⁰ SCENE IV.—“*He of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado.*”

Amaimon, according to Scot, in his ‘Discovery of Witchcraft,’ was a spirit who might be bound at certain hours of the day and night. He was a fit subject, therefore, for Glendower to exercise his magic upon.

11 SCENE IV.—“*A Welsh hook.*”

This weapon appears to have been a pike with a hook placed at some distance below its point, like some of the ancient partizans.

12 SCENE IV.—“*Behind the arras.*”

Dr. Johnson seems to think that the bulk of Falstaff rendered it difficult to conceal him behind the arras; but the arras or tapestry, which was originally hung on hooks, was afterwards set on frames at some distance from the walls. There are many passages in Shakspeare, and in other plays of his time, which show that the space between the arras and the wall was large enough even for the concealment of Falstaff.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

THE character of Hotspur has been drawn by Shakspeare with the boldest pencil. Nothing can be more free and vigorous than this remarkable portrait. Of the likeness we are as certain as when we look at the Charles V. of Titian, or the Lord Strafford of Vandyke. But it is too young, say the critics. The poet, in the first scene, say they, ought not to have called him “young Harry Percy,” for he was some thirty-five years old at the battle of Holmedon; and the wish of the king,

“That it could be provid
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang’d,
In cradle-clothes, our children where they lay,
And call’d mine Percy, his Plantagenet,”

was a very absurd wish, and such a change was quite beyond the power of a “night-tripping fairy,” for Percy was born about 1366, and Henry of Monmouth some twenty years later. Everything in its place. We desire the utmost exactness in matters where exactness is required. Let History proper give us her dates to the very day and hour; but let Poetry be allowed to break the bands by which she would be earth-bound. When Shakspeare shows us the ambitious, irascible, self-willed, sarcastic, but high-minded and noble Hotspur, and places in contrast with him the thoughtless, good-tempered, yielding, witty, but brave and chivalrous Henry, we have no desire to be constantly reminded that characters so alike in the energy of youth have been incorrectly approximated in their ages by the poet. Fluellen had, no doubt, very correct notions “as touching the direction of the military discipline;” but when he bestowed upon Captain Macmorris “a few disputations,” in the way of argument and friendly communication, when the town was besieged and the trumpet called to the breach, we think the captain was perfectly justified in telling the worthy Welshman that it was “no time to discourse.”

Sir Henry Percy received his *sobriquet* of Hotspur from the Scots, with whom he was engaged in perpetual forays and battles. The old ballad of ‘The Battle of Otterbourne’ tells us,

“He had hyn a march-man all hys dayes,
And kepte Barwyke upon Twede.”

He was “first armed when the castle of Berwick was taken by the Scots,” in 1378, when he was twelve years old; and from that time till the battle of Holmedon, *his spur was never cold*. Nothing can be more historically true than the prince’s description of Hotspur—“He that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, ‘Fie upon this quiet life! I want

work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he, and answers 'Some fourteen,' an hour after; 'a trifle, a trifle.' " The abstraction of Hotspur—the "some fourteen,—an hour after"—has been repeated by our poet in the beautiful scene between Hotspur and his lady in this act:—

"Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, *else he loves me not.*"

The servant has been called and dismissed; the lady has uttered her reproof; a battle has been fought in Hotspur's imagination, before he answers,

"Away,
Away, you trifler! Love?—I love thee not."

This little trait in Hotspur's character might be traditionary; and so might be the

"Speaking thick, which Nature made his blemish."

At any rate, these circumstances are singularly characteristic. So also is Hotspur's contempt of poetry, in opposition to Glendower, whose mind is essentially poetical. Such are the magical touches by which Shakspeare created the imperishable likenesses of his historical personages. He seized upon a general truth, and made it more striking and permanent by investing it with the ideal.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bangor. *A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and GLENDOWER.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction^a full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—
Will you sit down?—
And, uncle Worcester:—A plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur;
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you,
His cheek looks pale, and, with a rising sigh,
He wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets;¹ and, at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

^a *Induction.* Steevens properly says that an *induction* was anciently something introductory to a play; but he adds, somewhat absurdly, that Shakspeare's attendance on the theatre might have familiarized him to the conception of the word. In the sense in which Shakspeare here uses the word it is synonymous with *introduction*—a leading in, a beginning; and this meaning would have been perfectly familiar to such a master of "the tongue" as Shakspeare was, without any theatrical associations. An example of his discrimination in language is offered to us in 'Richard III.:'—

"Plots have I laid, *inductions* dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams."

Here the word is used in its metaphysical sense of *deductions* from facts or propositions, and not in the sense of *introduction*, as in the passage before us, which Steevens infers.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kittened, though yourself had never been born.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples^a down
Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains,² and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is the living,—clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh: I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy: you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

^a *Topples.* So the quartos; *tumbles* in the folio.

Hot. Why, so can I ; or so can any man :
But will they come, when you do call for them ?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command the devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,
By telling truth ; Tell truth, and shame the devil.—
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.—

Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power : thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too ?
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name ?

Glend. Come, here 's the map ; Shall we divide our right,
According to our three-fold order ta'en ?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally :
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east, is to my part assign'd :
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower :—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn :
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A business that this night may execute,)
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days :—
Within that space, [*to GLEND.*] you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords.
And in my conduct shall your ladies come :
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave ;

For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety,^a north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours :
See how this river comes me cranking^b in,
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle^c out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up ;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly :
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind ? it shall, it must ; you see it doth.

Mort. Yea,
But mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side ;
Gelding the opposed continent as much
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land ;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so ; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you ?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay ?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then ;
Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you :
For I was train'd up in the English court :

^a *Moiety.* Hotspur calls his third share a " moiety." Lear divides his kingdom into three parts, and yet Gloster talks of either duke's " moiety." In his dedication to 'The Rape of Lucrece' Shakspeare uses " moiety" in the sense of a small part of a whole. The explanation which we find in modern deeds, of moiety—"a moiety or half-part"—would show that it anciently signified any part ; otherwise the explanation is superfluous.

^b *Cranking*—bending.

^c *Cantle*—a corner, according to some etymologists ; a portion, or parcel, according to others.

Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
 Many an English ditty, lovely well,
 And gave the tongue^a a helpful ornament ;
 A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of 't with all my heart :
 I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
 Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers ;
 I had rather hear a brazen candlestick^b turn'd,
 Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree ;
 And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
 Nothing so much as mincing poetry ;
 'T is like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care : I'll give thrice so much land
 To any well-deserving friend :
 But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
 I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
 Are the indentures drawn ? shall we be gone ?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by night :
 I'll haste the writer,^c and, withal,
 Break with your wives of your departure hence :
 I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
 So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [Exit.

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy ! how you cross my father !

Hot. I cannot choose : sometime he angers me,
 With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
 Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies ;
 And of a dragon and a finless fish,
 A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
 A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
 And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
 As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
 He held me, last night, at least nine hours,
 In reckoning up the several devils' names
 That were his lackeys : I cried, hum,—and well,—go to,—

^a *The tongue*—the English language, according to Johnson.

^b *Candlestick.* So the folios ; the quartos, *canstick*, which is not an uncommon word in the old poets.

^c *I'll haste the writer.* So all the old copies. The modern editors read " I'll in and haste the writer."

But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable; and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does:
I warrant you that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof;
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;
And since your coming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts; and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd; good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,—
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part with you,
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her,—that she, and my aunt Percy,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[*GLENDOWER speaks to his daughter in Welsh,
and she answers him in the same.*

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd har-
lotry,

One that no persuasion^a can do good upon.

[*Lady M. speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens,
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee. [*Lady M. speaks.*
I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language: for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she run mad.

[*Lady M. speaks again.*

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes^a lay you down,^b
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing:
By that time will our book,^c I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you,

^a *That no persuasion.* All the old copies retain *that*, but they print the passage as prose.

^b All the old copies give this as one line. Steevens reads

"She bids you

Upon the wanton rushes lay you down."

Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence ;
And straight they shall be here : sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down : Come, quick, quick ; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose.

GLENDOWER *speaks some Welsh words, and then the Music plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh ;
And 't is no marvel, he 's so humorous.
By'r-lady, he 's a good musician.

Lady P. Then would you be nothing but musical ; for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady P. Wouldst have thy head broken ?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither ; 't is a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee !

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that ?

Hot. Peace ! she sings.

A Welsh SONG, sung by Lady M.

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth ! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife !' Not you, in good sooth ; and, As true as I live ; and, As God shall mend me ; and, As sure as day :
And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath : and leave in sooth,
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,^a
To velvet-guards,^b and Sunday-citizens.
'Come, sing.

^a *Pepper-gingerbread—spice-gingerbread*

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be redbreast teacher.^a An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [Exit.

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow, As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn; we will but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

Mort.

With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, and Lords.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the prince of Wales and I Must have some private conference:^a But be near at hand, For we shall presently have need of you.— [*Exeunt* Lords.
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof^b of many tales devis'd,—

^a *Private conference.* So all the old copies. Steevens omits *private*.

^b *Reproof*—disproof.

Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—
By smiling pickthanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession;
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
That men would tell their children,—This is he;
Others would say,—Where? which is Bolingbroke?
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus I did keep my person fresh, and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast;
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin^a wits,

^a *Bavin.* Bavin is brushwood, used for kindling fires.

Soon kindled and soon burn'd : carded ^a his state ;
 Mingled his royalty with carping ^b fools,
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns :
 And gave his countenance, against his name,
 To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
 Of every beardless vain comparative :
 Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity :
 That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
 They surfeited with honey, and began
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
 More than a little is by much too much.
 So, when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
 Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes,
 As, sick and blunted with community,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes :
 But rather drows'd, and hung their eyelids down,
 Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries ;
 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
 And in that very line, Harry, standest thou :
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
 With vile participation ; not an eye
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more ;
 Which now doth that I would not have it do,
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
 Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,

^a *Carded.* It is possible that Henry simply means that "the skipping king" discarded his state. But in the sense in which Shelton, in his translation of 'Don Quixote,' uses the word—"it is necessary that this book be *carded* and purged of certain base things"—we may consider that Richard fretted away his state, as the *wool-carder* makes the lock attenuated by continual tearing.

^b *Carping.* So the folio, and all the quartos except that of 1598, which reads *capring*. *Carping* was formerly used in the sense of *jesting*.

As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh;
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou, the shadow of succession:
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm:
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ!
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate^a against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
To fight against me, under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

P. Hen. Do not think so, you shall not find it so;
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!

^a *Capitulate*—to settle the *heads* of an agreement.

I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
 And, in the closing of some glorious day,
 Be bold to tell you that I am your son ;
 When I will wear a garment all of blood,
 And stain my favours^a in a bloody mask,
 Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
 And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
 That this same child of honour and renown,
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
 And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet :
 For every honour sitting on his helm,
 'Would they were multitudes; and on my head
 My shames redoubled ! for the time will come,
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
 To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf ;
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
 This, in the name of God, I promise here :
 The which if He be pleas'd I shall perform,
 I do beseech your majesty, may salve
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance :
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this :—
 Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt ? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
 Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,—
 That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,

^a *Favours*—features. So in 'Richard II.'—

"Yet I well remember
 The *favours* of these men."

The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury :
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day ;
With him my son, lord John of Lancaster ;
For this advertisement is five days old :—
On Wednesday next, Harry, thou shalt set forward ;
On Thursday, we ourselves will march :
Our meeting is Bridgnorth : and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire ; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business : let's away ;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's Head
Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action ? do I not bate ? do I not dwindle ? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown ; I am withered like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking ;^a I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse : the inside of a church ! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it :—come, sing me a bawdy song ; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be ; virtuous enough : swore little ; diced, not above seven times a week ; went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour ; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times ; lived well, and in good compass : and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you must needs

^a *In some liking*—in some substance.

be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, —but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, By this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rann'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two-and-thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, sir John! what do you think, sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who, I? I defy thee: I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, sir John; you do not know me, sir John: I know you, sir John: you owe me money, sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell.⁷ You owe money here besides, sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; What call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Host. I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS, marching. FALSTAFF meets the PRINCE, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras,

and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank Heaven on.

Host. I am no thing to thank Heaven on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea ; if he said my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say, 't is copper : Darest thou be as good as thy word now ?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest as thou art but a man, I dare : but as thou art a prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not as the lion ?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion : Dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father ? nay, an I do, let my girdle break !

P. Hen. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees ! But, sirrah, there 's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine ; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket ! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed ^a rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy, to make thee long-winded ; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong : Art thou not ashamed ?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal ? thou knowest, in the state of innocency, Adam fell ; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy ? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you picked my pocket ?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee : Go, make ready breakfast ; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests : thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason : thou seest I am pacified.—Still ?—Nay, prithee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court : For the robbery, lad,—How is that answered ?

P. Hen. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee :—The money is paid back again.

^a *Embossed.* Swollen, puffed up. In 'Lear' we have "embossed carbuncle."

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 't is a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do anything.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty, or thereabout! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph,—

Bard. My lord?

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster, To my brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland.—Go, Poins,^a to horse, to horse; for thou and I Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time. Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall, At two o'clock in the afternoon: There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive Money, and order for their furniture. The land is burning; Percy stands on high; And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE, POINS, and BARDOLPH.]

Fal. Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast; come:—

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum.

[*Exit.*]

^a *Poins.* The original copies have *Peto*; but he is not in the scene.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

¹ SCENE I.—“*Burning cressets.*”

THE cresset-light was set upon beacons and watch-towers, or carried upon a pole. It was a square or circular framework of iron, having open ribs or hoops, in which pitched ropes or other combustible materials were burned. There is one upon the ancient tower of Hadley Church, near Barnet; and it might have blazed out when the Lancastrians and the Yorkists fought over the undulating ground from St. Alban's to Barnet Common, where the men of Kent under Warwick made their last desperate stand. It was last lighted in the rebellion of 1745.

² SCENE I.—“*The goats ran from the mountains,*” &c.

Malone quotes a passage from an account of an earthquake in Catania, to show that Shakspeare's description of the effects of one of the rarer phenomena of nature was literally true: “There was a blow as if all the artillery in the world had been discharged at once; the sea retired from the town above two miles; the birds flew about astonished; *the cattle in the fields ran crying.*”

³ SCENE I.—“*Wanton rushes.*”

A passage in Bulleyn's ‘*Bulwarke*,’ 1579, tells us the use of rushes, which has been noticed in ‘*Romeo and Juliet*’—Illustrations of Act I.: “Rushes that grow upon dry grounds be good to strew in halls, chambers, and galleries, to walk upon; defending apparell, as trains of gowns and kirtles, from dust.”

⁴ SCENE I.—“*Our book.*”

Book means charter, or deed. We find the word *bokeland* in our early history. Whiter (‘*Etymological Dictionary*,’ vol. iii., p. 153) says, the term *book* is referred to any piece of paper, or materials, written on, which may form a *roll*, however minute it may be; and this may assist our lawyers in deciding upon those points which have turned on the original sense annexed to the word *book*.”

⁵ SCENE I.—“*Velvet-guards.*”

The velvet guards—edges of velvet—seem to have been a distinguishing peculiarity of the dress of the London city-wives. Fynes Moryson says, “At public meetings the aldermen of London wear scarlet gowns, and their wives a close gown of scarlet, with *guards of black velvet.*”

⁶ SCENE I.—“‘*T is the next way to turn tailor,*’” &c.

Weavers and tailors were remarkable for singing at their work. Hotspur commends his wife that she will not, by singing, become like a tailor or a teacher of piping birds. Malvolio says, “Do you make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your *cozier's catches?*” A *cozier* was one who sews.

⁷ SCENE III.—“*Holland of eight shillings an ell.*”

In this age of power-looms we are apt to forget the high price of clothing in old times, and to think that the hostess was imposing upon Falstaff when she charged

the holland of his shirts at eight shillings an ell. Stubbes, in his 'Anatomy of Abuses,' tells us that the meanest shirt cost a crown,—and some as much as ten pounds.



[Portrait of Owen Glendower, from his great seal, engraved in the 'Archæologia.']

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

OWEN GLENDOWER—the “damned Glendower” of the king—the “great Glendower” of Hotspur—“he of Wales,” that “swore the devil his true liegeman” of Falstaff—was amongst the most bold and enterprising of the warriors of his age. The immediate cause of his outbreak against the power of Henry IV. was a quarrel with Lord Grey of Ruthyn, on the occasion of which the parliament of Henry seems to have treated Owen with injustice; but there can be no doubt that the great object of his ambition was to restore the independence of Wales. In the Guerilla warfare which he waged against Henry he was eminently successful, and his boast in this drama is historically true, that,

“Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.”

Shakspeare has, indeed, seized, with wonderful exactness, upon all the features of his history and character, and of the popular superstitions connected with him. They all belonged to the region of poetry. Glendower says,

“ At my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes.”

The old Chroniclers say, “ the same night he was born all his father’s horses were found to stand in blood up to their bellies.” His pretensions as a magician, which Shakspeare has most beautifully connected with his enthusiastic and poetical temperament, made him a greater object of fear than even his undoubted skill and valour. When the king pursued him into his mountains, Owen, as Holinshed relates, “ conveyed himself out of the way into his known lurking-places, and, as was thought, through art magic he caused such foul weather of winds, tempest, rain, snow, and hail, to be raised for the annoyance of the king’s army, that the like had not been heard of.” His tedious stories to Hotspur,

“ Of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies;
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing’d griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,”

were old Welsh prophecies which the people in general, and very likely Glendower himself, devoutly believed. According to Holinshed, it was upon the faith of one of these prophecies in particular that the tripartite indenture of Mortimer, Hotspur, and Glendower was executed. “ This was done (as some have said) through a foolish credit given to a vain prophecy, as though King Henry was the moldwarp, cursed of God’s own mouth, and they three were the dragon, the lion, and the wolf, which should divide this realm between them.” Glendower might probably have

“ Believ’d the magic wonders which he sang,”

but he was no vulgar enthusiast. He was “ trained up in the English court,” as he describes himself, and he was probably “ exceedingly well read,” as Mortimer describes him, for he had been a barrister of the Middle Temple. When the parliament, who rudely dismissed his petition against Lord Grey of Ruthyn, refused to listen to “ barefooted blackguards,” it can scarcely be wondered that he should have raised the standard of rebellion. The Welsh from all parts of England, even the students of Oxford, crowded home to fight under the banners of an independent Prince of Wales. Had Glendower joined the Percies before the battle of Shrewsbury, which he was most probably unable to do, he might for a time have ruled a kingdom, instead of perishing in wretchedness and obscurity, after years of unavailing contest.

“ Lingerin’ from sad Salopia’s field,
Reft of his aid the Percy fell.”

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot : If speaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By heaven, I cannot flatter ; I defy
The tongues of soothers ; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself :
Nay, task me to my word ; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour :
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 't is well :—

Enter a Messenger, with letters.

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father,—

Hot. Letters from him ! why comes he not himself ?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord ; he 's grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds ! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a justling time ? Who leads his power ?
Under whose government come they along ?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I his mind.^a

Wor. I prithee tell me, doth he keep his bed ?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth ;
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

^a *Not I his mind.* The folio reads *not I his mind*, and so the quarto of 1604 ;—the earliest quarto, *not I my mind*. The received reading, upon the correction of Capell, is, *not I, my lord*.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited :
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now ! droop now ! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise :
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here,—that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn ; nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us ;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now ;
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it ?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off :—
And yet, in faith, it is not ; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it :—Were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast ? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour ?
It were not good : for therein should we read ^a
The very bottom and the soul of hope ;
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. 'Faith, and so we should ;
Where now remains a sweet reversion :
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in :

A comfort of retirement lives in this.—

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,

^a *Read.* By receiving this word in its literal and secondary meaning the commentators have been much perplexed with this passage. Steevens says, "sight being necessary to reading, *to read* is here used, in Shakspeare's licentious language, for *to see*." This is really most marvellous ignorance of our primitive English ; in which *to discover* is a meaning of the word *read* as well understood as its peculiar meaning with regard to written language. "*Arede* my riddle" is scarcely obsolete.

If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here.
The quality and air^a of our attempt
Brooks no division : It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence ;
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause :
For, well you know, we of the offering side^b
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement ;
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us :
This absence of your father draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.
I, rather, of his absence make this use ;—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to your^c great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here : for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think : there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.^d

^a *Air.* The folio reads *heire* ; the first quarto *haire*, and so the quarto of 1604.
In the modern editions of 'Macbeth' we have

"The crown does sear mine eyeballs : and thy *air*,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first."

Now in the folio the *air* in this passage also is spelt *haire*. It seems to us that the correction is as much called for in the text before us as in 'Macbeth ;' although "*hair*" is retained in the modern editions. Worcester considers that not only the *quality* but the *appearance* of their attempt "brooks no division."

^b *Offering side*—assailing side.

^c *Your.* So the folio and the quartos. There is no necessity to change the pronoun to *our*, the common reading. Indeed, following "*you strain too far*," there is more force and propriety in *your*.

^d *Term of fear.* So the first quarto ; the folio, *dream of fear*.

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him,^a prince John.

Hot. No harm: What more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person hath set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms:
All plum'd, like estridges that with the wind
Bated,—like eagles having lately bath'd;^b
Glittering in golden coats, like images;^c
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.

^a *Him* is not in the early copies.

^b This passage has always been given thus since the time of Johnson:—

“All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges that *wing* the wind;
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd.”

Johnson substituted *wing* for *with*, the ancient reading. But the passage thus changed has become even more perplexed and contradictory. We have ventured to restore *with*, and to change the punctuation. The meaning appears to us to be this:—the prince and his comrades, all furnished, all in arms, are plumed like estridges (*falcons*, not ostriches) that *with* the wind bated—(to *bate* is to swoop upon the quarry, a term of falconry)—like eagles having lately bathed. Their plumes, their caparisons, are as smooth as the unruffled feathers of the hawk that flies with the wind upon his prey;—as brilliant as the eagles that have just dipped their wings in the crystal waters of the mountain tarn. The pauses which our reading requires appear to us perfectly in consonance with the rhythm of the whole passage. We are indebted to Z. Jackson in part for this suggestion. In the various editions we have five pages of commentary defending the received reading of Johnson, which is unquestionably nonsense.

^c *Images*. “The rich vestments” of “the holy saints” in Romish churches, noticed by Spenser, are here alluded to.

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,^a
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun in March,
 This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,
 And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
 All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
 And yet not ours:—Come, let me take my horse,
 Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
 Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:
 Harry to Harry, shall not^b horse to horse
 Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse?
 O, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
 I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
 He cannot draw his power these fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

^a *Beaver.* This, which is a part of the helmet, is often used to express a helmet generally. It is so used in 'Richard III.' :—

"What, is my *beaver* easier than it was?"

But in the following passage from 'Henry IV., Part II.,' we have the word used for a part of the helmet, as it also is in 'Hamlet':—

"Their armed staves in charge, their *beavers* down."

In our Illustration of this passage we shall enter into the subject more fully.

^b *Not* is the reading of the quartos of 1604 and 1613, and of the folio. The first quarto has *hot*, which is the received reading :—

"Harry to Harry shall, *hot* horse to horse,

Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse."

We prefer *not*, with the interrogative form.

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be ;

My father and Glendower being both away,

The powers of us may serve so great a day.

Come, let us take^a a muster speedily :

Doomsday is near ; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying ; I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half-year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A public Road near Coventry.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry ; fill me a bottle of sack ; our soldiers shall march through : we'll to Sutton-Cop-hill^b to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain ?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do take it for thy labour ; and if it make twenty take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain : farewell. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons : inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans ; such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lief hear the devil as a drum ; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but

^a *Take.* All the old copies read “take a muster ;”—modern editions “make a muster.” Hotspur eagerly inquires as to the number of the king's forces, and then desires to take an account—a muster-roll—of his own. He would not wish to make a muster—to assemble his troops—to collect them together—for they were all with him ; but he desires to know the exact number of “the powers of us” which are to oppose the king's “thirty thousand.”

^b *Sutton-Cop-hill.* So all the old copies read ; modern editions, “Sutton Coldfield.” If the ancient names of places are allowed to be altered without explanation, we gradually lose the key to much local knowledge. We therefore restore the reading.

such toasts and butter,^a with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores: and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old-faced ancient:^b and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat;—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host of Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry: But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter PRINCE HENRY and WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all to-night.^c

^a *Toasts and butter.* According to Fynes Moryson, the "Londoners, and all within the sound of Bow-bell, are in reproach called cockneys, and eaters of buttered toasts."

^b *Old-faced ancient*—an old, patched-up standard.

^c *To-night.* So the folio; the quartos, *all night*.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss:^a food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that: and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, sir John; I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor.

It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver.

Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well;

You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

^a *Toss*—toss upon a pike.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
 (And I dare well maintain it with my life,)
 If well-respected honour bid me on,
 I hold as little counsel with weak fear
 As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:—^a
 Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
 Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being men of such great leading as you are,^b
 That you foresee not what impediments
 Drag back our expedition: Certain horse
 Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
 Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
 And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
 Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
 That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
 In general, journey-bated, and brought low;
 The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
 For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*]

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
 If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt; And 'would to God
 You were of our determination!
 Some of us love you well: and even those some
 Envy your great deservings and good name,
 Because you are not of our quality,^c
 But stand against us like an enemy.

^a *This day lives.* So all the old copies; modern editions omit *this day*.

^b *As you are.* These words, which are in all the old copies, are also omitted in modern editions.

^c *Quality*—of the same kind with us.

Blunt. And Heaven defend but still I should stand so,
So long as, out of limit and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty!
But to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs;^a and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty: If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed,
You shall have your desires, with interest;
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father, my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears:
And,—when he was not six-and-twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,—
My father gave him welcome to the shore:
And,—when he heard him swear and vow to God,
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery,^b and beg his peace;
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—

^a *Griefs*—grievances.

^b *His livery.* See 'Richard II.,' Illustrations of Act II.

Steps me a little higher than his vow
 Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
 Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurge;
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
 Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
 That lay too heavy on the commonwealth:
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
 Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win
 The hearts of all that he did angle for.
 Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
 Of all the favourites, that the absent king
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot.

Then, to the point.

In short time after, he depos'd the king;
 Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
 And, in the neck of that, task'd^a the whole state:
 To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
 (Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
 Indeed his king) to be engag'd^b in Wales,
 There without ransom to lie forfeited:
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
 Rated my uncle from the council-board;
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong:
 And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
 This head of safety; and, withal, to pry
 Into his title, the which we find
 Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, sir Walter; we'll withdraw awhile.
 Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
 Some surety for a safe return again,

^a *Task'd.* A tax was anciently a *task*.

^b *Engag'd.* So the old copies; Theobald corrected it to *encag'd*. To be engaged is to be a captive retained as a hostage.

And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes : and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And 't may be, so we shall.

Blunt. 'Pray heaven you do!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—York. *A Room in the Archbishop's House.*

Enter the Archbishop of York, and a Gentleman.

Arch. Hie, good sir Michael; bear this sealed brief,^a
With winged haste, to the lord marshal;
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
To whom they are directed : if you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

Gent. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must 'bide the touch : For, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
Meets with lord Harry : and I fear, sir Michael,—
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
(Whose power was in the first proportion,)
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
(Who with them was a rated sinew^b too,
And comes not in, over-rul'd by prophecies,)—
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.

Gent. Why, my good lord, you need not fear; there's
Douglas,
And lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Gent. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry Percy,

^a *Brief*—a letter. *Breve* is the old word for the king's writ or letter to the sheriff.

^b *A rated sinew.* So the quartos; the folio, *rated firmly*.

And there's my lord of Worcester ; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is : but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together ;—
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt ;
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Gent. Doubt not, my lord, he shall be well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 't is to fear ;
And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed :
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 't is but wisdom to make strong against him ;
Therefore make haste : I must go write again
To other friends ; and so farewell, sir Michael.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN *of* Lancaster, Sir WALTER BLUNT, and Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky^a hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. Hen. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

K. Hen. Then with the losers let it sympathize;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

Trumpet. Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

How now, my lord of Worcester? 't is not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet: You have deceiv'd our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life

^a *Busky*—bosky, woody.

With quiet hours ; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought it ! how comes it then ?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet,^a peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself, and all our house ;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you, my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time ; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The danger of the time : You swore to us,—
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state ;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster :
To this we sware our aid. But, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head ;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help ; what with the absent king ;
What with the injuries of a wanton time ;
The seeming sufferances that you had borne ;
And the contrarious winds, that held the king
So long in his^b unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead,—
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand ;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster ;
And, being fed by us, you used us so

^a *Chewet*—perhaps the name of a chattering bird—certainly the name of a dish, or pie, of minced meat.

^b *His* in the quartos ; the folio, *the*.

As that ungentle gull^a the cuckoo's bird
Useth the sparrow:^a did oppress our nest ;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head :
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself ;
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,^b
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation :
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause ;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy : By my hopes,—
This present enterprise set off his head,—
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry ;

^a *Gull.* Ordinarily this word means *the person gulled*, beguiled. In this case it must either mean the *guller*, or the word may have a special meaning referring to the voracity of the "cuckoo's bird"—as the sea-gull is supposed to be so called from *gulo—gulosus*. In an old poem we have, "fill as doth a gull."

^b *Articulated*—exhibited in articles.

And so, I hear, he doth account me too :
Yet this before my father's majesty,—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation ;
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite
Do make against it :—No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well ; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part :
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man,
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his :
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do :—But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone ;
We will not now be troubled with reply :
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER and VERNON.]

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life :
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge ;
For on their answer will we set on them :
And God befriend us, as our cause is just !

[*Exeunt* KING, BLUNT, and PRINCE JOHN.]

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride
me, so ; 't is a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friend-
ship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest Heaven a death. [*Exit.*]

Fal. 'T is not due yet ; I would be loth to pay him before
his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not
on me ? Well, 't is no matter ; Honour pricks me on. Yea,
but how if honour prick me off when I come on ? how then ?
Can honour set to a leg ? No. Or an arm ? No. Or take

away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word, honour?^a Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore, I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Rebel Camp.*

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'T were best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king would keep his word in loving us:
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion,^b all our lives,^c shall be stuck full of eyes:
For treason is but trusted like the fox;
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,—
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's;—we did train him on;

^a The earliest quarto, and that of 1604, read—"What is *in* that word, honour? What is that honour?" We follow the folio and other quartos. The addition of the first quarto seems surplusage.

^b *Suspicion.* All the old copies read *supposition*.

^c *All our lives.* So the old copies.

And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
 We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
 Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
 In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 't is so.
 Here comes your cousin.

*Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS; and Officers and Soldiers,
 behind.*

Hot. My uncle is return'd :—Deliver up
 My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit.*]

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
 Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—
 By now forswearing that he is forsworn :
 He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
 With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
 A brave defiance in king Henry's teeth,
 And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it;
 Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
 And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
 And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
 But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
 How show'd his tasking? ^a seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
 Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
 Unless a brother should a brother dare
 To gentle exercise and proof of arms.

^a *Tasking.* So the first quarto; the folio and the quarto of 1604, *talking.*

He gave you all the duties of a man ;
 Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue ;
 Spoke your deservings like a chronicle ;
 Making you ever better than his praise,
 By still disparaging praise, valued with you :
 And, which became him like a prince indeed,
 He made a blushing cital of himself ;
 And chid his truant youth with such a grace
 As if he master'd there a double spirit,
 Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
 There did he pause. But let me tell the world,—
 If he outlive the envy of this day,
 England did never owe so sweet a hope,
 So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured
 Upon his follies ; never did I hear
 Of any prince so wild at liberty :^a
 But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
 I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
 That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
 Arm, arm, with speed : And, fellows, soldiers, friends,
 Better consider what you have to do,
 Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
 Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen, the time of life is short ;
 To spend that shortness basely were too long,
 If life did ride upon a dial's point,
 Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
 An if we live, we live to tread on kings ;
 If die, brave death, when princes die with us !

^a *At liberty.* The reading of all the old editions, except the first quarto and the third, which give *a libertie*. We cannot think that Johnson's interpretation is correct :—"of any prince that played such pranks, and was not confined as a mad-man." Hotspur means to say that he never knew of any prince so wild of his own unrestrained will, or, if we adopt the reading of the first and third quartos, he never heard of so wild a liberty belonging to any prince.

Now for our consciences,—the arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare ; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking ; only this,—
Let each man do his best : and here I draw a sword,
Whose worthy temper I intend to stain ^a
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now,—Esperancé!^b—Percy!—and set on.—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace :
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Plain near Shrewsbury.*

Excursions, and parties fighting. Alarum to the battle.

Then enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT, meeting.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in battle thus thou crossest
me ?

What honour dost thou seek upon my head ?

^a We find the word *worthy* only in the folio. We have many other examples in this play of lines such as the preceding—having twelve syllables; and it appears to us that all the editorial attempts to get rid of what are called the redundant syllables are sad perversions of ingenuity, which emasculate the text, and destroy the intentions of the author. To those who think that Ritson, and Steevens, and *id genus omne*, have, in what they call settling the text, freed it from the corruptions of the players, we would commend a careful examination of the following lines :—

“He hath wrong’d my sister, still he is my brother;
He hath wrong’d his people, still he is their sovereign.”

Or,

“In the exercise of your inquisitive function.”

The lines are Byron’s, and have been corrupted neither by players nor printers. When will some new Steevens come with his “squire” and his numeration-table and oblige us with,

“My sister he hath wrong’d, he is my brother—
His people he hath wrong’d, he is their king—
In the discharge of your inquiring function” ?

^b *Esperancé.* See Note to Act II., Scene 3.

Doug. Know, then, my name is Douglas ;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness ; for, instead of thee, king Harry,
This sword hath ended him : so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as a prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born to yield, thou haughty Scot ;^a
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death. [*They fight, and BLUNT is slain.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd over a Scot.

Doug. All 's done, all 's won ; here breathless lies the king.

Hot. Where ?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas ? no, I know this face full well :
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt ;
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes !^b
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king ?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats ;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up and away ;
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*]

Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the
shot here : here 's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft ! who
are you ? Sir Walter Blunt ;—there's honour for you : Here's

^a So the folio ; the quartos,

“ I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot.”

^b *A fool.* The early copies read *Ah fool!* The correction is by Steevens.

no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: Heaven keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: Prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile.—Turk Gregory^a never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed: and living to kill thee. I prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive thou gett'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me: What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 't is hot, 't is hot; there's that will sack a city. [*The PRINCE draws out a bottle of sack.*]

P. Hen. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and exit.*]

Fal. If Percy be alive I'll pierce him, if he do come in my way, so:^b if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado^c of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir Walter hath: Give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*]

^a *Turk Gregory*—Pope Gregory VII.

^b *If Percy be alive, &c.* We have altered the punctuation of this passage, believing that the "so" applies to some action of Falstaff with his bottle of sack—perhaps thrusting his sword into the cork. A critic upon Shakspeare says the poet was not aware that his pun of *Percy* and *pierce him* was a serious etymology—"Percy à penetrando oculum regis Scotorum." Why not?

^c *Carbonado*—a rasher on the coals, according to Cotgrave.

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

*Alarums, Excursions. Enter the KING, PRINCE HENRY,
PRINCE JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.*

K. Hen. I prithee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much;—
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Hen. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Hen. I will do so:—
My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And Heaven forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The prince of Wales from such a field as this;
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

P. John. We breathe too long:—Come, cousin Westmoreland,

Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt PRINCE JOHN and WESTMORELAND.*]

P. Hen. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Hen. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Hen. O, this boy lends mettle to us all. [Exit.

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydras' heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them.—What art thou
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met,

And not the very king. I have two boys
 Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field :
 But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
 I will assay thee ; so defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit ;
 And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king :
 But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
 And thus I win thee.

[*They fight ; the KING being in danger, enter PRINCE HENRY.*]

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
 Never to hold it up again ! the spirits
 Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms :
 It is the prince of Wales that threatens thee ;
 Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

[*They fight ; DOUGLAS flies.*]

Cheerly, my lord ; How fares your grace ?—
 Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
 And so hath Clifton ; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe awhile :
 Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion ;^a
 And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,
 In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Hen. O heaven ! they did me too much injury
 That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
 If it were so, I might have let alone
 The insulting hand of Douglas over you ;
 Which would have been as speedy in your end,
 As all the poisonous potions in the world,
 And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton, I'll to sir Nicholas Gawsey.
 [*Exit KING HENRY.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see

^a *Opinion*—reputation.

A very valiant rebel of that name.

I am the prince of Wales ; and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more :

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere ;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,

Of Harry Percy and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come

To end the one of us ; And would to Heaven,

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine !

P. Hen. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee ;

And all the budding honours on thy crest

I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*They fight.*]

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal ! to it, Hal !—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter DOUGLAS ; he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth :

I better brook the loss of brittle life

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me ;

They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh :—

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool ;

And time, that takes survey of all the world,

Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,

But that the earthy and cold hand of death

Lies on my tongue :—No, Percy, thou art dust,

And food for—

[*Dies.*]

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy : Fare thee well, great heart !—

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk !

When that this body did contain a spirit,

A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;

But now, two paces of the vilest earth

Is room enough :—This earth, that bears thee dead,

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so great ^a a show of zeal:—
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[*He sees FALSTAFF on the ground.*

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:—
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie.

[*Exit.*

Fal. [*Rising slowly.*] Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me to-morrow. 'Sblood, 't was time to counterfeit, or that hot ter-magant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: To die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, [*stabbing him*] with a new wound in your thigh,^a come you along with me.

[*Takes HOTSPUR on his back.*

^a *Great.* So the folio, and all the quartos except the first, which reads *dear*.

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and PRINCE JOHN.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft! who have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground.
Art thou alive?
Or is it phantasy that plays upon our eyesight?
I prithee, speak; we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears:—
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I
be not Jack Falstaff then am I a Jack. There is Percy:
[*throwing the body down*] if your father will do me any
honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I
look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how the world is given to
lying!—I grant you I was down, and out of breath; and so
was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long
hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not,
let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their
own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this
wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny
it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*]

The trumpets sound retreat, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt PRINCE HENRY and PRINCE JOHN.*]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards
me, Heaven reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less;

for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, bearing off the body.*]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

The trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and others, with WORCESTER and VERNON, prisoners.

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done my safety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[*Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded.*]
How goes the field?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,

Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms :
Myself, and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day :
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt.*



[Army before Shrewsbury.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

¹ SCENE I.—“*Busky hill.*”

THE hill which rises over the battle-field near Shrewsbury is called Haughmond hill. Mr. Blakeway says that Shakspeare has described the ground as accurately as if he had surveyed it. “It still merits the appellation of a bosky hill.”

² SCENE I.—“*As that ungentle gull the cuckoo’s bird
Useth the sparrow,*” &c.

Shakspeare was a naturalist in the very best sense of the word. He watched the great phenomena of nature, the economy of the animal creation, and the peculiarities of inanimate existence; and he set these down with almost undeviating exactness, in the language of the highest poetry. Before White, and Jenner, and Montagu had described the remarkable proceedings of the cuckoo, Shakspeare here described them, as we believe from what he himself saw. But let us analyse this description:—

“Being fed by us, you used us so
As that ungentle gull the cuckoo’s bird
Useth the sparrow.”

Pliny was the only scientific writer upon natural history that was open to Shakspeare. We are no believers in the common opinion of Shakspeare’s want of learning; and we hold, therefore, that he might have read Pliny in Latin, as we think he read other books. The first English translation of Pliny, that of Philemon Holland, was not published till 1601; this play was printed in 1598. Now, the description of the cuckoo in Pliny is, in many respects, very different from the description before us in Shakspeare. “They always,” says the Roman naturalist, “lay in other birds’ nests, and most of all in the *stock-dove’s*.” In a subsequent part of the same passage Pliny mentions the *titling’s* nest, but not a word of the *sparrow’s*. It was reserved for very modern naturalists to find that the hedge-sparrow’s nest was a favourite choice of the old cuckoo. Dr. Jenner, in 1787, says, “I examined the nest of a hedge-sparrow, which then contained a cuckoo and three hedge-sparrow’s eggs.” Colonel Montagu also found a cuckoo, “when a few days old, in a hedge-sparrow’s nest, in a garden close to a cottage.” Had Shakspeare not observed for himself, or, at any rate, not noted the original observations of others, and had taken his description from Pliny, he would, in all probability, have mentioned the stock-dove or the titling. In ‘Lear’ we have the “hedge-sparrow.” But let us see further—

“Did oppress our nest.”

The word *oppress* is singularly descriptive of the operations of the “ungentle gull.” The great bulk of the cuckoo, in the small nest of the hedge-sparrow, first crushes the proper nestlings; and the instinct of the intruder renders it necessary that they should be got rid of. The common belief, derived from the extreme voracity of the cuckoo (to which we think Shakspeare alludes when he calls it a gull—*gulo*), has led to an opinion that it eats the young nestlings. Pliny says, expressly, that it devours them. How remarkable is it, then, that Shakspeare does not allude to

this belief! He makes Worcester simply accuse Henry, that he "did oppress our nest." Had Shakspeare's natural history not been more accurate than the popular belief, he would have made Worcester reproach the king with actually destroying the proper tenants of the nest. The Percies were then ready to accuse him of the murder of Richard. We, of course, do not attempt to assert that Shakspeare knew the precise mode in which the cuckoo gets rid of its cohabitants. This was first made known by Dr. Jenner. But, although Shakspeare might not have known this most curious fact, the words "did oppress our nest" are not inconsistent with the knowledge. The very generality of the words is some proof that he did not receive the vulgar story of the cuckoo eating his fellow-nestlings. The term "oppress our nest" is also singularly borne out by the observations of modern naturalists; for nests in which a cuckoo has been hatched have been found so crushed and flattened, that it has been almost impossible to determine the species to which they belonged.

"Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight."

We have here an *approach* to the inaccuracy of the old naturalists. Pliny, having made the cuckoo devour the other nestlings, says that the mother at last shares the same fate, for "the young cuckoo, being once fledged and ready to fly abroad, is so bold as to seize on the old titling, and to eat her up that hatched her." Even Linnæus has the same story. But Shakspeare, in so beautifully carrying on the parallel between the cuckoo and the king, does not imply that the grown cuckoo swallowed the sparrow, but that the sparrow, timorous of "so great a bulk," kept aloof from her nest, "*durst* not come near *for fear* of swallowing." The extreme avidity of the bird for food is here only indicated; and Shakspeare might himself have seen the large fledged "gull" eagerly thrusting forward its open mouth, while the sparrow fluttered about the nest, where even its "love durst not come near." This extraordinary voracity of the young cuckoo has been ascertained beyond a doubt: that it should be carnivorous is perfectly impossible; for its bill is only adapted for feeding on caterpillars and other soft substances. But that its insatiable appetite makes it apparently violent, and, of course, an object of terror to a small bird, we have the evidence of that accurate observer, Mr. White of Selborne. He saw "a young cuckoo hatched in the nest of a titlark; it was become vastly too big for its nest, appearing

'To have stretch'd its wings beyond the little nest,'

and was very fierce and pugnacious, pursuing my finger, as I teased it, for many feet from the nest, sparring and buffeting with its wings like a game cock. The dupe of a dam appeared at a distance, hovering about with meat in her mouth, and expressing the greatest solicitude." In the passage before us Shakspeare, it appears to us, speaks from his knowledge. But he has also expressed the popular belief by the mouth of the Fool in 'Lear':—

"For you trow, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long
That it had its head bit off by its young."

³ SCENE IV.—"With a new wound in your thigh."

The old Chroniclers tell us that one of the followers of William the Conqueror committed a similar outrage upon the body of Harold.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

"KING HENRY," says Holinshed, "advertised of the proceedings of the Percies, forthwith gathered about him such power as he might make, and passed forward with such speed that he was in sight of his enemies lying in camp near to Shrewsbury before they were in doubt of any such thing." The Percies, according to the Chronicler, sent to the king the celebrated manifesto which is contained in Hardyng's 'Chronicle.' The substance of the charges contained in this manifesto are repeated in Hotspur's speech to Sir Walter Blunt in the fourth act. The interview of Worcester with the king, and its result, are thus described by Holinshed: "It was reported for a truth that now, when the king had condescended unto all that was reasonable at his hands to be required, and seemed to humble himself more than was meet for his estate, the Earl of Worcester, upon his return to his nephew, made relation clean contrary to that the king had said:—"

"O, no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king."

In the Chroniclers, Hotspur exhorts the troops; Shakspeare clothes the exhortation with his own poetical spirit.

"Now,—*Esperancé!*—Percy!—and set on,"—

is found in the Chroniclers:—"The adversaries cried *Esperance, Percy.*" The danger of the king, and the circumstance of others being caparisoned like him, are also mentioned by Holinshed.

The prowess of Prince Henry in this his first great battle is thus described by Holinshed: "The prince that day holp his father like a lusty young gentleman, for although he was hurt in the face with an arrow, so that divers noble men that were about him would have conveyed him forth of the field, yet he would in no wise suffer them so to do, lest his departure from his men might haply have stricken some fear into their hearts; and so, without regard of his hurt, he continued with his men, and never ceased, either to fight where the battle was most hottest, or to encourage his men where it seemed most need."

The personal triumph of Henry over Hotspur is a dramatic creation, perfectly warranted by the obscurity in which the Chroniclers leave the matter.

KING HENRY IV.,

PART II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY IV.

HENRY, <i>Prince of Wales, afterwards King</i> Henry V., THOMAS, <i>Duke of Clarence,</i> PRINCE JOHN <i>of Lancaster, afterwards created</i> (2 Henry V.) <i>Duke of Bedford,</i> PRINCE HUMPHREY <i>of Gloster, afterwards</i> <i>created (2 Henry V.) Duke of Gloster,</i>	}	his sons.
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EARL OF WARWICK, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, GOWER, HARCOURT,	}	of the King's party.
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LORD CHIEF JUSTICE *of the King's Bench.*
A gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND, SCROOP, <i>Archbishop of YORK,</i> LORD MOWBRAY, LORD HASTINGS, LORD BARDOLPH, SIR JOHN COLEVILLE,	}	enemies to the King.
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TRAVERS *and* MORTON, *domestics of Northumberland.*

FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *and* Page.

POINS *and* PETO, *attendants on Prince Henry.*

SHALLOW *and* SILENCE, *country justices.*

DAVY, *servant to Shallow.*

MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, *and* BULL-CALF, *recruits.*

FANG *and* SNARE, *sheriff's officers.*

Rumour. A Porter. A Dancer, speaker of the epilogue.

Lady NORTHUMBERLAND.

Lady PERCY.

Hostess QUICKLY.

DOLL TEAR-SHEET.



[Entrance Tower of Warkworth Castle.]

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. *Before Northumberland's Castle.*

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.^a

Rum. Open your ears : For which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks ?

^a *Painted full of tongues.* This direction for the appearance of Rumour is found only in the quarto of 1600. The direction explains the sixth line :—

“Upon my tongues continual slanders ride.”

Rumour appears to have been exhibited in a similar manner in the masques preceding Shakspeare's time, and subsequently. Of the speech of Rumour Dr. Johnson says, “It is wholly useless.” The object of the poet was evidently to connect this Part of ‘Henry IV.’ with the First Part.

I, from the orient to the drooping west,
 Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
 The acts commenced on this ball of earth :
 Upon my tongues continual slanders ride ;¹
 The which in every language I pronounce,
 Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
 I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
 Under the smile of safety, wounds the world :
 And who but Rumour, who but only I,
 Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence,
 Whilst the big year, swoln with some other griefs,
 Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
 And no such matter ? Rumour is a pipe
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures ;
 And of so easy and so plain a stop
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
 The still-discordant wavering multitude,
 Can play upon it. But what need I thus
 My well-known body to anatomize
 Among my household ? Why is Rumour here ?
 I run before king Harry's victory ;
 Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
 Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,
 Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
 Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
 To speak so true at first ? my office is
 To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell
 Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword ;
 And that the king before the Douglas' rage
 Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
 This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
 Between the ^a royal field of Shrewsbury
 And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,^a
 Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
 Lies crafty-sick : the posts come tiring on,
 And not a man of them brings other news
 Than they have learn'd of me : From Rumour's tongues
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.

[*Erit*^a *The.* So the folio ; quarto, *that*.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

The Porter before the Gate; Enter LORD BARDOLPH.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?—Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

L. Bard. Tell thou the earl,
That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard.
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

L. Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem:^a
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

L. Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an heaven will!

L. Bard. As good as heart can wish:
The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young prince John,
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir John,
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,

^a *Stratagem*—some military movement, according to the Greek derivation of the word;—some enterprise;—some decisive act on one part or the other, resulting from the wild times of contention.

Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes !

North. How is this deriv'd ?
Saw you the field ? came you from Shrewsbury ?

L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from
thence ;

A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant, Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way ;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you ?

Trav. My lord, sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings ; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him came, spurring hard,
A gentleman almost forspent^a with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse :
He ask'd the way to Chester ; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me, that rebellion had ill^b luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold :
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head ;^a and starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha !——Again.
Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold ?
Of Hotspur, coldspur ? that rebellion
Had met ill luck ?

^a *Forspent.* *For*, as a prefix to a verb, is used to give it intensity. *Forwearied.* in 'King John,' and *forspent*, here, mean *wearied out*, *outspent*. The prefix, according to Tooke, is identical with *forth*.

^b *Ill.* So the folio ; the quarto, *lad*.

L. Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what ;—
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my barony : never talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman that rode by Travers
Give then such instances of loss ?

L. Bard. Who, he ?
He was some hilding^a fellow, that had stolen
The horse he rode on ; and, upon my life,
Spake at adventure.^b Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,^c
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume :
So looks the strond, whereon^d the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury ?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord ;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother ?
Thou tremblest ; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,^e
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd :
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.

^a *Hi'ding*—an expression of contempt for a cowardly, spiritless person. Some derive it from the Anglo-Saxon *hyldan*, to bend ;—from which *hilding*, *hireling*. We find it several times in Shakspeare. Capulet calls Juliet a *hilding*. In 'Henry V.' we have "a *hilding* foe."

^b *Adventure*. So the folio. The common reading is, *at a venture*.

^c *Title-leaf*. Poems of lament—elegies, in the restricted sense of the word—were distinguished by a black title-page.

^d *Whereon*, in the quarto ; the folio, *when*.

^e *Woe-begone*. Dr. Bentley, whose commentary on Milton is more laughter-provoking than most jest-books, thought this passage corrupt, and proposed to read,

"So dull, so dead in look, Ucalegon
Drew Priam's curtain," &c.

This thou wouldst say,—Your son did thus, and thus :
 Your brother thus : so fought the noble Douglas :
 Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds :
 But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
 Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
 Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet :
 But, for my lord your son,——

North. Why, he is dead.

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath !
 He that but fears the thing he would not know,
 Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
 That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton ;
 Tell thou thy earl his divination lies ;
 And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
 And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid :
 Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
 I see a strange confession in thine eye :
 Thou shak'st thy head ; and hold'st it fear,^a or sin,
 To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so :
 The tongue offends not that reports his death :
 And he doth sin that doth belie the dead ;
 Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
 Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
 Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue
 Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
 Remember'd knolling a departing friend.^b

L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe
 That which I would to heaven I had not seen :

^a *Fear*—danger ; matter or occasion of fear.

^b *Departing friend.* Malone thought that departing was here used for departed.
 In Shakspeare's 71st Sonnet we have,

“ No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled.”

But the ancient custom was for the bell to ring for the *departing* soul—not for the soul that had fled. Hence it was called the *passing bell*.

But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
To Henry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death (whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops :
For from his metal was his party steel'd ;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed ;
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field : Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner : and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs ; and, in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is, that the king hath won ; and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Westmoreland : this is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic ; and these news,
Having been well that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well :
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle ^a under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire

^a *Buckle.* This word, which here means *to bend*, is used precisely in the same signification in the present day, when applied to a horse, whose "weaken'd joints, like strengthless hinges," are said *to buckle*.

Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
 Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,^a
 Are thrice themselves: hence, therefore, thou nice^b crutch;
 A scaly gauntlet^c now, with joints of steel,
 Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoin;
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
 Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
 Now bind my brows with iron: And approach
 The ragged^dst^c hour that time and spite dare bring,
 To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
 Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not Nature's hand
 Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!
 And let the world no longer be a stage
 To feed contention in a lingering act;
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
 Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 And darkness be the burier of the dead!

[*Tra.* This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.]^d

L. Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
 Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
 To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
 You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
 And summ'd the account of chance, before you said,
 Let us make head. It was your presumise,
 That in the dole of blows your son might drop:
 You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
 More likely to fall in than to get o'er:
 You were advis'd his flesh was capable

^a *Grief.* In this line the *first* "grief" is put for bodily pain; the second for mental sorrow.

^b *Nice*—weak.

^c *Ragged'st.* Theobald, and other editors, changed this to *rugged'st*. We find the epithet several times in Shakspeare. In this play we have,

"A *ragged* and forestall'd remission."

In the 6th Sonnet—

"Then let not winter's *ragged* hand deface

In thee thy summer."

It means something broken, torn, wanting consistency and coherence.

^d This line is not in the folio. It is found in the quarto.

Of wounds, and scars; and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd :
Yet did you say,—Go forth; and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action : What hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be ?^a

L. Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
That if we wrought out life 't was ten to one :
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd ;
And, since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth ; body, and goods.

Mor. 'T is more than time : And, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,—
The gentle archbishop of York is up,
With well-appointed powers; he is a man,
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corps,
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight :
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls ;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions ; that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond : But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion :
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind ;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones :
Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause ;
Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke ;
And more and less^b do flock to follow him.^c

^a The preceding fourteen lines were first printed in the folio.

^b *More and less*—greater and less—great and small.

^c The preceding twenty-one lines were first printed in the folio

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
 This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
 Go in with me; and counsel every man
 The aptest way for safety and revenge:
 Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed;
 Never so few, nor^a never yet more need. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—London. *A Street.*

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water: but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird^b at me. The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent^c anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow that hath o'erwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate^d till now; but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal: Heaven may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may

^a *Nor.* So the folio; the quarto, *and*.

^b *Gird.* To gird is to smite, and thence metaphorically to *jeer*, to scoff at.

^c *Invent.* So the old editions; the common reading is *vent*.

^d *Agate.* Falstaff compares his little page to an agate, for his diminutiveness. In the same manner Queen Mab, in 'Romeo and Juliet,' comes,

"In shape no bigger than an agate-stone."

But agate-stones were also often "cut or graven with some forms and images in them, namely, of famous men's heads." So says Florio, in his 'New World of Words,' under the word *formaglio*.

keep it still as^a a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter!—A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is through with them in honest taking up,^b then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him. Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield, to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's,⁵ and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield:⁶ if I could get me a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and an Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Atten. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

^a *As.* The old copies read, *at*.

^b *Taking up*—buying upon credit.

Atten. He, my lord : but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury ; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York ? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff !

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good. Go, pluck him by the elbow ; I must speak with him.

Atten. Sir John,——

Fal. What ! a young knave, and beg ! Is there not wars ? is there not employment ? Doth not the king lack subjects ? do not the rebels want soldiers ? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man ? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Atten. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside ; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so ! I lay aside that which grows to me ! If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me ; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged : You hunt counter ;^a hence ! avaunt !

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord !—Give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad : I heard say your lordship was sick : I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the salt-

^a *Hunt counter.* The hound that runs *counter* hunts upon a wrong scent—"on the false trail." ('Hamlet.') Falstaff either tells the attendant "you hunt counter"—you hunt the wrong way ; or calls him a "hunt-counter,"—which also might imply that the attendant was a bailiff's follower—a "counter-rat," as Sir Thomas Overbury has it.

ness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. If it please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty:—You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy; a sleeping of the blood, a whoreson tingling.^a

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain; I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I be your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

^a *Tingling.* In this speech we give the reading of the folio.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow^a with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-healed wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'erposting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his evil angel.^b

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but, I hope, he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell:^c Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger's times,^d

^a *The fellow*, &c. This is probably an allusion to some well-known beggar of Shakspeare's day.

^b *Evil angel*. *Evil* is the reading of the folio; *ill* of the quarto. Theobald says, "If this were the true reading, Falstaff could not have made the witty and humorous evasion he has done in his reply." It may be answered, however, that the humour of the evasion is perhaps rather heightened by Falstaff's change of the epithet from *evil* to *ill*. When he says "an ill angel is light," his allusion is to the coin called an angel.

^c *I cannot tell*. Johnson interprets this, *I cannot pass current*. Gifford objects to this interpretation, saying that the expression, which is frequent in Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher, has here only its common colloquial meaning.

^d *Costermonger's times*—times of petty traffic, when qualities are rated by money's worth. A costard is an apple;—thence a costard-monger;—and so the word came to imply, as it does now, a small huckstering dealer. In the quarto and

that true valour is turned bearherd: Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young: you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single?^a and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born [about three of the clock in the afternoon,] with a white head, and something a round belly.^b For my voice, I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him

folio we have coster-monger's; Shakspeare sometimes uses a substantive adjectively, but the modern editors have considered this to be a rule of his phraseology, which it is not.

^a *Wit single.* Single may be taken for *small*, according to Steevens, who gives us the example of single beer for small beer. But this use of the word has reference to the quantity of malt consumed in the production of the beer. The expression in 'Romeo and Juliet,' "O single-soled jest!" has also a direct reference to the thinness of Romeo's pump. We can scarcely, therefore, say that *single* means *small*, taken generally; but the Chief Justice, it appears to us, has lost something of his characteristic gravity, and has become infected by him who was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others; and he thus opposes the *single wit* to the *double chin*; and also suggests the real character of *wit*. All wit is to a certain extent *double*;—it has the obvious meaning, and the more recondite meaning which makes the point. *Single wit* is very much the same as *pointless wit*. It is to be observed that in the folio "your chin double" is omitted—a typographical error, we have little doubt.

^b *My lord,* &c. The quarto reads, "My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head," &c. The folio omits "about three of the clock in the afternoon." The point of Falstaff's reply is, that two of the marks of age which the Chief Justice objects to him were natural to him—he was *born* with them; and this the reading of the folio retains; but the grave mention of the unessential particular is characteristic.

lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it; and the young lion repents: marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and prince Harry: I hear you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yes; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day! for, if I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily,—if it be a hot day, if I brandish anything but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever: [But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing to make it too common. If you will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.*]

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; And Heaven bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland. [*Exeunt CHIEF JUSTICE and Attendant.*]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.⁷ A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses.—Boy!

Page. Sir?

* The passages between brackets are omitted in the folio.

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin: About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of anything; I will turn diseases to commodity.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—York. *A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP of YORK, the LORD HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and LORD BARDOLPH.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause, and know our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,

Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:

And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied

How, in our means, we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

L. Bard. The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus;

Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point ;
 But if without him we be thought too feeble,
 My judgment is, we should not step too far
 Till we had his assistance by the hand :
 For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,
 Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
 Of aids incertain, should not be admitted.^a

Arch. 'T is very true, lord Bardolph ; for, indeed,
 It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

L. Bard. It was, my lord ; who lin'd himself with hope,
 Eating the air on promise of supply,
 Flattering himself with project of a power
 Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts :
 And so, with great imagination,
 Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
 And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
 To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

L. Bard. Yes ;—if this present quality of war
 (Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot)
 Lives so in hope,^b as in an early spring
 We see the appearing buds ; which, to prove fruit,
 Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair
 That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
 We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;
 And when we see the figure of the house,
 Then must we rate the cost of the erection :
 Which if we find outweighs ability,
 What do we then, but draw anew the model

^a The four lines here ending were added in the folio.

^b Yes, &c. The ordinary reading of this passage is as follows :—

“ Yes, *in* this present quality of war ;—
 Indeed the instant action, (a cause on foot),
 Lives so in hope,” &c.

Modern editors have changed the *if* of the original into *in*, and pointed the passage accordingly. They have thus made that unintelligible which, with care in the punctuation, presents little difficulty. As we read the passage the meaning is this :—Hastings has said that it never yet did hurt to lay down forms of hope. Bardolph replies yes (it does hurt), *if* the present condition of our war—*if* the instant state of our action and cause on foot—lives only in such hope as the premature buds of an early spring.

In fewer offices ; or, at least, desist
To build at all ? Much more, in this great work,
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up,) should we survey
The plot of situation, and the model ;
Consent upon a sure foundation ;
Question surveyors ; know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite ; or else,^a
We fortify in paper, and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men :
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it ; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth)
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation ;
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

L. Bard. What ! is the king but five-and-twenty thousand ?

Hast. To us no more ; nay, not so much, lord Bardolph.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads ; one power against the French,
And one against Glendower ; perforce, a third
Must take up us : So is the unfirm king
In three divided ; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels : never fear that.

L. Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither ?

Hast. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland :
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth :

^a The twenty lines here ending were added in the folio.

But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on ;
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited :
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many ! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be !
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard ;
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times ?
They that when Richard liv'd would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave :
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Criest now, " O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this !" O thoughts of men accurs'd !
Past, and to come, seem best ; things present, worst.^a

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on ?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a The whole of this speech of the Archbishop was added in the folio.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

¹ INDUCTION.—“ *Upon my tongues,*” &c.

SOME scattered epithets in Chaucer's ‘House of Fame’ might have supplied Shakspeare with hints for this description of Rumour. The parallel, however, is not very close. A much nearer resemblance is found in a celebrated passage in the fourth book of Virgil's ‘Æneid.’ Dryden's translation is, as usual, spirited:—

“Millions of opening mouths to fame belong;
And every mouth is furnish'd with a tongue:
And round with listening ears the flying plague is hung.
She fills the peaceful universe with cries;
No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes.
By day from lofty towers her head she shows;
And spreads, through trembling crowds, disastrous news:
With court-informers haunts, and royal spies,
This done relates, not done she feigns, and mingles truth with lies.”

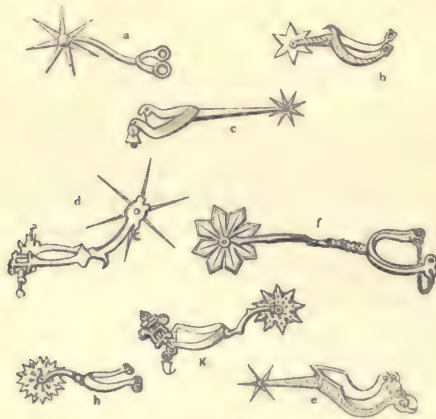
² INDUCTION.—“ *This worm-eaten hold of ragged stone.*”

When Leland wrote his ‘Itinerary’ in the time of Henry VIII., this castle was described as “well maynteyned and large.” Grose says, “When entire it was far from being destitute of strength, yet its appearance does not excite the idea of one of those rugged fortresses destined solely for war.” Warkworth was anciently the seat and barony of the Claverings; and was bestowed upon Henry Percy, the ancestor of the earls of Northumberland, by Edward III., and, after several temporary forfeitures, has remained in the Percy family from the twelfth year of Edward IV. “It is not certainly known when this castle was built: from the circumstance of the Percy arms being put up in several parts of the building, some have supposed that it was erected by that family; but by a slight inspection, it is easily perceived that they have been inserted in the walls at an after-period. This is clearly proved by one of them having fallen out, and the place where it was fixed appears to be cut in the wall, about six inches deep. The doors, the windows, and everything about the place, attest that it had been built at a more early period.” (‘Historical and Descriptive View of Northumberland.’ Newcastle. 1811.)

³ SCENE I.—“ *Up to the rowel head.*”

Johnson, in a note upon this passage, says, “I think I have observed in old prints the *rowel* of those times to have been only a single spike.” The commentator here fell into an error, which the lexicographer has avoided. A spur with a single point is not a rowel spur. We find the distinction in Froissart: “Then the king was apparelled like a prelate of the church, with a cope of red silk, and a pair of spurs, with a point without a rowel.” The word “rowel” is derived from *roue*, a wheel; and thus it signifies a moveable circle, and is applied to a bridle, and to armour, as well as to spurs. Johnson, in his Dictionary, defines “rowel” as “the points of a

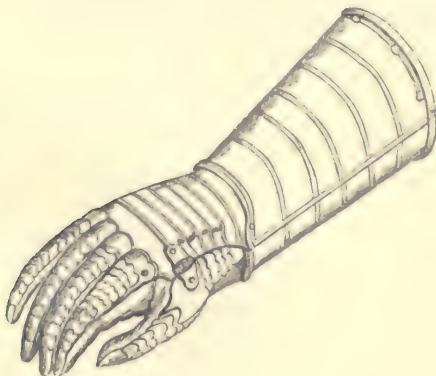
spur turning on an axis," and gives this very passage in Shakspeare as an illustration. The following are representations of various forms of ancient spurs :—



- Rowel spur, as it appears in illum. to Lydgate's Poems. Harl. MS. 2278. (15th century.)
- ^b Brass ditto, early part of Henry VI. ^c Ditto, middle of Henry VI.
- ^d Iron long-spiked rowel spur—temp. Edward IV.
- Spur found in Towton Field, inscribed with the following motto :—
 "En loial amour tout mon coer." Archæologia, 11.
- ^f Long-necked brass spur—temp. Henry VII. ^g Steel spur—temp. Henry VIII.
- ^h Iron spur—temp. Elizabeth.

⁴ SCENE I.—" *Scaly gauntlet.* "

The following represents the long gauntlet of the time of Elizabeth—the only gauntlet that could be properly called "scaly :"—





[Paul's Walk.]

⁵ SCENE II.—“*I bought him in Paul's,*” &c.

Falstaff alludes to a proverbial saying, which is thus given in Burton's ‘*Anatomy of Melancholy*’:—“He that marries a wife out of a suspected inn or alehouse, buys a horse in Smithfield, and hires a servant in Paul's, as the proverb* is, shall likely have a jade to his horse, a knave for his man, an arrant honest woman to his wife.” The middle aisle of the old cathedral of St. Paul's was the resort of idlers, gamblers, and persons in general who lived by their wits. Ben Jonson calls his Captain Bobadil “a Paul's man.” But Paul's was also a sort of exchange; and announcements were fixed upon the pillars that corresponded with the newspaper advertisements of modern times. The “masterless serving-man” set up “his bill in Paul's,” as well as the tradesman who called attention to his wares. These advertisements were denominated *St quisses*. Paul's was also the resort of newsmongers and politicians; and sometimes was the scene of more important conferences than arose out of the gossip of the day. Bishop Carleton tells us that Babington's and Ballard's conspiracy was “conferred upon in Paul's Church.” Osborne, in his ‘*Memoirs of*

* Burton is the only English author who uses this word in the meaning of an antithetical saying. (See Richardson's Dictionary.)

James I.,² states that Paul's was the resort of "the principal gentry, lords, courtiers, and men of all professions." The spendthrifts resorted there for protection against their creditors; a part of the cathedral being privileged from arrest: "There you may spend your legs in winter a whole afternoon; converse, plot, laugh, and talk anything; jest at your creditor, even to his face; and in the evening, even by lamp-light, steal out." (Dekker's 'Gull's Horn Book,' 1609.) In Bishop Earle's 'Microcosmography,' 1628, we have an exceedingly amusing description of all the general features of Paul's Walk, of which the following passage will convey a notion of the style:—"It is a heap of stones and men, with a vast confusion of languages; and, were the steeple not sanctified, nothing liker Babel. The noise in it is like that of bees, a strange humming or buzz, mixed of walking, tongues, and feet. It is a kind of still roar, or loud whisper. It is the great exchange of all discourse, and no business whatsoever but is here stirring and a-foot. It is the synod of all pates politic, jointed and laid together in the most serious posture; and they are not half so busy at the parliament."

⁶ SCENE II.—"*A horse in Smithfield.*"

The martyr fires of Smithfield are burnt out; but it is still renowned as being the worst horse-market in England. Buildings are much more quickly changed than customs; and thus the external part of Smithfield as it was can scarcely be recognised; while he who walks through that arena of dirt and blackguardism on Friday afternoon may still recognise a very fitting place for the purchase of a sorry jade by a modern Bardolph.

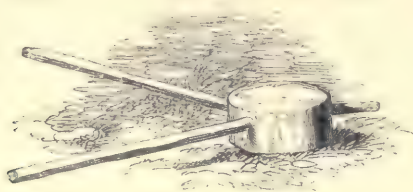


[Smithfield, 1554.]

⁷ SCENE II.—"*A three-man beetle.*"

This light instrument for the filliping of Falstaff was one employed for driving piles, wielded by three men, using its one short and two long handles. The follow-

ing representation was given in Steevens's edition—one of the few examples offered by the Shakspeare commentators of illustrations addressed to the eye.



HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

It would appear, from these scenes, if we did not make due allowance for the principle that "the historical drama is the concentration of history,"* that the rising of Northumberland, in connexion with Scroop and Mowbray, took place immediately after the battle of Shrewsbury. The crafty earl, however, submitted himself to the more politic king, and was restored to some of his honours in the parliament of 1404. His revolt was in 1405. Holinshed thus describes the progress of the conspiracy:—

"Whilst such doings were in hand betwixt the English and French, the king was minded to have gone into Wales against the Welsh rebels, that under their chieftain, Owen Glendower, ceased not to do much mischief still against the English subjects. But, at the same time, to his further disquieting, there was a conspiracy put in practice against him at home by the Earl of Northumberland, who had conspired with Richard Scrope Archbishop of York, Thomas Mowbray Earl Marshal, son to Thomas Duke of Norfolk, who for the quarrel betwixt him and King Henry had been banished (as before ye have heard), the lords Hastings, Fauconbridge, Berdolf, and diverse others. It was appointed that they should meet all together with their whole power, upon Yorkeswold, at a day assigned, and that the Earl of Northumberland should be chieftain, promising to bring with him a great number of Scots. The archbishop, accompanied with the earl marshal, devised certain articles of such matters as it was supposed that not only the commonalty of the realm, but also the nobility, found themselves aggrieved with: which articles they showed first unto such of their adherents as were near about them, and after sent them abroad to their friends further off, assuring them that for redress of such oppressions they would shed the last drop of blood in their bodies, if need were. The archbishop, not meaning to stay after he saw himself accompanied with a great number of men, that came flocking to York to take his part in this quarrel, forthwith discovered his enterprise, causing the articles aforesaid to be set up in the public streets of the city of York, and upon the gates of the monasteries, that each man might understand the cause that moved him to rise in arms against the king, the reforming whereof did not yet appertain unto him. Hereupon knights, esquires, gentlemen, yeomen, and other of the commons, assembled together in great numbers, and the archbishop, coming forth amongst them, clad in armour, encouraged, exhorted, and, by all means he could, pricked them forth to take the enterprise in hand, and thus not only all the citizens of York, but all other in the countries about, that were able to bear weapon, came to

* Bulwer's Preface to 'Richelieu.'

the archbishop and to the earl marshal. Indeed the respect that men had to the archbishop caused them to like the better of the cause, since the gravity of his age, his integrity of life, and incomparable learning, with the reverend aspect of his amiable personage, moved all men to have him in no small estimation."

The Lord Chief Justice, introduced in this scene,—and who appears more prominently in the fifth act,—was Sir William Gascoyne, Chief Justice of the King's Bench. "He died," says Steevens, "December 17, 1413, and was buried in Harwood Church, in Yorkshire." Fuller states, upon the authority of an inscription on his tomb, that he died on Sunday, December 17, 1412. This is, however, contradictory, for the 17th of December of that year did not fall on a Sunday. The assertion of Fuller, however, gave occasion to one of the charges against Shakspeare of having brought persons upon the scene who had ceased to exist;—the Chief Justice, say the literal critics, died before the accession of Henry V. The point, to our minds, is not worth discussing; but it may be satisfactory to some to know that Shakspeare was here perfectly accurate. The Rev. Mr. Tyler has discovered a will of the Chief Justice, made in 1419. The following portrait is from the effigy on his tomb:—



[Sir William Gascoyne]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

Enter Hostess; FANG, and his Boy, with her; and SNARE following.

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where 's your yeoman?^a Is 't a lusty yeoman? will he stand to 't?

Fang. Sirrah, where 's Snare?

Host. Ay, ay; good! Master Snare!^b

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

Host. Ay, good master Snare; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives; he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither: I 'll be at your elbow.

Fang. If I but fist him once; if he come but within my vice;—

Host. I am undone with his going; I warrant he is an infinitive thing upon my score:—Good master Fang, hold him sure;—good master Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes continually to Piecorner, (saving your manhoods,) to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the lubbar's

^a *Yeoman.* The bailiff's follower was called a sergeant's yeoman.

^b *Master Snare.* The passage ordinarily reads *good master Snare*. We have altered the punctuation, according to a suggestion of Capell.

head in Lumbert-street, to master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one^a for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose^b Bardolph with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang, and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardy rogue!—Murther, murther! O thou honeysuckle^c villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man queller, and a woman queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue. Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle^d your catastrophe.

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, attended.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

^a *Long one.* So the old copies. The general reading is *long loan*. But the debt was hardly a loan; it was a score. Sir John had eaten the widow out of house and home; she therefore says that a hundred mark is a long *one*—a long mark—a long reckoning or score.

^b *Malmsey nose.* So the folio; in the quarto, *malmsey-nose knave*.

^c *Honeysuckle.* Supposed to be Mistress Quickly's corruption of *homicidal*. In the same way *honey-seed* for *homicide*.

^d *Tickle* in the quarto; in the folio, *tuck*.

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, sir John? what, are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business?
You should have been well on your way to York.—
Stand from him, fellow. Wherefore hang'st upon him?

Host. O, my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. ¹Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt^a goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father^b to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst not thou, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying,

^a *Parcel-gilt*—partially gilt, or what is now technically called *party-gilt*.

^b *Liking his father*. The folio reads, *likening him*.

that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul: and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration. I know you have practised upon the easy yielding spirit of this woman.

Host. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Prithee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness: if a man will court'sy and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.^a

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

[*Taking her aside.*

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gower: What news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Henry prince of Wales
Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain

to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses,³ is the only drinking; and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work,⁴ is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action: Come, thou must not be in this humour with me. Come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Prithee, sir John, let it be but twenty nobles. I loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper: You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; [*to BARDOLPH*] hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words, let's have her.

[*Exeunt* Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, and Page.]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: What is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse, Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently: Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here ; I thank you, good sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord ; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee ! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Street.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that ? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

P. Hen. 'Faith it doth me ; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer ?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. Belike then my appetite was not princely got ; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name ? or to know thy face to-morrow ? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast ; *viz.* these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones ? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts ; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use ?—but that the tennis-court keeper knows better than I ; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keep'st not racket there ; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard

you should talk so idly ! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers lying so sick as yours is ?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins ?

Poins. Yes ; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to ; I stand the push of your one thing that you 'll tell.

P. Hen. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick : albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency : Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick : and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason ?

P. Hen. What wouldst thou think of me if I should weep ?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought : and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks ; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine : every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so ?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poins. Nay, I am well spoken of ; I can hear it with my own ears : the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands ; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff : he had him from me christian ; and see, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

Bard. Save your grace!

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, you pernicious ass, [*to the Page*] you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become! Is it such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson, upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. Hen. Instruct us, boy: What dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.^a

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*]

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall be wronged.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my good lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect. And how doth the martlemas,^b your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir?

^a *Althea dreamed*, &c. Dr. Johnson says, "Shakspeare is here mistaken in his mythology, and has confounded Althea's firebrand with Hecuba's." In 'The Second Part of Henry VI.' we have mention of

"The fatal brand Althea burn'd
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon."

Shakspeare, then, was acquainted with the right story of Althea. Might he not, of purpose, make the precocious, impudent page, who had been drinking at the house with the red lattice-window, attempt a joke out of his *half-knowledge*? Or did the poet here make a slip?

^b *Martlemas*—the feast of St. Martin, the 11th of November. Poins calls Falstaff the martlemas, because his year of life is running out.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician : but that moves not him ; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog ; and he holds his place ; for, look you, how he writes.

Poins. [*Reads.*] John Falstaff, knight, — Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king ; for they never prick their finger, but they say, “There is some of the king’s blood spilt :” “How comes that ?” says he, that takes upon him not to conceive : the answer is as ready as a borrower’s cap ;^a “I am the king’s poor cousin, sir.”

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, but they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter :—

Poins. “Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.”—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen. Peace !

Poins. “I will imitate the honourable Romans^b in brevity :”—sure he means brevity in breath ; short-winded.—“I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins ; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell.

Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars ; John, with my brothers and sisters ; and sir John with all Europe.” My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That’s to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned ? must I marry your sister ?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune ! but I never said so.

^a *Borrower’s cap.* The old copies read *borrowed cap*. Warburton suggested the emendation. A borrower’s cap is always at hand, ready to be doffed to the lender.

^b *Romans.* So the old copies. Modern editors read *Roman*, thinking the allusion was to Brutus or Cæsar. Capell observes, “The matter in question is epistolary *brevity*, and in particular the forms of addressing, in which the Romans were most concise : many not remote from Sir John’s *I commend me to thee*, &c., are found in all their epistles.”

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?^a

Bard. At the old place, my lord; in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin as the parish-heifers are to the town-bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master that I am yet in town: There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt BARD. and Page.*]
—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table like drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy declension!^b it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in everything, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*

^a *Frank.* To frank is to cram, to fatten; and thus a frank is a *sty*. In Hol-land's Pliny we have, "These guests of his fared so highly that a man would have said they had been *frank-fed*."

^b *Declension.* So the folio; the quarto, *descension*.

SCENE III.—Warkworth. *Before the Castle.*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *Lady* NORTHUMBERLAND, *and*
Lady PERCY.

North. I prithee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for Heaven's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost; yours, and your son's.
For yours, may heavenly glory brighten it!
For his, it stuck upon him, as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven: and, by his light,
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts; he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
He had no legs that practis'd not his gait:
And speaking thick, which Nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: So that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him!
O miracle of men!—him did you leave,
(Second to none, unseconded by you,)

To look upon the hideous god of war
 In disadvantage; to abide a field,
 Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
 Did seem defensible:—so you left him:
 Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,
 To hold your honour more precise and nice
 With others, than with him; let them alone;
 The marshal and the archbishop are strong:
 Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
 To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
 Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.^a

North. Beshrew your heart,
 Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me,
 With new lamenting ancient oversights.
 But I must go, and meet with danger there;
 Or it will seek me in another place,
 And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
 Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
 Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
 Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
 To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
 First let them try themselves: So did your son;
 He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow;
 And never shall have length of life enough,
 To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
 That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
 For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 't is with my mind,
 As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
 That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
 Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
 But many thousand reasons hold me back:
 I will resolve for Scotland; there am I,
 Till time and vantage crave my company. [Exeunt.]

^a *Monmouth's grave.* The twenty-two lines here ending were first printed in the folio.

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.**Enter two Drawers.*

1 *Draw.* What hast thou brought there? apple-Johns? thou know'st sir John cannot endure an apple-John.

2 *Draw.* Thou sayest true: The prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him there were five more sir Johns: and, putting off his hat, said, "I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights." It angered him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why, then, cover, and set them down: And see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise;^a mistress Tear-sheet would fain have some music. [Despatch:—The room where they supped is too hot; they 'll come in straight.]

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince and master Poinson: and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* By the mass, here will be old utis:^b It will be an excellent stratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll see if I can find out Sneak. [Exit.]

Enter Hostess and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose: But you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere we can say,—What's this? How do you now?

Doll. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that was well said; a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes sir John.

^a *Sneak's noise.* A noise of musicians is a *band*.

^b *Old utis.* Utis is the octave of a festival; and so the word passed into the meaning of merriment generally. *Old* does not here mean ancient, but extreme, very good—a sense in which it is often used by Shakspeare, and the writers of his time.

Enter FALSTAFF, singing.

Fal.

When Arthur first in court—

Empty the jordan.—

And was a worthy king :^a

[*Exit Drawer.*] How now, mistress Doll?

Host. Sick of a calm ;^b yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect ; if they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Doll. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me ?

Fal. You make fat rascals, mistress Doll.

Doll. I make them ! gluttony and diseases make them ; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll : we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you ; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Doll. Ay, marry ; our chains and our jewels.

Fal.

Your brooches, pearls, and owches :^c

—for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know : To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely ; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely :—

[*Doll.* Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself !]

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion ; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord : you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts ; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year ! one must

^a *Worthy king.* The ballad, of which Falstaff here sings a snatch, may be found in Percy's 'Reliques,' vol. i. It commences thus :—

“ When Arthur first in court began,
And was approved king,
By force of armes great victorys wanne,
And conquest home did bring.”

^b *Calm.* The Hostess means *qualm*.

^c *Your brooches, &c.* Falstaff is here again singing a scrap of an old ballad (Percy's 'Reliques,' vol. i.) :—

“ A kirtle, and a mantle,
This boy had him upon,
With brooches, rings, and owches
Full daintily bedone.”

bear, and that must be you: [*to DOLL*] you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Doll. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack—thou art going to the wars: and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.^a

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient^b Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Doll. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggers: I am in good name and fame with the very best:—Shut the door;—there comes no swaggers here; I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now:—shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John; there comes no swaggers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally,^c sir John, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—“Neighbour Quickly,” says he;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then;

^a It has been suggested to us by a critical reader of Shakspeare, that these lines are metrical; that Doll, falling in with the musical vein of Falstaff, propitiates him with a little extempore lyric:—

“Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack;
Thou art going to the wars;
And whether I shall ever see thee again,
Or no, there is nobody cares.”

^b *Ancient.* The ancient is the standard, the ensign; and so the bearer of the ensign is also the ancient. Iago is Othello's ancient; Pistol, Falstaff's.

^c *Tilly-fally.* This interjection, or rather *Tilley-valley*, is said to have been often used by the lady of Sir Thomas More. The origin is somewhat obscure; though it is supposed to have been an old French hunting cry.

—"Neighbour Quickly," says he, "receive those that are civil; for," saith he, "you are in an ill name;"—now he said so, I can tell whereupon; "for," says he, "you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: Receive," says he, "no swaggering companions."—There comes none here;—you would bless you to hear what he said:—no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater,^a he; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: But I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse when one says—swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Doll. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an't were an aspen-leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Pist. Save you, sir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Doll. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

Doll. Away, you cutpurse rascal! you filthy bung, away!

^a *Cheater.* The singular origin of this word is indicated in a passage of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor': "I will be *cheaters* to them both, and they shall be *exchequers* to me." The officers that manage the *escheats* of the crown were *escheators*; and from the oppression and extortion which they too commonly exercised in the discharge of their offices came the word *to cheat*. The Hostess, in her reply, understands the name *cheater* in its official meaning: "I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater."

by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, if you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—What, with two points on your shoulder? much!^a

Pist. I will murther your ruff for this.

[*Fal.* No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.]

Host. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Doll. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word as odious as the word occupy;^b which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her:—I'll be revenged on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first;—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down, faitors! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late. I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall packhorses,
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,^c

^a *Much*—an expression of contempt.

^b The folio merely has "A captain! these villains will make the word odious." We give the text of the quarto.

^c *Hollow pamper'd jades, &c.* Pistol's fustian speeches are made up from scraps of old plays. The following lines are in Marlowe's 'Tamburlaine' (1590):—

"Holla, you pamper'd jades of Asia!

What! can you draw but twenty miles a day?"

Compare with Cæsars and with Cannibals,^a
And Trojan Greeks?

Nay, rather damn them with king Cerberus;
And let the welkin roar. Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient; this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins; Have we not Hiren here?

Host. On my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? I pray be quiet.

Pist. Then, feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis: Come, give me some sack.

"Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta."—^b

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack;—and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

[*Laying down his sword.*]

Come we to full points here; and are *et cetera's* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif:^b What! we have seen the seven stars.

Doll. Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling:^c nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?—

[*Snatching up his sword.*]

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

^a *Cannibals.* Pistol, whose learning is upon a par with Dame Quickly's, means Hannibals. It is curious enough that the Italian of this worthy, a few lines farther on, was corrected, in sober earnest, by Sir Thomas Hanmer.

^b *Neif*—fist. So, in 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream,' Bottom says "Give me thy *neif*, monsieur Mustard-seed." The word *neif*, or *neive*, is still commonly used in Scotland.

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!^a

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Doll. I prithee, Jack, I prithee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving PISTOL out.*]

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping
house, afore I'll be in these tiritits and frights. So; murder,
I warrant now. Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons,
put up your naked weapons. [*Exeunt PIST. and BARD.*]

Doll. I prithee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah,
you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought, he made
a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turned him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him,
sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Doll. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape,
how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face; come on,
you whoreson chops:—Ah, rogue! I love thee. Thou art as
valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and
ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Doll. Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll
canvas thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play;—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll.
A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quick-
silver.

^a Pistol's speeches in the original quarto and folio are given as prose. We believe they were meant to be metrical, after his fashion—imitations of some of the fustian lines of contemporary plays.

Doll. And thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig,⁷ when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter behind, PRINCE HENRY and POINS, disguised like Drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Doll. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

Doll. They say Poins hath a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.^a

Doll. Why doth the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness: and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare^b with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let us beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, if the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

^a *Mallet*—mallard.

^b *Rides the wild mare*—plays at see-saw.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction ; what says the almanac to that ?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lipping to his master's old tables ; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Doll. Nay, truly ; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Doll. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt thou have a kirtle of ? I shall receive money on Thursday ; thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come : it grows late, we will to bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Doll. By my troth thou 'lt set me a weeping, if thou sayest so : prove that I ever dress myself handsome till thy return. Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Hen., Poins. Anon, anon, sir. [*Advancing.*]

Fal. Ha ! a bastard son of the king's ?—And art not thou Poins his brother ?

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead ?

Fal. A better than thou ; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, sir : and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace ! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now Heaven bless that sweet face of thine ! What, are you come from Wales ?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon DOLL.*]

Doll. How ! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman !

Host. Blessing on your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill: you knew I was at your back; and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no, not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not to dispraise me; and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him:—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is the boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph, irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

P. Hen. For the women,—

Fal. For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that: Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for

suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law ; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so : what is a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent ?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,—

Doll. What says your grace ?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door ? look to the door, there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

P. Hen. Peto, how now ? what news ?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster ;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north : and, as I came along,
I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time ;
When tempest of commotion, like the south,
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak :—Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE HENRY, POINS, PETO, and BARDOLPH.]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. [*Knocking heard.*]
More knocking at the door !

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now ? what's the matter ?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently ;
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah [*to the Page*].—Farewell, hostess ;—farewell, Doll.—You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after : the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches : If I be not sent away post I will see you again ere I go.

Doll. I cannot speak;—If my heart be not ready to burst:—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt FAL. and BARD.*]

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod time; but an honest and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet.

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [*Within.*] Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Host. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. [*Exeunt.*]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

¹ SCENE I.—“*Marry, if thou wert an honest man,*” &c.

COLERIDGE, in his celebrated ‘Essay on Method,’ has given this speech of the Hostess,—

“Fermenting o’er with frothy circumstance,”—

as an example of “the absence of method which characterises the uneducated, occasioned by an habitual submission of the understanding to mere events and images as such, and independent of any power in the mind to classify or appropriate them. The general accompaniments of time and place are the only relations which persons of this class appear to regard in their statements.” Our great philosophical critic, however, most truly adds that, in this speech of Mrs. Quickly, “the poor soul’s thoughts and sentences are more closely interlinked than the truth of nature would have required, but that the connexions and sequence, which the habit of method can alone give, have in this instance a substitute in the fusion of passion.”

² SCENE I.—“*I do desire deliverance,*” &c.

Falstaff claimed the protection legally called *quâ profecturus*. (See ‘Coke upon Littleton,’ 130 a.) This is one of the many examples of Shakspeare’s somewhat intimate acquaintance with legal forms and phrases.

³ SCENE I.—“*Glasses, glasses.*”

In Lodge’s ‘Illustrations of British History’ (vol. ii. page 251, edition 1791) there is a letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury to Thomas Bawdewyn, which the editor inserts on account of the following curious postscript: “I wold have you bye me *glasses* to drink in: Send me word what olde *plat* yeldes the ounce, for I wyll nott leve me a cuppe of sylvare to drink in butt I wyll see the next terme my creditors payde.” Whether the earl sold his plate, and by his example made “glasses” fashionable—“the only drinking”—we are not informed.

⁴ SCENE I.—“*The German hunting in water-work.*”

In ‘The Gentleman’s Magazine,’ 1833, page 393, is a paper which throws considerable light upon the mode of decorating houses in Shakspeare’s time. Steevens speaks of “the German hunting” as a *painted cloth* brought from Holland, considering it to be the same mode of hanging rooms with drapery as that alluded to in this play, Act III.—“as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth.” But it appears that the German hunting in *water-work* was a *fresco painting*. Upon Woodford Common, in Essex, there stood, as late as the autumn of 1832, an old house called Grove House, traditionally believed to have been a hunting-lodge of Robert Devereux Earl of Essex. This, however, may be doubted. One of the apartments in this old house was called the ball-room, and in this room were twelve fresco paintings, exhibiting as many subjects of rural life. Six of these paintings

were tolerably perfect, but the others were in great part obliterated by a coat of whitewash. The only memorials that have been preserved of these very curious representations have been kindly exhibited to us. They are a series of very faithful drawings, by the accomplished lady to whom we are also indebted for the copy of the Boar's Head in 'Henry IV. Part I.' The following is a fac-simile of one of the most elaborate of these frescoes, which bears the initials D. M. C., and the date 1617.



[Fresco from Grove House.]

⁵ SCENE IV.—“*Si fortuna,*” &c.

There is little doubt, when Pistol exclaims “Have we not Hiren here?” that, however the Hostess may mistake him, he alludes to his sword. King Arthur's sword was called *Ron*. Douce has been enabled to supply a very curious illustration of this passage, by having met with an old rapier on which these lines are inscribed :—

“*Si fortune me tourmente,
L'esperance me contente.*”

This is precisely the meaning of Pistol's bad Italian ; and Douce therefore very ingeniously conjectures that Pistol, unmindful of the Hostess's interruption, goes on spouting the inscription upon his sword. Douce has given an engraving of this rapier, which we copy :—



6 SCENE IV.—“*A shove-groat shilling.*”

Bardolph was to quoit Pistol down stairs as quickly as the smooth shilling—the shove-groat—flies along the board. Ben Jonson, in the same allusion to quickness, says, “made it run as smooth off the tongue as a *shove-groat shilling*.” Shove-groat, in a statute of the 33rd of Henry VIII., is called a *new game*; and it was also called slide-groat,—slide-board,—slide-thrift,—and slip-thrift. The game was no doubt originally played with the silver groat. The broad shilling of Edward VI. came afterwards to be used in this game, which in all probability varied little from *shovel-board*. Master Slender, in ‘*The Merry Wives of Windsor*,’ had his pocket picked of “two Edward shovel-boards, that cost him two and two pence apiece.” Slender’s costly shillings were probably lucky ones.



[Broad Shilling of Edward VI.]

7 SCENE IV.—“*Bartholomew boar-pig.*”

A roasted pig in Bartholomew fair was a dainty to which Ben Jonson has several allusions; and thus it is used as a term of endearment to Falstaff. Davenant has some lines on the subject:—

“Now London’s mayor on saddle new
Rides to the fair of Bartlemew;
He twirls his chain and looketh big,
As if to fright the head of pig,
That gaping lies on every stall.”

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.**Enter KING HENRY, with a Page.*

K. Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick ;
 But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
 And well consider of them : Make good speed. [*Exit Page.*
 How many thousand of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep ! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
 In loathsome beds ; and leav'st the kingly couch,
 A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell ?^a
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast

^a *A watch-case, &c.* The metaphor here may be taken thus :—The kingly couch, the place of repose for the king, being deserted by sleep, is as the *case* or box in which the wakeful centinel is sheltered : it is also as a common 'larum-bell, which is to rouse a sleeping population upon the approach of danger. But a 'larum, an alarum, an alarm, was also called a *watch*. In an ancient inventory cited by Strutt, there is the following article : "A *laume*, or watch of iron, in an iron case, with two leaden plummets." By this *laume*, or watch of iron, we are to understand the instrument which we now call an alarum—a machine attached to a clock so as to ring at a certain hour. It is difficult to say whether Shakspeare means by the "watch-case" the box of a centinel, and by the "common 'larum-bell" the alarm-bell which is rung out in cases of danger ; or whether the "watch-case" is the covering of an instrument which gives motion to the bell of an alarum. It is possible, in either case, that the *or* in the line is a misprint, for which *by* or *for* might be substituted ; and then the comparison would not be double ; but the kingly couch would be as unfavourable to sleep as the case or box of him who watches *by* the alarm-bell of a garrison ; or as the covering of a watch *for* an alarm-bell.

Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,^a
 That, with the hurly,^b death itself awakes?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
 And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low-lie-down!^c
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK and SURREY.

War. Many good-morrows to your majesty!

K. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

K. Hen. Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords.
 Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege.

K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom
 How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
 And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd,^d

^a *Clouds.* Some editors have proposed to read *shrouds*. A line in 'Julius Cæsar' makes Shakspeare's meaning clear:—

"I have seen

Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
 To be exalted with the threatening *clouds*."

^b *Hurly*—loud noise. Some say from the French *hurler*, to yell. *Hurling*, however, means a disturbance, a commotion; and we have it used in this sense in the 'Paston Letters.' *Hurly*, therefore, in the sense of noise, may be a consequential meaning from the *hurling*, which implies noise.

^c *Then, happy low-lie-down.* Warburton's correction of "happy, lowly clown," which Johnson adopted, was somewhat bold. We have adopted a reading, depending on the punctuation, which is suggested by Coleridge, and we add his remark on this passage: "I know of no argument by which to persuade any one to be of my opinion, or rather of my feeling; but yet I cannot help feeling that 'Happy low-lie-down!' is either a proverbial expression, or the burthen of some old song, and means, 'Happy the man who lays himself down on his straw bed or chaff pallet on the ground or floor!'"

^d *Distemper'd* is used as indicating a state of ill-health, somewhat milder than the rank *diseases* of which the king speaks.

Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice and little medicine :
My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

K. Hen. O Heaven! that one might read the book of fate;
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! [O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.]^a
'T is not ten years gone
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and, in two years after,
Were they at wars: It is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,
(You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember,) [To WARWICK.
When Richard,—with his eye brimfull of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
"Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;"—
Though then, Heaven knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:—
"The time shall come," thus did he follow it,
"The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption:"—so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

^a These four lines, not in the folio, are found in the quarto of 1600.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd :
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life ; which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time ;
And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness ;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things then necessities ?
Then let us meet them like necessities :
And that same word even now cries out on us ;
They say, the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord ;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the feared ; Please it your grace
To go to bed ; upon my life, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill ;
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel :
And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Court before Justice Shallow's House in Gloucestershire.*

Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting ; MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF, and Servants behind.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on ; give me your hand,

sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow; and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas! a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar: He is at Oxford, still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly: I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called lusty Shallow, then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called anything; and I would have done anything, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotswold man,—you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were; and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head¹ at the court gate, when he was a crack, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 't is certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow; And dead!

—he shot a fine shoot :—John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead !—he would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score ;^a and carried you a fore-hand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now ?

Sil. Thereafter as they be : a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.*

Shal. And is old Double dead ?

Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him.

Sil. Here come two of sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen : I beseech you, which is justice Shallow ?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir ; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace : What is your good pleasure with me ?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you : my captain, sir John Falstaff : a tall gentleman, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good back-sword man : How doth the good knight ? may I ask how my lady his wife doth ?

Bard. Sir, pardon ; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir ; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated !—it is good ; yea, indeed is it : good phrases are surely, and ever were,^b very commendable. Accommodated !—it comes of *accommodo* : very good ; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon, sir : I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it ? By this day, I know not the phrase : but I will maintain the word, with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command.^c Accommodated ;

^a *Twelve score.* Yards is here understood, and subsequently a *fourteen* means a fourteen score yards. Douce says that "none but a most extraordinary archer would be able to hit a mark at twelve score." This careful antiquary overlooked the fact that by statute (33 Hen. VIII. ch. 9) every person above seventeen years of age was subject to fine if he shot at a less distance than twelve score yards.

^b *Ever were.* So the quarto ; the folio reads *everywhere*.

That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated : or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated ; which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just:—Look, here comes good sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand : Trust me, you look well, and bear your years very well : welcome, good sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow:—Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, sir John ; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie ! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen of sufficient men ?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit ?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll ? where's the roll ? where's the roll ?—Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so : Yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call ; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see ; Where is Mouldy ?

Moul. Here, if it please you.

Shal. What think you, sir John ? a good-limbed fellow : young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy ?

Moul. Yea, if it please you.

Fal. 'T is the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha ! most excellent, i' faith ! things that are mouldy lack use : Very singular good !—Well said, sir John ; very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

[*To SHALLOW.*

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, if you could have let me alone : my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery : you need not to have pricked me ; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside; Know you where you are?—For the other, sir John:—let me see;—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: It is often so, indeed; but not of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him;—for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, coura-

geous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor; that thou mightst mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is the next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. Trust me, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

Bull. O, good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Shal. There is two more called^a than your number; you must have but four here, sir;—and so, I pray you go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in St. George's field?

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

^a *Two more called.* Capell proposes to omit *two*; as five only have been called, and the number required is four.

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.^a

Fal. Never, never: she would always say she could not abide master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork, before I came to Clement's-inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, sir John, we have; our watch-word was "Hem, boys!"—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE.*]

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care: but, rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do anything about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.^b

^a *She never*, &c. This is still a common colloquial expression; but it was not obsolete or inelegant in the time of Locke, who, in 'The Conduct of the Understanding,' says, "With those alone he converses, and *can away* with no company whose discourse goes beyond what claret or dissoluteness inspires." This expression of dislike was familiar to all the writers of Shakspeare's time. In Ben Jonson ('Bartholomew Fair') we have, "I could *never away* with that stiff-necked generation."

^b *Forty, sir.* Bull-calf had bribed Bardolph with "four Harry ten shillings." Mouldy says, "you shall have forty, sir"—the same sum—forty shillings. Capell ingeniously proposes to read, *four, too, sir.*

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. I care not;—a man can die but once;—We owe a death;—I will never bear a base mind:—if it be my destiny, so; if it be not, so: No man's too good to serve his prince; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou art a good fellow.

Fee. Nay, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF and Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry, then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf:—For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service;^a and, for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come unto it; I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife: And, for a retreat,—how

^a *Till you are past service.* So the old copies. Tyrwhitt changed the text into, *stay at home still; you are past service*;—by which change he very happily contrived to spoil the antithesis.

swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver^a into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot.—Well said, Wart; thou 'rt a good scab: hold, there 's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green, (when I lay at Clement's-inn,)—I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,⁴ there was a little quiver^b fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus: and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: "rah, tah, tah," would he say; "bounce," would he say; and away again would he go, and again would he come:—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—Farewell, master Silence; I will not use many words with you:—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, Heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW and SILENCE.]

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH, Recruits, &c.] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. How subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do

^a *Caliver.* The caliver was smaller than the musket, and was fired without a rest. Wart, the "little, lean, old, chapped" fellow, was armed with a light piece, which he was able to manage.

^b *Quiver,* nimble.

remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible:^a he was the very genius of famine; he came ever in the rearward of the fashion; [and sung those tunes to the over-scutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies, or his good-nights.^b]
—And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have truss'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him,^c a court; and now hath he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones^c to me: If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [Exit.]

^a *Invincible*. Steevens and others read *invisible*. Malone properly held to the old reading, and so did Capell before him. The meaning is—his dimensions were such that a thick sight could not *master* them.

^b The famous passage in brackets is omitted in the folio.

^c *Two stones*. The alchymists had two stones,—or, as is expressed by Churchyard, “a stone for gold” and “a stone for health.” But Falstaff perhaps means that Shallow should be worth two philosopher's stones to him. Zachary Jackson would read, “a philosopher's *true* stone.”

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

¹ SCENE II.—“*Skogan's head.*”

Who was Skogan? has produced as fierce a controversy, if not so elaborate, as Who wrote ‘Icon Basilike’? It seems there were two Skogans; the one,

“A fine gentleman, and master of arts,
Of Henry the Fourth's time, that made disguises
For the king's sons, and writ in ballad-royal
Daintily well.”

This was Henry Skogan, usually called *moral* Skogan; and Ben Jonson's brief description of him, given above, will, no doubt, be sufficient for our readers. The other was John Skogan, of the time of Edward IV., who is thus described by Holinshed:—“A learned gentleman, and student for a time in Oxford, of a pleasant wit, and bent to merry devises, in respect whereof he was called into the court, where, giving himself to his natural inclination of mirth and pleasant pastime, he played many sporting parts, although not in such uncivil manner as hath been of him reported.” Shakspeare, say the commentators, committed an anachronism, in describing Skogan the jester as having his head broken by Falstaff. No doubt. All that Shakspeare meant to convey was the name of a buffoon, whose freedoms were thus punished; and the *Jests* of Skogan, the Joe Miller of Shakspeare's time, was a book with which the poet's audience would be familiar.

² SCENE II.—“*A score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.*”

“Shakspeare,” says Dr. Gray, “seems to have been unacquainted with the value of money, and the prices of sheep and other cattle, at the latter end of the reign of King Henry IV.” That is true. In 1411 the price of a sheep is stated at 1*s.* 10*d.*, but in Shakspeare's own time the price varies from 6*s.* 8*d.* to 15*s.* The local and temporary allusions throughout Shakspeare, of course, refer to matters of his own day.

³ SCENE II.—“*A soldier-like word,*” &c.

Ben Jonson, in his ‘Discoveries,’ (a valuable collection of his miscellaneous remarks,) says, “You are not to cast a ring for the perfumed terms of the time, as *accommodation*, complement, spirit, &c., but use them properly in their place, as others.” Every age has its “perfumed terms,”—words that originate in fashionable society, and descend to the vulgar like cast-off clothes. Shakspeare could not render *accommodate* more ridiculous than to put it into the mouth of Bardolph, and make that worthy maintain it “to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command.” Jonson, in ‘Every Man in his Humour,’ gives us an example of the fantastic use of the word:—“Hostess, *accommodate* us with another bed-staff here quickly. *Lend* us another bed-staff—the woman does not understand the words of action.”

⁴ SCENE II.—“*I remember at Mile-end green, (when I lay at Clement's-inn,)—I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's show, there was,*” &c.

This passage was formerly pointed thus:—“I remember at Mile-end green, (when I lay at Clement's-inn, I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,) there was,” &c. It was considered by the editors, and by Warton especially, that Arthur's show was acted at Clement's-inn, of which society Shallow was a member. It has, however, been found that a society for the exercise of archery, calling themselves Prince Arthur's Knights, existed in Shakspeare's time. This society, according to Richard Mulcaster, master of St. Paul's School (in a tract published in 1581 and 1587), was called “The Friendly and Frank Fellowship of Prince Arthur's Knights in and about the City of London.” That the members of the society personated characters in the romance of Arthur we learn from the same tract; for the author mentions Master Hugh Offley as Sir Launcelot, and Master Thomas Smith as Prince Arthur himself. Justice Shallow might, therefore, very properly personate Sir Dagonet, King Arthur's fool; who, in the *Morte d'Arthur*, “seems to be introduced like a Shrove-tide cock, for the sake of being buffeted and abused by every one.” (Gifford.) There is a proof of the ancient flourishing existence of “The Fellowship of Prince Arthur's Knights” to be found in the following passage of an old book, which gives a description of “a great show and shooting” in 1583. “The prince of famous memory, King Henry VIII., having read in the chronicles of England, and seen in his own time, how armies mixed with good archers have evermore so galled the enemy that it hath been great cause of the victory, he, being one day at Mile-end, when Prince Arthur and his knights were there shooting, did greatly commend the game, and allowed thereof, lauding them to their encouragement.” It appears also, from an exceedingly rare tract on this society of Prince Arthur (1583), that King Henry VIII. confirmed by charter to the citizens of London the “famous order of Knights of Prince Arthur's Round Table, or society: like as in his lifetime, when he saw a good archer indeed, he chose him, and ordained such a one for a knight of the same order.” Henry VIII., like many other tyrants, was sometimes pleased to be jocose and familiar with his subjects; and in this spirit he not only patronized the Knights of the Round Table, but created a celebrated archer of the name of Barlo *Duke of Shoreditch*. The dukedom, it seems, was hereditary; and in 1583 the successor to the original duke had a *Baron Stirrop* in his court. Prince Arthur and the duke were on the most friendly terms; and a deputation from his highness, upon the day of Prince Arthur's shooting in 1583, presented a buck of that season “to Prince Arthur, who was at his tent, which was at Mile-end Green.”

⁵ SCENE II.—“*The case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him.*”

Formerly there were three kinds of hautboy,—the treble, tenor, and bass. We have now but the first of these. The bassoon has superseded the last, and the other is a desideratum. Mersenne describes all three, and gives a woodcut of each.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Forest in Yorkshire.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP of YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, and others.

Arch. What is this forest call'd ?

Hast. 'T is Gualtree forest, ' an 't shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords ; and send discoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'T is well done.

My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland ;
Their cold intent, tenor, and substance, thus :—
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality ;
The which he could not levy : whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland : and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news ?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy :
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here ?

Mowb. I think it is my lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord John and duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace;
What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded^a with rage,
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Whose white investments^a figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?
Turning your books to graves,^b your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.
Briefly to this end:—We are all diseas'd;
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it: of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician;

^a *Guarded*—faced—bordered.

^b *Graves.* Warburton proposed to read instead of *graves*, *glaiues* (swords); Steevens, *greaves* (leg-armour).

Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men :
But, rather, show a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness ;
And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs^a heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere^b
By the rough torrent of occasion :
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles ;
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience ?
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.^c
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
(Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples
Of every minute's instance, (present now,)
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms :
Not to break peace, or any branch of it ;
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied ?
Wherein have you been galled by the king ?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you ?
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
[And consecrate commotion's bitter edge ?^d]

Arch. My brother, general ! the commonwealth !

^a *Griefs*—grievances.

^b *Sphere.* The folio reads *there*. In the quarto this part of the speech is omitted. Warburton made the change.

^c The twenty-five lines here ending are not found in the quarto.

^d This line is omitted in the folio.

[To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.^a

West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part; and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the days before;
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

West. O my good lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on: Were you not restor'd
To all the duke of Norfolk's seigniories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?
The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him:
And then, that Henry Bolingbroke, and he,
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,³

^a We have pointed this passage in a manner which, it appears to us, in some degree removes the obscurity. It is ordinarily read as follows:—

“ My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.”

The second line of the three is not found in the folio; and this gives us the key to our reading. The Archbishop is impatient of Westmoreland's further question, and, addressing him as general, exclaims, My brother! The commonwealth! These are sufficient causes for our hostility. He then adds, “I make my quarrel in particular;” and the second line retained from the quarto explains why. In the First Part of this play we are told of

“ The archbishop—who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.”

Whether the second line be retained or not, the meaning is complete as we read the passage.

Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw:
Then threw he down himself; and all their lives,
That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know not what:
The earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman;
Who knows on whom fortune would then have smil'd?
But, if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love,
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bless'd, and grac'd indeed,^a more than the king.^b
But this is mere digression from my purpose.—
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience: and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; everything set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween, to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies:
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;

^a *Indeed.* The original, *and did.*

^b The thirty-seven lines here ending were first printed in the folio.

Then reason wills our hearts should be as good :—
Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence :
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?

West. That is intended in the general's name :
I muse you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this schedule ;
For this contains our general grievances :
Each several article herein redress'd ;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form ;
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, consign'd :^a
We come within our awful^b banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet :
And^c either end in peace, which Heaven so frame,
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so. [*Exit WEST.*]

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

^a *Consign'd.* The folio either reads *consin'd* or *confin'd*, the *si* and the *fi* being so much alike in the old typography, that it is difficult to distinguish them. There can be no doubt, we think, that *consign'd* is the true reading, having the sense of ratified, confirmed.

^b *Awful.* It has been supposed by some that *awful* is here used in the place of *lawful*. In 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' Act IV., Scene 1, we referred to this passage under the impression that by "*awful banks*" was meant *legitimate bounds, orderly limits*. We are inclined, however, to think that the word *awful* is here used more in the sense of *reverential* ;—that those who are in arms against the king, having their grievances redressed, will come again within their *bounds of awe* towards him. The word *awful* is not used actively, as producing awe, but passively, *capable of awe*.

^c *And.* The original copies have *at*.

Hast. Fear you not that : if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall, to the king, taste of this action :
That were our royal^a faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord ; Note this,—the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances :
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean ;
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance : For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion :
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement :
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. "T is very true :—

^a *Royal.* Dr. Johnson would read *loyal*. But *royal faith* is here put for the faith due to a king. So in 'Henry VIII.' :—

"The citizens have shown at full their *royal* minds."

And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb.

Be it so.

Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand : Pleaseth your lordship
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies ?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in Heaven's name then forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace :—my lord, we come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the ARCHBISHOP, HASTINGS, and others : from the other side, PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, Officers, and Attendants.

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray :

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop :
And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.
My lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
In shadow of such greatness ! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so :—Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of Heaven ?
To us, the speaker in his parliament ;

To us the imagin'd voice of Heaven itself;
The very opener and intelligencer,
Between the grace, the sanctities of Heaven,
And our dull workings: O, who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place;
Employ the countenance and grace of Heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of Heaven,
The subjects of Heaven's substitute, my father;
And, both against the peace of Heaven and him,
Have here up-swarmed them.

Arch. Good my lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace:
But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
The time disorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
(The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,)
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born:
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
With grant of our most just and right desires;
And true obedience of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them:
And so, success^a of mischief shall be born;
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?

P. John. I like them all, and do allow them well:

^a *Success*—succession.

And swear here by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook ;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd ;
Upon my life, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours : and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace ;
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
Of our restored love and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word :
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain [*to an Officer*], and deliver to the army
This news of peace ; let them have pay, and part :
I know it will well please them ; Hie thee, captain.

[*Exit Officer.*]

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace : And, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely : but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it :—
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season :
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances, men are ever merry ;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz ; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

[*Shouts within.*]

P. John. The word of peace is render'd ; Hark, how they
shout !

Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest ;

For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.— [Exit WEST.
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

Arch. Go, good lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by. [Exit HAST.

P. John. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

P. John. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already:^a
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they took their course
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries towards his home and sporting-place.

West. Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mowbray,
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

P. John. I pawn'd thee none:
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most christian care.
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.

^a So the quarto; the folio has simply—

“Our army is dispers'd.”

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray ;
Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.
Some guard these traitors to the block of death ;
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Alarums : Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILE, meeting.

Fal. What's your name, sir ? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray ?

Cole. I am a knight, sir ; and my name is Colevile of the dale.

Fal. Well, then, Colevile is your name ; a knight is your degree ; and your place, the dale : Colevile shall still be your name ; a traitor your degree ; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough ; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

Cole. Are not you sir John Falstaff ?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir ? or shall I sweat for you ? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death ; therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are sir John Falstaff ; and, in that thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine ; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe : My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, and others.

P. John. The heat is past, follow no farther now ;—
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[Exit WEST.

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while ?
When everything is ended then you come :

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus ; I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet ? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought ? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility ; I have foundered nine-score and odd posts : and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy : But what of that ? he saw me, and yielded ; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and overcame.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not ; here he is, and here I yield him : and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds ; or, I swear, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it,⁴ Colevile kissing my foot : To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like guilt twopences to me, and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble : Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Colevile ?

Cole.

It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither : had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves : but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away ; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Colevile, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution:—

Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.

[*Exeunt some with COLEVILE.*]

And now despatch we toward the court, my lords;

I hear, the king my father is sore sick:

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—

Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;

And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through
Glostershire: and, when you come to court, stand my good
lord,^a 'pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*]

Fal. I would you had but the wit: 't were better than
your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded
boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;—
but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never
any of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink
doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals,
that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then,
when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally
fools and cowards;—which some of us should be too, but for
inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold opera-
tion in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all
the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it:
makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive,^b full of nimble, fiery,
and delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the voice, (the
tongue,) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The
second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming
of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver
white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and

^a *Stand my good lord.* Bishop Percy says that "Be my good lord" was the old court phrase, used by a person who asked a favour of a man of high rank.

^b *Forgetive*—inventive.

cowardice: but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illuminateth^a the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puffed up with his^b retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris: So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack; for that sets it a-work: and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil; till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first principle I would teach them should be,—to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire; I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY, WARWICK, and others.

K. Hen. Now, lords, if Heaven doth give successful end To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd,^c our power collected,

^a *Illuminateth.* So the folio; the quarto, *illumineth.*

^b *His.* So the folio; the quarto, *this.*

^c *Address'd*—prepared.

Our substitutes in absence well invested,
 And everything lies level to our wish :
 Only, we want a little personal strength ;
 And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
 Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which we doubt not but your majesty
 Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster, where is the
 prince your brother ?

P. Humph. I think he 's gone to hunt, my lord, at Wind-
 sor.^s

K. Hen. And how accompanied ?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him ?

P. Humph. No, my good lord ; he is in presence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father ?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
 How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother ?
 He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas ;
 Thou hast a better place in his affection
 Than all thy brothers : cherish it, my boy ;
 And noble offices thou mayst effect
 Of mediation, after I am dead,
 Between his greatness and thy other brethren :
 Therefore, omit him not ; blunt not his love :
 Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
 By seeming cold, or careless of his will.
 For he is gracious, if he be observ'd ;
 He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
 Open as day for melting charity :
 Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he 's flint ;
 As humorous^a as winter, and as sudden
 As flaws^b congealed in the spring of day.
 His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd :
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,

^a *Humorous*, applied literally, is *humid*—as “humorous night,” in ‘Romeo and Juliet.’ In this passage it has the sense of *full of humours*, alluding to the supposed fluids or *humours* of the body, which constituted the individual temperament.

^b *Flaws*—thin crystallizations upon the ground moist with the morning dew.

When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth :
But, being moody, give him line and scope ;
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends ;
A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in ;
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion,
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Cla. He is not there to-day ; he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied ? canst thou tell that ?

Cla. With Poin, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds ;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them : Therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death ;
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay !

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite :
The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue : wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd : which once attain'd,
Your highness knows comes to no further use,
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers : and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,

By which his grace must mete the lives of others ;
Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'T is seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.—Who's here? Westmoreland?

Enter WESTMORELAND.

West. Health to my sovereign! and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But peace puts forth her olive everywhere.
The manner how this action hath been borne
Here at more leisure may your highness read;
With every course, in his particular.^a

K. Hen. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

Har. From enemies Heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make me
sick?
Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

^a *His particular*—Prince John's letter of detail. A particular is still a term for a detailed statement.

I should rejoice now at this happy news ;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy :—
O me ! come near me, now I am much ill.

[*Swoons.*]

P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty !

Cla. O my royal father !

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up !

War. Be patient, princes ; you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him air ; he'll straight be well.

Cla. No, no ; he cannot long hold out these pangs ;
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure,^a that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.^b

P. Humph. The people fear me ;^b for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature :^c
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between :
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so, a little time before
That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

P. Humph. This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber : softly, pray.

[*They convey the KING into an inner part of the
room, and place him on a bed.*]

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends ;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

^a *Mure*—wall.

^b *Fear me*—make me afraid.

^c *Births of nature.* So the old editions. Why the passage has been corrupted into *birds* of nature we cannot divine ; but so it stands in all modern editions.

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. Who saw the duke of Clarence?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the king?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If he be sick with joy, he will recover without
physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords;—sweet prince, speak
low;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will 't please your grace to go along with us?

P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.

[*Exeunt all but P. HENRY.*]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,

Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As he, whose brow, with homely biggin bound,

Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,

That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather which stirs not:

Did he suspire, that light and weightless down

Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my father!

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,

That from this golden rigol^a hath divorc'd

So many English kings. Thy due, from me,

^a *Rigol.* The word is only found in Shakspeare. Nash, however, writes *ringol*, which he explains to be *ringed circle*.

Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously;
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[*Putting it on his head.*]

Which Heaven shall guard: And put the world's whole
strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me: This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 't is left to me.

[*Exit.*]

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest.

Cla. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The prince of Wales? Where is he? let me see
him.

He is not here.*

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we
stay'd.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my
pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence;—go, seek him
out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?

Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[*Exit WARWICK.*]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt,

* This hemistich is omitted in the folio.

When gold becomes her object!
 For this the foolish over-careful fathers
 Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with
 care,
 Their bones with industry;
 For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
 The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
 For this they have been thoughtful to invest
 Their sons with arts and martial exercises:
 When, like the bee, culling^a from every flower
 The virtuous sweets;
 Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey
 We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
 Are murther'd for our pains. This bitter taste
 Yields his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
 Till his friend sickness hath determin'd^b me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
 Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
 With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
 That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
 Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
 With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.

Lo, where he comes;—Come hither to me, Harry:—
 Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY, LORDS, &c.]

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
 I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
 Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
 That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
 Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!

^a *Culling.* This is the reading of the folio; the quarto, *tolling*, taking toll.

^b *Determin'd*, ended. We have still the word in a legal sense.

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and, at my death,
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone; and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form.
Harry the fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall double gild his treble guilt:
England shall give him office, honour, might:
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?

O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
[*Kneeling.*

The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown:
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,—
(Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth,)—this prostrate and exterior bending!
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die;
And never live to show th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,)
I spake unto the crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it:—"The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in med'cine potable;^a
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up."—Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it,—as with an enemy,
That had before my face murther'd my father,—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine

^a *Med'cine potable.* The allusion is here to *aurum potable*, a preparation of gold to which great virtues were formerly ascribed.

Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let Heaven for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it.

K. Hen. O my son!

Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears,
Thou seest, with peril I have answered:
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument; and now my death
Changes the mood: for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;

Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O Heaven forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WARWICK, Lords, and others.

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.
Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Hen. My lord of Warwick!

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Laud be to Heaven!—even there my life must
end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land:—
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.⁷

[*Exeunt.*]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

¹ SCENE I.—“ *Gualtree forest.*”

THIS forest is in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and was formerly called Galtres forest. It is thus mentioned by Skelton :—

“ Thus stode I in the frythy forest of Galtres.”

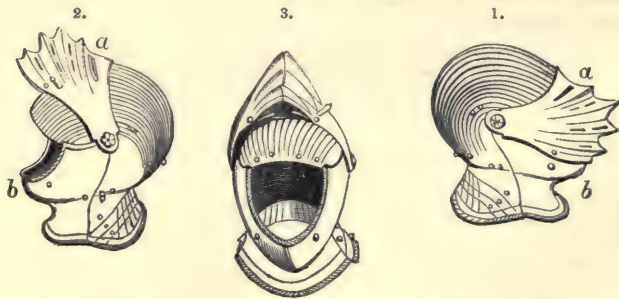
Frythy is woody.

² SCENE I.—“ *Whose white investments figure innocence.*”

The ordinary costume of a bishop, not only when he was performing his episcopal functions, but when he appeared in public, and even when he travelled, was a vestment of white linen. From a passage in a letter of Erasmus, it appears that Fisher, bishop of Rochester, when he was about to cross the sea, laid aside his linen vest, “ which they always use in England.”

³ SCENE I.—“ *Their beavers down.*”

In ‘Hamlet,’ Act I. Scene 2, we find this passage : “ He wore his beaver *up*.” In ‘The First Part of Henry IV.,’ page 104, we have seen that the beaver was sometimes used to express a helmet generally. The passage before us, and the passage in ‘Hamlet,’ have been considered contradictory ; and some have supposed that Shakspeare confounded the beaver and visor. Douce shows that both the beaver and visor moved *up*,—and when so, the face was exposed ; when the beaver was *down*, the face was covered ;—and the beaver and visor were both *down* in the battle or the tournament. The following representations, which are taken from Meyrick and Skelton’s ‘Ancient Armour,’ will be more satisfactory than any verbal description :—



1. 2. 3. Helmet belonging to a suit of cap-a-pee armour of the date 1495, preserved in the collection of Sir Samuel Meyrick, Goodrich Court.—1. Profile of the helmet, with the opening for the face closed by the visor, *a*, and the beaver, *b*. 2. Ditto, half opened by the elevation of the visor, *a*. 3. Front view, ditto.

Some helmets were, however, so constructed, that the beaver, being composed of falling overlapping plates, exposed the face when it was down.



4. "An armet" (from specimens in Goodrich Court) of the time of Philip and Mary, the umbril of which has attached to it three wide bars to guard the face, over which the beaver, formed of three overlapping lames perforated, is made to draw up.

5. "A helmet" (ditto) of the time of Queen Elizabeth. This has a visor and beaver. The latter when up exposes the face, while in the armet, Fig. 4, such a position guards it.

This "armet," however, appears to have been of an unusual construction. Shakspeare alludes to the common *beaver* both in 'Hamlet' and in the passage before us; and in these no contradiction is involved.

⁴ SCENE III.—" *I will have it in a particular ballad,*" &c.

In Ben Jonson's 'Bartholomew Fair' we have the following passage: "O, sister, do you remember the ballads over the nursery chimney at home, o' my own pasting up? there be brave pictures." Very few ballads of Shakspeare's time appeared without the decoration of a rude woodcut; sometimes referring to the subject-matter of the ballad, sometimes giving a portrait of the Queen. These fugitive productions, Gifford says, "came out every term in incredible numbers, and were rapidly dispersed over the kingdom, by shoals of itinerant syrens."

⁵ SCENE IV.—" *I think he 's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.*"

The forest of Windsor was the favourite hunting-ground of the court in the sixteenth century, as it was, probably, at a much earlier period. In Lord Surrey's celebrated poem on 'Windsor Castle,' supposed to be written in 1546, we have the following passage:—

"The wild forest, the clothed holt's with green;
With reins avail'd, and swift y-breathed horse,
With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force."

⁶ SCENE IV.—" *Hath wrought the mure,*" &c.

Shakspeare has here borrowed a thought from Daniel. In the third book of his 'Civil Wars,' first published in 1595, we have this couplet:—

"Wearing the wall so thin, that now the mind
Might well look thorough, and his frailty find."

Hurd, finding the passage in the complete edition of Daniel's 'Civil Wars,' published in 1609, and not, perhaps, being aware of the earlier edition, considered that Daniel had imitated Shakspeare. This coincidence strengthens the remarks which we made in the Introductory Notice to 'Richard II.,' on Shakspeare's supposed imi-

tations of his poetical friend. The same thought descended from Daniel and Shakspeare to Waller, who has thus modified it:—

“The soul’s dark cottage, batter’d and decay’d,
Lies in new light through chinks that time has made.”

7 SCENE IV.—“*In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.*”

Of the Jerusalem Chamber, which is attached to the south-west tower of Westminster Abbey, scarcely any of the original features remain—nothing, indeed, of the interior that probably existed in the time of Henry IV. The original chamber was built about 1362, at a time when the buildings immediately attached to the abbey were extensively repaired or re-erected.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

THE following extracts from Holinshed describe the progress of the insurrection of Scroop and Northumberland. These passages are evidently the historical authorities which the poet consulted:—

“Raufe Nevill, Earl of Westmoreland, that was not far off, together with the Lord John of Lancaster, the king’s son, being informed of this rebellious attempt, assembled together such power as they might make, and, coming into a plain within the forest of Galtree, caused their standards to be pight down in like sort as the archbishop had pight his, over against them, being far stronger in number of people than the other, for (as some write) there were of the rebels at the least eleven thousand men. When the Earl of Westmoreland perceived the force of adversaries, and that they lay still and attempted not to come forward upon him, he subtilly devised how to quail their purpose, and forthwith despatched messengers unto the archbishop to understand the cause, as it were, of that great assemble, and for what cause, contrary to the king’s peace, they came so in armour. The archbishop answered that he took nothing in hand against the king’s peace, but that whatever he did tended rather to advance the peace and quiet of the commonwealth than otherwise; and where he and his company were in arms, it was for fear of the king, to whom he could have no free access by reason of such a multitude of flatterers as were about him, and therefore he maintained that his purpose was good and profitable, as well for the king himself as for the realm, if men were willing to understand a truth: and herewith he showed forth a scroll in which the articles were written, whereof before ye have heard. The messengers, returning unto the Earl of Westmoreland, showed him what they had heard and brought from the archbishop. When he had read the articles, he showed in word and countenance outwardly that he liked of the archbishop’s holy and virtuous intent and purpose, promising that he and his would prosecute the same in assisting the archbishop, who, rejoicing hereat, gave credit to the earl, and persuaded the earl marshal against his will, as it were, to go with him to a place appointed for them to commune together. Here, when they were met with like number on either part, the articles were read over, and, without any more ado, the Earl of Westmoreland and those that were with him agreed to do their best to see that a reformation might be had according to the same. The Earl of Westmoreland using more policy than the rest, Well (said he) then our travail is come to the wished end; and where our people have been long in armour, let them depart home to their wonted trades and occupations: in the mean time let us drink together, in sign of agreement, that the people on both sides may

see it, and know that it is true that we be light at a point. They had no sooner shaken hands together but that a knight was sent straightways from the archbishop to bring word to the people that there was a peace concluded, commanding each man to lay aside arms, and to resort home to their houses. The people, beholding such tokens of peace as shaking of hands and drinking together of the lords in loving manner, brake up their field and returned homewards: but in the mean time, whilst the people of the archbishop's side withdrew away, the number of the contrary part increased, according to order given by the Earl of Westmoreland; and yet the archbishop perceived not that he was deceived, till the Earl of Westmoreland arrested both him and the earl marshal, with diverse other. Their troops being pursued, many were taken, many slain, and many spoiled of that they had about them, and so permitted to go their ways."

* * * * *

"The Earl of Northumberland and the Lord Bardolf, after they had been in Wales, in France, and Flanders, to purchase aid against King Henry, were returned back into Scotland, and had remained there now (1408) for the space of a whole year; and as their evil fortune would, whilst the king held a council of the nobility at London, the said Earl of Northumberland and Lord Bardolf, in a dismal hour, with a great power of Scots, returned into England, recovering diverse of the earl's castles and seigniories, for the people in great numbers resorted unto them. Hereupon, encouraged with hope of good success, they enter into Yorkshire, and there began to destroy the country. The king, advertised hereof, caused a great army to be assembled, and came forward with the same towards his enemies: but ere the king came to Nottingham, Sir Thomas (or, as other copies have, Raufe) Rokesby, sheriff of Yorkshire, assembled the forces of the country to resist the earl and his power, coming to Grimbaut Brigges, beside Knaresborough, there to stop them the passage; but they, returning aside, got to Weatherby, and so to Tadcaster, and finally came forward unto Branham Moor, near to Hayselwood, where they chose their ground meet to fight upon. The sheriff was as ready to give battle as the earl to receive it, and so, with a standard of St. George spread, set fiercely upon the earl, who, under a standard of his own arms, encountered his adversaries with great manhood. There was a sore encounter and cruel conflict betwixt the parties, but in the end the victory fell to the sheriff. The Earl of Northumberland was slain in the field, and the Lord Bardolf was taken, but sore wounded, so that he shortly after died of the hurts."

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Glostershire. *A Hall in Shallow's House.**Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.*

Shal. By cock and pye,¹ sir, you shall not away to-night.
What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus;—those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir,—Shall we sow the head-land with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook;—Are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid:—sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it:—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well. A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir: but, yet, Heaven forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, these eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit DAVY.*] Where are you, sir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*To the Page.*] Come, sir John. [*Exit SHALLOW.*]

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's-staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man; their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow,^a that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed

of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions),³ and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*Within.*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

SCENE II.—Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter WARWICK and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

War. How now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not; and do arm myself,
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter PRINCE JOHN, PRINCE HUMPHREY, CLARENCE, WEST-MORELAND, and others.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. Alas! I fear all will be overturn'd.

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

P. Humph., Cla. Good morrow, cousin.

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember ; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made us
heavy !

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier !

P. Humph. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend, indeed :

And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow ; it is, sure, your own.

P. John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation :
I am the sorrier ; 'would 't were otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speak sir John Falstaff fair
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did I did in honour
Led by th' impartial^a conduct of my soul ;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.^b
If truth and upright innocence fail me,
I'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter KING HENRY V.

Ch. Just. Good morrow ; and Heaven save your majesty !

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear ;
This is the English, not the Turkish court ;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,^c
But Harry Harry : Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you ;
Sorrow so royally in you appears,

^a *Impartial.* The quarto reads *impartial* ; the folio, *imperial*. Capell says the *imperial* conduct means the absolute dominion of virtue. But we prefer the accustomed reading of *impartial*.

^b *Forestall'd remission*—a pardon supplicated, not offered freely.

That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why, then, be sad :
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burthen laid upon us all.
For me, by Heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too ;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
Yet weep, that Harry's dead ; and so will I ;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
By number, into hours of happiness.

P. John, &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me :—and you most ;
[*To the CHIEF JUSTICE.*

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No! How might a prince of my great hopes for-
get

So great indignities you laid upon me ?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
Th' immediate heir of England! Was this easy ?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten ?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father ;
The image of his power lay then in me :
And, in th' administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment ;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought ;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench ;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person :
Nay, more ; to spurn at your most royal image,

And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours ;
Be now the father, and propose a son :
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd ;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, soft silencing your son :
After this cold considerance, sentence me ;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well ;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword :
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words :—
Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son :
And no less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.—You did commit me :
For which, I do commit into your hand
Th' unstained sword that you have us'd to bear ;
With this remembrance,—That you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand ;
You shall be as a father to my youth :
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear ;
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd, wise directions.
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you ;—
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections ;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world ;
To frustrate prophecies ; and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down

After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now :
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea ;
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament :
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation ;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us ;—
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.

[*To the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.*

Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state :
And (Heaven consigning to my good intents)
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,
Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Glostershire. *The Garden of Shallow's House.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, the Page, and DAVY.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, in an
arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting,
with a dish of caraways, and so forth ;—come, cousin
Silence ;—and then to bed.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren ; beggars all, beggars all, sir
John :—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy ; spread, Davy ;
Well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses ; he is your
serving-man, and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet,
sir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at
supper.—A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down :—
come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah ! quoth-a,—we shall

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,⁵
 And praise Heaven for the merry year;
 When flesh is cheap and females dear,
 And lusty lads roam here and there,
 So merrily,
 And ever among so merrily.

[Singing.]

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; [*seating BARDOLPH and the Page at another table.*] I'll be with you anon:—most sweet sir, sit. —Master page, good master page, sit: proface!^a What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear; The heart's all. [*Exit.*]

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [*Singing.*]

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;
 For women are shrews, both short and tall;
 'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
 And welcome merry shrove-tide.
 Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.

[*Setting them before BARDOLPH.*]

Shal. Davy,—

Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight. [*To BARD.*]
 —A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. [*Singing.*]

A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,
 And drink unto the leman mine;
 And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

^a *Proface*—much good may it do you. The phrase was common in Shakspeare's time. Dr. Nares infers that we had the word from the Norman romance language. In Roquefort's 'Glossaire de la Langue Romane' we have the word *prouface* thus explained: "*Prouface*—souhait qui veut dire, bien vous fasse; *proficiat*."

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.^a

Fal. Health and long life to you, master Silence.

Sil. [*Singing.*]

Fill the cup, and let it come;
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: If thou want'st anything, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief [*to the Page*]; and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. You'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thank thee:—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry.
[*Knocking heard.*] Look who's at door there: Ho! who knocks? [*Exit DAVY.*]

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper.*]

Sil. [*Singing.*]

Do me right,
And dub me knight:
Samingo.

Is 't not so?

Fal. 'T is so.

Sil. Is 't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. If it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.

^a *If we shall, &c.* This is the reading of the folio; the quarto, "*And we shall be merry.*" *And* was often printed for *an*. The "*If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night,*" appears to us superior to the ordinary reading, "*And we shall be merry;—now comes in,*" &c.

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. Sir John! save you, sir.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows none to good.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think he be; but goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—

Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I prithee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!

I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?

Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. [*Sings.*]

And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?

And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why, then, lament, therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir;—If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there is but two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian? speak or die.

Shal. Under king Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;

Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth;

When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like

The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph; saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 't is thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots: we'll ride all night:—O, sweet Pistol:—Away, Bardolph. [*Exit BARD.*—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow: I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe unto my lord chief justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!
Where is the life that late I led? say they;
Why, here it is; Welcome these pleasant days. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. *A Street.*

Enter Beadles, *dragging in* Hostess QUICKLY and DOLL
TEAR-SHEET.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die that I might have thee hanged: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

I Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me: and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her; there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Doll. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal; an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O that sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I would the fruit of her womb might miscarry!

1 *Bead.* If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

Doll. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer! I will have you as soundly swung for this, you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famished correctioner: if you be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

1 *Bead.* Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O, that right should thus o'ercome might! Well; of sufferance comes ease.

Doll. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Yes; come, you starved blood-hound.

Doll. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Host. Thou anatomy, thou!

Doll. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

1 *Bead.* Very well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A public Place near Westminster Abbey.*

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.

1 *Groom.* More rushes, more rushes.

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 *Groom.* It will be two of the clock ere they come from the coronation.

[*Exeunt Grooms.*]

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him, as he comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. Bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. [*To SHALLOW.*] But it is no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness in affection.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night ; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him : thinking of nothing else ; putting all affairs else in oblivion ; as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist. 'T is *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est* :

'T is all in every part.

Shal. 'T is so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance, and contagious prison ;
Haul'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand :—

Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,
For Doll is in ; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*]

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter the KING and his Train, the CHIEF JUSTICE among them.

Fal. Save thy grace, king Hal ! my royal Hal !

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame !

Fal. Save thee, my sweet boy !

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits ; know you what 't is you speak ?

Fal. My king ! my Jove ! I speak to thee, my heart !

King. I know thee not, old man : Fall to thy prayers ;
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester !
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane ;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace ;
Leave gormandizing ; know, the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men :
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest ;
Presume not that I am the thing I was :
For Heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self ;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me ; and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots :
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil :
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strength and qualities,
Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenor of our word.

Set on.

[*Exeunt KING and his Train.*]

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, sir John ; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this ; I shall be sent for in private to him : look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement ; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how ; unless you should give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word : this that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours ; go with me to dinner. Come, lieu-

tenant Pistol ;—come, Bardolph :—I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter PRINCE JOHN, *the* CHIEF JUSTICE, Officers, &c.

Ch. Just. Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the Fleet ;
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak : I will hear you soon.
Take them away.

Pist. “ Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.”

[*Exeunt* FAL., SHAL., PIST., BARD., Page, and Officers.]

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the king's :
He hath intent, his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for ;
But all are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

P. John. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

P. John. I will lay odds,—that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords, and native fire,
As far as France : I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence?

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

[*Spoken by a Dancer.*]

First, my fear ; then, my court'sy ; last, my speech. My fear is, your displeasure ; my court'sy, my duty ; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me : for what I have to say is of mine own making ; and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you, (as it is very well,) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to

pay you with this ; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies : bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs ? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me ; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katherine of France : where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions ; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary ; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night : and so kneel down before you ;—but, indeed, to pray for the queen.



[A Dancer. From Hollar.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

¹ SCENE I.—“*By cock and pye.*”

IN a little book of great popularity, originally published in 1601, entitled, ‘The Plaine Man’s Pathway to Heaven,’ by Arthur Dent, we have the following passage:—“I know a man that will never swear but by cock or py, or mouse-foot. I hope you will not say these be oaths. For he is as honest a man as ever brake bread. You shall not hear an oath come out of his mouth.” We here see that the exclamation “by cock and pye” was not of the class of oaths from which Hotspur might choose “a good mouth-filling oath.” Steevens supposes that, the service-book of the Romish church being denominated a Pie, the oath had reference to that, and to the sacred name. Douce has, however, given the following very ingenious explanation of the origin of the word:—“It will, no doubt, be recollected that in the days of ancient chivalry it was the practice to make solemn vows or engagements for the performance of some considerable enterprise. This ceremony was usually performed during some grand feast or entertainment, at which a roasted peacock or pheasant, being served up by ladies in a dish of gold or silver, was thus presented to each knight, who then made the particular vow which he had chosen, with great solemnity. When this custom had fallen into disuse, the peacock, nevertheless, continued to be a favourite dish, and was introduced on the table in a pie, the head, with gilded beak, being proudly elevated above the crust, and the splendid tail expanded. Other birds of smaller value were introduced in the same manner, and the recollection of the old peacock-vows might occasion the less serious, or even burlesque, imitation of swearing, not only by the bird itself, but also by the pie; and hence, probably, the oath by cock and pie, for the use of which no very old authority can be found.”

² SCENE I.—“*I would curry with master Shallow.*”

The origin of to curry—to *curry favour*—furnishes a remarkable example of the corruption of language. In Chaucer’s time the phrase was “*curry favel*.” In ‘The Merchant’s Second Tale,’ we have—

“As though he had lerned cury favel of some old frere.”

Favel was the name of a horse,—a name generally given to chestnut horses—as Bayard to a brown horse, and Blanchard to a white. In an old English proverb we have—

“He that will in court dwell,
Must needes currie favel.”

It is scarcely necessary to add that it is agreeable to a horse to be curried, and that, therefore, to curry favel, applied to a courtier or a sycophant, is to bestow such attentions as may bespeak good offices.

³ SCENE I.—“*The wearing-out of six fashions (which is four terms, or two actions).*”

In the time of Shakspeare the *law terms* regulated what we now denominate the *season*. The country gentlemen and their families then came up to town to trans-

act their business and to learn the fashions. "He comes up every term to learn to take tobacco, and see new motions." (Ben Jonson. 'Every Man out of his Humour.') Falstaff computes that six fashions would wear out in four terms, or two actions. This particularity may, perhaps, be taken as another proof of Shakspeare's technical knowledge, and fondness for legal allusions.

⁴ SCENE II.—"Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds."

Amurath III., Emperor of the Turks, died in 1596. He was succeeded by his eldest son Mahomet, who immediately put to death all his brothers. Malone thinks that Shakspeare alludes to this transaction; for the allusion, although not literally correct, might be sufficient to convey a notion of the difference between a regulated monarchy and a despotism:—

"This is the English, not the Turkish court."

⁵ SCENE III.—"Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer."

Every lover of Shakspeare must recollect that most exquisite passage in the 'Twelfth Night' which describes the higher species of minstrelsy that had found an abiding-place in the hearts of the people:—

"Give me some music: . . . but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs, and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.

Mark it, Cæsario; it is old, and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age."

The outpouring of snatches of old songs by Master Silence, in this hour when the taciturnity of a feeble intellect was overwhelmed by the stimulant which wine afforded to his memory, is a truly poetical conception. In his prosaic moments the worthy justice is contented to echo his brother of the quorum:—"We shall all follow, cousin." But when his "merry heart" expands in "the sweet of the night," he unravels his fag-ends of popular ditties with a volubility which not even the abuse of Pistol can stop. Beaumont and Fletcher, in 'The Knight of the Burning Pestle,' have a character, Old Merrythought, who "evermore laughs, and dances, and sings;" and he introduces himself to us with—

"Nose, nose, jolly red nose;
And who gave thee this jolly red nose?"

The humour of Old Merrythought is little better than farce; but the extravagance of Silence is the richest comedy, from the contrast with his habitual character. The snatches which Silence sings are not the

"Light airs, and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times;"

but fragments of old ballads that had been long heard in the squire's hall and the yeoman's chimney-corner—"old and plain." For example, the expression—

"'T is merry in hall, when beards wag all"—

may be found, with a slight alteration, in the poems of Adam Davy, who lived in the time of Edward II. (See Warton's 'History of English Poetry,' section 6.) In 'The Serving Man's Comfort,' 1598, we have this passage, descriptive of the merri-

ment in which the retainers of the great partook, in the time of Elizabeth :—"Grace said, and the table taken up, the plate presently conveyed into the pantry, the hall summons this consort of companions (upon payne to dine with Duke Humphrey, or to kiss the hare's foot) to appear at the first call; where a song is to be sung, the under song or holding whereof is, 'It is merry in hall, where beards wag all.'" The concluding line, before the command to "carry master Silence to bed," is a portion of the old ballad of 'Robin Hood and the Pindar of Wakefield :'

"All this beheard three wighty yeomen,
'T was Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John :
With that they espied the jolly Pindar
As he sate under a thorn."

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

IN the Introductory Notice, page 9, we have mentioned the story told by Sir Thomas Elyot, in his book of 'The Governor,' of the committal of Prince Henry to the Fleet by the Lord Chief Justice. This tradition was believed (perhaps upon the authority of Elyot) by Sir Edward Coke and Sir John Hawkins; and was referred to by them in legal arguments. The anecdote, as detailed by Elyot, is very amusing :—

"A GOOD JUDGE, A GOOD PRINCE, A GOOD KING.

"The most renowned prince, King Henry V., late King of England, during the life of his father, was noted to be fierce and of wanton courage. It happened that one of his servants whom he favoured well was for felony by him committed arraigned at the King's Bench : whereof the prince being advertised, and incensed by light persons about him, in furious rage came hastily to the bar, where his servant stood as a prisoner, and commanded him to be ungyved and set at liberty. Whereat all men were abashed, reserved the chief justice, who humbly exhorted the prince to be contented that his servant might be ordered according to the ancient laws of this realm; or, if he would have him saved from the rigour of the laws, that he should obtain, if he might, of the king his father his gracious pardon, whereby no law or justice should be derogate.

"With which answer the prince nothing appeased, but rather more inflamed, endeavoured himself to take away his servant. The judge, considering the perilous example and inconvenience that might thereby ensue, with a valiant spirit and courage commanded the prince upon his allegiance to leave the prisoner and depart his way; at which commandment the prince, being set all in a fury, all chafed, and in a terrible manner, came up to the place of judgment, men thinking that he would have slain the judge, or have done to him some damage: but the judge, sitting still without moving, declaring the majesty of the king's place of judgment, and with an assured and bold countenance, had to the prince these words following :—

"Sir, remember yourself. I keep here the place of the king your sovereign lord and father, to whom you owe double obedience: wherefore, eftsoones in his name, I charge you to desist of your wilfulness and unlawful enterprise, and from henceforth give good example to those which hereafter shall be your proper subjects. And now, for your contempt and disobedience, go you to the prison of the King's Bench, whereunto I commit you, and remain ye there prisoner until the pleasure of the king your father be further known.' With which words being abashed, and

also wondering at the marvellous gravity of that worshipful justice, the noble prince, laying his weapon apart, doing reverence, departed and went to the King's Bench as he was commanded. Whereat his servants disdained, came and showed to the king all the whole affair, whereat he a while studying, after as a man all ravished with gladness, holding his eyes and hands up towards heaven, abraid with a loud voice : ' O merciful God, how much am I bound to your infinite goodness, specially for that you have given me a judge who feareth not to minister justice, and also a son who can suffer seembably and obey justice.' "

The circumstances which preceded the death of Henry IV., including the story of the prince removing the crown, are thus detailed by Holinshed :—

" In this fourteenth and last year of King Henry's reign a council was holden in the White Friars in London, at the which, among other things, order was taken for ships and galleys to be builded and made ready, and all other things necessary to be provided, for a voyage which he meant to make into the Holy Land, there to recover the city of Jerusalem from the infidels. The morrow after Candlemas-day began a parliament which he had called at London; but he departed this life before the same parliament was ended : for now that his provisions were ready, and that he was furnished with all things necessary for such a royal journey as he pretended to take into the Holy Land, he was eftsoones taken with a sore sickness, which was not a leprosy (saith Master Hall), as foolish friars imagined, but a very apoplexy. During this, his last sickness, he caused his crown (as some write) to be set on a pillow at his bed's-head, and suddenly his pangs so sore troubled him, that he lay as though all his vital spirits had been from him departed. Such as were about him, thinking verily that he had been departed, covered his face with a linen cloth. The prince his son, being hereof advertised, entered into the chamber, took away the crown, and departed. The father, being suddenly revived out of that trance, quickly perceived the lack of his crown, and, having knowledge that the prince his son had taken it away, caused him to come before his presence, requiring of him what he meant so to misuse himself : the prince with a good audacity answered, Sir, to mine and all men's judgments, you seemed dead in this world ; wherefore I, as your next heir apparent, took that as mine own, and not as yours. Well, fair son, said the king (with a great sigh), what right I had to it, God knoweth. Well, quoth the prince, if you die king, I will have the garland, and trust to keep it with the sword against all mine enemies, as you have done. Then, said the king, I commit all to God, and remember you to do well ; and with that turned himself in his bed, and shortly after departed to God, in a chamber of the Abbots of Westminster called Jerusalem. We find that he was taken with his last sickness while he was making his prayers at Saint Edward's shrine, there as it were to take his leave, and so to proceed forth on his journey : he was so suddenly and grievously taken, that such as were about him feared lest he would have died presently ; wherefore, to relieve him, if it were possible, they bare him into a chamber that was next at hand belonging to the Abbot of Westminster, where they laid him on a pallet before the fire, and used all remedies to revive him : at length he recovered his speech and understanding, and, perceiving himself in a strange place which he knew not, he willed to know if the chamber had any particular name, whereunto answer was made that it was called Jerusalem. Then said the king, Laudes be given to the Father of Heaven, for now I know that I shall die here in this chamber, according to the prophecy of me declared, that I should depart this life in Jerusalem."

We close our Historical Illustrations with a passage from Holinshed, descriptive of the change of life in Henry V. :—

" This king was the man that, according to the old proverb, declared and showed

in what sort honours ought to change manners; for immediately after that he was invested king, and had received the crown, he determined with himself to put upon him the shape of a new man, turning insolency and wildness into gravity and soberness: and whereas he had passed his youth in wanton pastime and riotous disorder, with a sort of misgoverned mates and unthrifty playfeers, he now banished them from his presence (not unrewarded, nor yet unpreferred), inhibiting them, upon a great pain, not once to approach, lodge, or sojourn within ten miles of his court or mansion: and in their places he elected and chose men of gravity, wit, and high policy."

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE TO KING HENRY IV.,
PARTS I. AND II.

“IN the Shaksperian drama there is a vitality which grows and evolves itself from within—a key-note which guides and controls the harmonies throughout.”* It is under the direction of a deep and absolute conviction of the truth of this principle—not only as applied to the masterpieces of Shakspeare, the ‘Lear,’ the ‘Macbeth,’ the ‘Othello,’ but to all his works without exception—that we can alone presume to understand any single drama of this poet—much less to attempt to lead the judgment of others. Until by long and patient thought we believe that we have traced the roots, and seen the branches and buddings, of that “vitality”—until by frequent listening to those “harmonies” we hear, or fancy we hear, that “key-note”—we hold ourselves to be utterly unfitted even to call attention to a solitary poetical beauty, or to develop the peculiarities of a single character. Shakspeare is not to be taken up like an ordinary writer of fiction, whose excellence may be tested by a brilliant dialogue here, or a striking situation there. The proper object of criticism upon Shakspeare is to show the dependence of the parts upon the whole; for by that principle alone can we come to a due appreciation even of the separate parts. Dull critics, and brilliant critics, equally blunder about Shakspeare, when they reject this safe guide to the comprehension of his works. We have a Frenchman before us—M. Paul Duport—who gives us an “Analyse Raisonnée” of our poet, which is perfectly guiltless of any imaginative power to hide or adorn the dry bones of the Analysis.† Mark the confidence with which this gentleman speaks of the two plays before us! Of the First Part he says, “This piece has still less of action and interest than those which preceded it—(‘John,’ and ‘Richard II.’). It is only an historical picture, the various circumstances of which have no relation amongst themselves. There is no personage who predominates over the others, so as to fix the attention of the audience. It is the anarchy of the Scene. What, however, renders it worthy

* Coleridge’s ‘Literary Remains,’ vol. i. p. 104.

† ‘Essais Littéraires sur Shakspeare.’ 2 tom. Paris, 1828.

an attentive examination is, its division into a tragic and a comic portion. The two species are here very distinct. The tragic portion is cold, disjointed, undecided; but the comic, although absolutely foreign to the shadow of the action which makes the subject of the piece, merits sometimes to be placed by the side of the better passages of the Regnards, and even of the Molières." This is pretty decided for a blockhead; and, indeed, the decision with which he speaks could only proceed from a blockhead *par excellence*. Had this Frenchman not been supremely dull and conceited, he would have had some glimmerings of the truth, though he might not have seen the whole truth. Our own Johnson had too strong a sympathy with the marvellous talent which runs through the scenes of the 'Henry IV.' not to speak of these plays with more than common enthusiasm. The great events, he says, are interesting; the slighter occurrences diverting; the characters diversified with the profoundest skill; Falstaff is the unimitated, unimitable. But now comes the qualification—the result of Johnson looking at the parts instead of the whole:—"I fancy every reader, when he ends this play, cries out with Desdemona, 'O most lame and impotent conclusion!' As this play was not, to our knowledge, divided into acts by the author, I could be content to conclude it with the death of Henry the Fourth." Let us endeavour, in going through the scenes of these plays, with the help of the great guiding principle that Shakspeare "worked in the spirit of nature by evolving the germ from within, by the imaginative power according to an idea;"*—let us endeavour to prove—not, indeed, that these plays do not want action and interest, and that the tragic parts are not cold, disjointed, and undecided—but that all the circumstances have relation amongst themselves, and that the comic parts, so far from being absolutely foreign to the action, entirely depend upon it, and, to a certain extent, direct it. If we succeed in our attempt, we shall show that, from the preliminary and connecting lines in 'Richard II.,'—

"Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?"—

to "the most lame and impotent conclusion" which Johnson would suppress, nothing can be spared—nothing can be altered;—that Dame Quickly and Justice Silence are as essential to the progress of the action as Hotspur and the king;—that the prince could not advance without Falstaff, nor Falstaff without the prince;—that the poetry and the wit are co-dependent and inseparable;—and, above all, that the minute shades of character generally, and especially the extra-

* Coleridge's 'Literary Remains,' vol. i. p. 104.

ordinary fusion of many contrary qualities in the character of Falstaff, are to be completely explained and reconciled only by reference to their connexion with the dramatic action—"the key-note which guides and controls the harmonies throughout."

Some seventy lines from the commencement of this play (we shall find it convenient to speak of the two Parts as forming one drama), the "key-note" is struck. The king communicates to his friends "the smooth and welcome news" of the battle of Holmedon. His exultation is unbounded:—

" And is not this an honourable prize?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?"

But when the king is told

" It is a conquest for a prince to boast of,"

the one circumstance—the

" One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its deep shade alike o'er *his* joys and *his* woes,"—

the shame that extinguishes the right to boast,—comes across his mind:—

" Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin,
In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so bless'd a son:
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts."

The king forces his "young Harry" from his thoughts, and talks of "young Percy's pride." But the real action of the drama has commenced, in this irrepressible disclosure of the king's habitual feelings. It is for the poet to carry on the exhibition of the "riot and dishonour,"—their course,—their ebblings and flowings,—the circumstances which control, and modify, and subdue them. The events which determine the career of the prince finally conquer the habits by which he was originally surrounded; and it is in the entire disclosure of these habits—as not incompatible with their growing modification and ultimate overthrow by those events which constitute what is called the tragic action of the drama—that every in-

cident and every character becomes an integral part of the whole—a branch, or a leaf, or a bud, or a flower, of the one “vitality.”

We have seen in what spirit the prince of the old play which preceded Shakspeare was conceived. We have seen, also, the character of the associates by whom he was surrounded. We feel that the whole of such a representation must be untrue. The depraved and unfeeling blackguard of that play could never have become the hero of Agincourt. There was no unity of character between the prince of the beginning and of the end of that play; and therefore there could have been no unity of action. Perhaps no mind but Shakspeare’s could have reconciled the apparent contradiction which appears to lie upon the surface both of the events by which the prince was moulded, and the characters by which he was surrounded. It was for him alone to exhibit a species of profligacy not only capable of being conquered by the higher energy which made the prince chivalrously brave and daring, but absolutely akin to that higher energy. This was to be effected, not only by the peculiar qualities of the prince’s own mind, but by the still more peculiar qualities of his associates. As the prince of Shakspeare, while he

“Daff’d the world aside, and let it pass,”

never ceased to feel, in the depths of his nobler nature, “thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us,”—so he never could have been surrounded by the “Ned” and “Tom” of the old play, who must have extinguished all thoughts of “the wise,” and have produced irredeemable “dishonour.” Falstaff, the “unimitated, unimitable Falstaff,” was the poetical creation that was absolutely necessary to the conduct of the great dramatic action,—the natural transformation of “the madcap prince of Wales” into King Henry V. So, indeed, were all the satellites which revolve round Falstaff, sharing and reflecting his light. It is the perfect characterisation of this drama which makes the incidents consistent: the characters cannot live apart from the incidents; the incidents cannot move on without the characters. If we attempt to unravel the characters, and the complicated character of Falstaff especially, without reference to the incidents, we are speedily in a labyrinth. The vulgar notion of Falstaff, for example, is the stage notion. Mrs. Inchbald truly remarks, “To many spectators, all Falstaff’s humour is comprised in his unwieldy person.” But the same lady adopts an equally vulgar stage generalization, and calls him the “cowardly Falstaff.” The “wit” of Falstaff, though slightly received into the stage con-

ception of the character, is a very vague notion compared with the bulk and the cowardice of Falstaff. Mrs. Inchbald (we are quoting from her prefaces to the acted plays) says, "The reader who is *too refined* to laugh at the wit of Sir John, must yet enjoy Hotspur's picture of a coxcomb." The refinement of the players is even more sensitive; for they altogether leave out in the representation the scene where Falstaff and the prince alternately stand for the King and Harry—a scene to which nothing of comic that ever was written, except, perhaps, a passage or two in Cervantes, can at all approach. The players, however, are consistent. Their intolerance of poetry and of wit are equal. Not a line do they keep of the matchless first scene of the third act, than which Shakspeare never wrote anything more spirited, more individualised, more harmonious. But we are digressing. Falstaff, then, we see in the rude general conception of his character is fat, cowardly, and somewhat witty. The players always double and quadruple the author's notion of his fat and his cowardice; and they kindly allow us a modicum of his wit. To be fat and to be cowardly, and even to have some wit, would go far to make an excellent *butt* for a wild young prince; but they would not make a Falstaff. These qualities would be, to such a prince as Shakspeare has conceived, little better than Bardolph's nose, or the Drawer's "Anon, anon, sir." To understand Falstaff, however, we must take him scene by scene, and incident by incident; we must study his character in its development by the incidents. "Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon." Here is the *sensualist* introduced to us. We have here a vista of "the halfpennyworth of bread to the intolerable deal of sack." But if we look closely, we shall see that the prince is exaggerating; and that Falstaff humours the exaggeration. It is Falstaff's cue to heighten all his own infirmities and frailties. "Men of all sorts," he says, "take a pride to gird at me." But he has himself a pride in the pride which they take:—"The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men." How immediately Falstaff turns the prince from bantering to a position in which he has to deal with an antagonist. The thrusts of wit are exchanged like the bouts of a fencing-match. The sensualist, we see, has a prodigious *activity of intellect*; and he at once passes out of the slough of vulgar sensuality. But the man of wit is also a *man of action*. He is ready

for “purse-taking;”—’t is his “vocation.” Is not this again meant to be an exaggeration? The “night’s exploit on Gadshill” was the single violence, as far as we know, of Falstaff as well as of the prince. His “vocation” was that of a soldier. It is as a soldier that we for the most part see him throughout this drama—a soldier having charge and authority. But in the days of Henry IV., and long after, the “vocation” of a soldier was that of a plunderer, and “purse-taking” was an object not altogether unfamiliar to Falstaff’s professional vision. That Shakspeare ever meant to paint him as an habitual thief, or a companion of thieves, is, in our view, one of those absurdities which has grown up out of stage exaggeration. The prince and Poins are equally obnoxious to the charge. And yet, although Poins, the intimate of the prince, proposes to them, “My lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o’clock early at Gadshill,” the prince refuses to go till Poins shows him that he hath “a jest to execute.” The prince, in the soliloquy which is intended to keep him right with those who look forward to the future king, does not talk of Falstaff and Poins as of utterly base companions:—

“I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok’d humour of *your idleness*.”

He saw, in Falstaff and Poins, the same “idleness” which was in himself—the idleness of preferring the passing pleasure, whether of sensual gratification, or of mental excitement without an adequate end—which led him to their society. His resolution to forsake the “idleness” was a very feeble one. He would for “awhile uphold” it.

The prince is looking forward to the “virtue of the jest” that will follow the adventure on Gadshill. The once proud allies, but now haughty rivals, of his father are, at the same time, bearding that father in his palace. Worcester is dismissed, for his “presence is too bold and peremptory.” Hotspur defends the denial of his prisoners, in that most characteristic speech which reveals his rough and passionate spirit. All the strength of his nature,—the elevation without refinement,—the force of will rising into poetry even by its own chafings,—are fully brought out in the rapid movement of this scene. Never was the sublimity of an over-mastering passion more consummately displayed. No disjointed ravings, no callings upon the gods, no clenchings of the fist or tearings of the hair, no threats without a purpose,—none of the commonplaces which make up the staple of ordinary tragedy; but the uncontrol-

lable rush of an energetic mind, abandoning itself from a sense of injury to impulses impossible to be guided by will or circumstance, and which finally sweeps into its own torrent all the feeble barriers of prudence which inferior natures would oppose to it. It runs its course like a mad blood horse; and every attempt to put on the bridle produces a new impatience. Exhaustion at last comes, and then how complete is the exhaustion!—"I have done in sooth;"—a word or two of question, a word or two of assent, to the calm proposals of Worcester;—and the passion of talk is ready to become the passion of action. We may now understand what Shakspeare meant by approximating the ages of Hotspur and Henry of Monmouth. Let us make Hotspur forty-five years of age, and Henry sixteen, as the literalists would have it, and the whole dramatic structure crumbles into dust. Under the poet's hand we see that Hotspur is the good destiny of the young Henry; that his higher qualities are to fire the prince's ambition; that his rashness is to lead to the prince's triumph. Eastcheap is Hal's holiday scene; but the field of Shrewsbury will be Harry's working-place.

All the minor characters and situations of this drama are wonderfully wrought up. The inn-yard at Rochester is one of those little pictures which live for ever in the memory, because they are thoroughly true to nature. Who that has read this scene, and has looked out upon the darkness of a winter morning, has not thought of "Charles' wain over the new chimney"? Who has not speculated upon the grief of the man with one idea, of Robin ostler, who "never joyed since the price of oats rose"? We see not the "franklin from the wild of Kent, who hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold;" but we form a notion of that sturdy and portly English yeoman. The "eggs and butter" which the travellers have at breakfast even interest us. This is the art by which a fiction becomes a reality,—the art of a Defoe, as well as of a Shakspeare. But all this is but a preparation for the exploit of Gadshill. We hardly know what limits there are to the comedy of humour, but it seems impossible to go beyond *this*. *Practical wit* is here carried as far as it can well go. There are other scenes in this play where the sense of the comic is brought from a deeper region of the heart;—but there are none more laughter-provoking. The helplessness of Falstaff, without his horse, is in itself a humorous situation; but how doubly rich does the humour become by the contrast of his nimbleness of mind with his heaviness of body! His soliloquies are always rich, but they are especially so in connexion with the odd situations out of which they grow.

Here his own sense of the ludicrousness of his position carries off the ill humour which he feels at those who have placed him in it. "Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down?" And then how characteristic is his abuse of his tormentors!—"An I have not ballads made upon you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison." In the very act of the robbery, Falstaff's habit of laughing at himself is as predominant as when he is making fun for the prince: "Hang ye, *gorbellied* knaves; are ye undone? No, ye *fat* chuffs; I would your store were here! On, *bacons*, on! What, ye knaves, *young men* must live." The robbery is complete. "The thieves have bound the true men." The prince and Poins rob the thieves:—

"Each takes his fellow for an officer."

The question here arises whether Falstaff, thus discomfited, was meant by Shakspeare for a coward. A long essay, and a very able one, has been written to prove that Falstaff was not a coward.* This essay, which was originally published in 1777, is, considering the time at which it appeared, a remarkable specimen of genial criticism upon Shakspeare. The author then stood almost alone in the endeavour to understand the poet in his admiration of him. It would be beside our purpose to furnish any analysis of this essay; and indeed this one disputed point of Falstaff's character is made to assume a disproportionate importance by being the subject of an elaborate defence. Mackenzie, in 'The Lounger,' appears to us to have put the point very neatly: "Though I will not go so far as a paradoxical critic has done, and ascribe valour to Falstaff; yet, if his cowardice is fairly examined, it will be found to be not so much a weakness as a principle. In his very cowardice there is much of the sagacity I have remarked in him; he has the sense of danger, but not the discomposure of fear."

The interval between the double robbery and the fun which is to result from it carries us back to Hotspur. We are admitted to a glimpse of the dangers which begin to surround him; the falling off of friends,—the confidence that rises over difficulties, even to the point of rashness. But we have a new interest in Hotspur. He has a wife,—one of those women that Shakspeare only has painted;—timid, restless, affectionate, playful, submissive,—a lovely woodbine hanging on the mighty oak. The indifference of Hotspur to every thought but the one dominant idea is beautifully wrought

* 'An Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff.' By Maurice Morgaun, Esq.

out in this little scene; and the whole carries on the action unobtrusively, but decidedly: it has the combined beauty of repose and movement. To those who cannot see the connexion of the action, in Hotspur and his wife at Warkworth, and the prince and Falstaff at Eastcheap, we would commend M. Paul Duport.

Shakspeare has opened to us a secret, in the scene between the prince and the drawer. "This scene," says Johnson, "helped by the distraction of the drawer and the grimaces of the prince, may entertain upon the stage, but affords not much delight to the reader. The author has judiciously made it short." The scene, as we apprehend, was introduced by Shakspeare to show the quality of the prince's wit when unsustained by that of Falstaff. The prince goes to this boy-play with the drawer, "to drive away the time till Falstaff come." With Poins, who is a cold, gentlemanly hanger-on, the prince has no exuberance; he is playful, smart, voluble, but not witty. Falstaff is necessary to him to call out the higher qualities of his intellect. He fancies that he is laughing at Falstaff; while, in truth, the sagacity, the readiness, the presence of mind, the covert sarcasm, the unrestrained impudence, and the crowning wit of that extraordinary humorist, at once rouse the prince's mind into a state of activity which, in itself, would be pleasurable, but is doubly fascinating in connexion with the self-complacency which tells him that the man who thus stimulates him has a thousand prominent points to be ridiculed, and that the subject of the ridicule will be the first to enjoy the jest. It would be vain for us to attempt any dissection of the great scene which follows. We would, however, observe that, to our minds, "the incomprehensible lies" which Falstaff tells,—the "two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack,"—the "two rogues in buckram suits,"—the four, the seven, the nine, the eleven,—the "three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green,"—are lies that are intended to be received as lies,—an incoherent exaggeration for the purpose of drawing out the real facts. The unconquerable good humour and elation of spirit which Falstaff displays throughout the whole scene show as if he had a glimpse or a shrewd suspicion of the truth. But in the midst of the revelry, the "villainous news abroad" penetrates even to the Boar's Head. Yet the fun never stops; and Falstaff is desirous to "play out the play," even when the sheriff is at the door. When the sheriff demands the "gross fat man," whom the "hue and cry hath followed," the prince replies,

"The man, I do assure you, is not here."

Falstaff was behind the arras. We do not go along with Steevens,

who says, "Every reader must regret that Shakspeare *would not give himself the trouble* to furnish Prince Henry with some more pardonable excuse, without obliging him to have recourse to an absolute falsehood, and that too uttered under the sanction of so strong an assurance." We do not agree with Steevens, because, in our belief, it was Shakspeare's intention to show that the prince could not come out of these scenes without a moral contamination. The lie was an inevitable consequence of the participation in the robbery. The money might be restored, but the accomplice must be protected.

Is it by accident that we are now to pass from the region of the highest wit into the region of the highest poetry? Brilliant as the scenes at the Boar's Head are, they leave an unsatisfactory impression upon the moral sense; and they are meant to do so. The character of Falstaff is essentially anti-poetical. It may appear a truism to say this,—and yet he has fancy enough for a large component part of a poet. His wit is for the most part a succession of images; but his imagination sees only the ludicrous aspect of things, and thus the images are all of the earth—they cannot go out of our finite nature. Thus it is that when in company with Falstaff the prince exhibits no one particle of that enthusiasm which goes to form the chivalrous portion of his after-character. Up to this point, then, his nature appears essentially less elevated than the natures of his enemies. Hotspur is a being of lofty passions—Glendower one of wild and mysterious imaginations. How singularly are their characters developed in the scene at Bangor! The solemn credulity of the reputed magician,—the sarcastic unbelief of the impatient warrior,—are equally indications of men in earnest. Harry of Monmouth up to this time has been playing a part. Excellently as he has played it, he was still only the second actor; for Falstaff beats him out and out, through the rich geniality of his temperament. Falstaff at this time approaches much nearer to the earnestness of Glendower than Harry does to the exaltation of Hotspur. When Falstaff exclaims "Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world," we feel that he is as sincere as Glendower when he says,

"I say, the earth did shake when I was born."

But the poetical elevation of the scene at Bangor is a fit introduction also to the new situation in which we shall see the prince. It is skilfully interposed between the revels at the Boar's Head and the penitential interview of Henry with his father. The players, discarding this poetical scene, allow us no resting-place between the debauch and the repentance. In the "private conference" be-

tween Henry IV. and his son, the character of Bolingbroke is sustained with what we may truly call historical accuracy. The solemn dignity of the offended father, displaying itself in the very structure of the verse—

“ I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me :”—

the calm and calculating prudence with which the king runs over the successful passages of his own history—the example that he holds up to his son's ambition, of Percy, who

“ ——— doth fill fields with harness in the realm :”—

the striking picture of the dangers with which his throne is surrounded—and the final most bitter reproof—

“ Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy ?”—

all this exhibits the masterly politician, but it does not show us the deep passion of the father; nor does it hold up to the prince the highest motives for a change of life. The answer of the prince partakes somewhat of his father's policy. He is not moved to any deep and agonizing remorse; he extenuates the offences that are laid to his charge; his ambition, indeed, is roused, and he proposes to “salve the long grown wounds” of his “intemperance” by redeeming “all on Percy's head.” The king is more than satisfied. The change of character of the prince was in progress, but not in completion. It was for the old chroniclers to talk of his miraculous conversion; it was for Shakspeare to show the gradations of its course.

The character of Falstaff is developing; but it is not improving. His sensuality puts on a grosser aspect when he is alone with Bardolph his satellite. We see, too, that, if his vocation be not absolutely to “taking purses,” his principles do not stand in the way of his success. When the Hostess asks him for money that he owes, he insults her. When the prince tells him he is good friends with his father, “Rob me the exchequer, the first thing thou doest,” is the inopportune answer. The prince replies not. He is evidently in a more sober vein. Falstaff, however, has “a charge of foot,” and the alacrity which he shows is quite evidence enough that Shakspeare had no intention to make him a constitutional coward. The prince and he are going to the same battle-field. They may exchange a passing jest or two, but the ties of intimate

connexion between them seem somewhat loosened. The higher portions of the prince's nature are expanding ;—the grosser qualities of Falstaff are coming more and more into view. Shakspeare seldom attempts to add anything by the descriptions of others to the power which his characters have of developing themselves ; but in this case it was necessary to present a distinct image to the spectator of the altered Harry of the Boar's Head, before he came himself upon another scene. The description of Vernon—

“ I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship ;”—

this fine description is the preparation for the gallant bearing of the prince in the fifth act.

The historical action of ‘The First Part of Henry IV.’ is the first insurrection of the Percies, which was put down by the battle of Shrewsbury. These events are the inevitable consequence of the circumstances which attended the deposition of Richard II. Bolingbroke mounted the throne by the treachery of Richard's friends ; his partisans were too great to remain merely partisans :—

“ King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness.”

The struggles for power which followed the destruction of the legitimate power have been here painted by Shakspeare with that marvellous impartiality of which we have already spoken in the Notice upon ‘Richard II.’ Our sympathies would be almost wholly with Hotspur and his friends had not the poet raised up a new interest in the chivalrous bearing of Henry of Monmouth, to balance the noble character of the young Percy. The prudence and moderation of the king, accompanied, too, with high courage, still further divide the interest ;—and the guilt of Worcester, in falsifying the issue of his mission, completes this division, and carries out the great political purpose of the poet, which was to show how, if a nation's internal peace be once broken, the prosperity and happiness of millions are put at the mercy of the weakness and the wickedness of the higher agents, who call themselves the interpreters of a nation's voice. Personal fear and personal ambition are, in all such cases, substituted for the public principles upon which the

leaders on either side profess to act. Shakspeare shows us in these scenes the hollowness of all motives but those which result from high principles or impulses. Rash, proud, ambitious, prodigal of blood, as Hotspur is, we feel that there is not an atom of meanness in *his* composition,—and that his ambition is even virtue under a system of opinion that makes “the hero” out of those qualities which have inflicted most suffering upon humanity. When he exclaims—

“ Let them come ;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey’d maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them :
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood !” —

our spirit is moved “ as with a trumpet.” He would carry us away with him, were it not for the milder courage of young Harry—the courage of principle and of mercy. Frank, liberal, prudent, gentle, but yet brave as Hotspur himself, the prince shows us that, even in his wildest excesses, he has drunk deeply of the fountains of truth and wisdom. The wisdom of the king is that of a cold and subtle politician ;—Hotspur seems to stand out from his followers as the haughty feudal lord, too proud to have listened to any teacher but his own will ;—but the prince, in casting away the dignity of his station to commune freely with his fellow-men, has attained that strength which is above all conventional power ; his virtues as well as his frailties belong to our common humanity—the virtues capable, therefore, of the highest elevation,—the frailties not pampered into crimes by the artificial incentives of social position. His challenge to Hotspur exhibits all the attributes of the gentleman as well as the hero—mercy, sincerity, modesty, courage :—

“ In both our armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy : By my hopes,—
This present enterprise set off his head,—
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry ;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too :
Yet this before my father’s majesty,—
I am content that he shall take the odds

Of his great name and estimation;
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight."

Could the prince have reached this height amidst the cold formalities of his father's court? We think that Shakspeare meant distinctly to show that Henry of Monmouth, when he "sounded the very base-string of humility," gathered out of his dangerous experience that spirit of sympathy with human actions and motives from which a sovereign is almost necessarily excluded; and thus the prince himself believes that "in everything the purpose must weigh with the folly." In the march from Harfleur to Agincourt, the Henry V. of Shakspeare says, "When lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner." Where did he learn this? Was it in the same school where his brother, John of Lancaster, learnt the cold treachery which the poet and the historian have both exhibited in his conduct to Scroop, and Mowbray, and Hastings? Henry of Monmouth, when he supposes Falstaff dead, drops a tear over him:—

"What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity."

Henry here shows the restraint which he had really put upon himself in his wildest levities;—but he feels as a man the supposed loss of his "old acquaintance:" John of Lancaster, on the other hand, has no frailties,—but he has no sympathies. Falstaff hits off his character in a word or two: "A man cannot make him laugh."

Thus far have we shown the unity of purpose with which Shakspeare, in tracing the course of the civil troubles which followed the usurpation of Henry IV., has exhibited the process by which the character of Henry V. was established. The "mad wag" of Gads-hill is the hero of the field of Shrewsbury:—

"Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion."

The Percy lies at his feet. He looks upon his adversary dead, with the same gentle and chivalrous spirit as he manifested towards him living:—

"Fare thee well, great heart!"

It is in the same spirit that he deals with "the noble Scot:"—

"Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:

His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries."

The *Second Part* of this drama is bound up with the First, through the most skilful management of the poet. Each part was, of course, acted as a distinct play in Shakspeare's time. In our own day the *Second Part* is very seldom produced; but when it is, the players destroy the connecting link, by suppressing one of the finest scenes which Shakspeare ever wrote—the scene between Northumberland, Lord Bardolph, and Morton, at Warkworth Castle. Colley Cibber, however, wrenched the scene out of its place; and, cutting it up into a dozen bits, stuck it here and there throughout his alteration of 'Richard III.' Many false Cremonas are thus manufactured out of one real one; and the musical dupe is contented with the neck, or the sounding-board, of the true fiddle, while the knave who has broken it up has destroyed the one thing which constituted its highest value—the perfect adaptation of all its parts. Let this outrage upon Shakspeare, however, pass. We live in a time when it cannot be repeated. The connecting scene between the First and Second Parts brings us back to the Northumberland of 'Richard II.' We have scarcely seen him in 'The First Part of Henry IV.'—but here we are made to feel that the retribution which awaited his treacherous and selfish actions has arrived. He betrayed Richard to Bolingbroke—he insulted the unhappy king in his hour of misery—he incited his son and his brother to revolt from Henry, and then deserted them in their need. We feel, then, that the misery which produces his "strained passion" is a just visitation:—

"Now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!
And let the world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!"

His cold and selfish policy destroyed his son at Shrewsbury, and he endures to be reproached for it by that son's widow:—

"The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain."

He again yields to his own fears, even more than to the entreaties of his wife and daughter, and once more waits for "time and 'van-

tage." His eventful fall, therefore, moves no pity; and we feel that the poet properly dismisses him and his fate in three lines:—

"The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown."

The conspirators against Henry IV., who are now upon the scene, are far less interesting than those of the former Part. We have no character that can at all compare with Hotspur, or Glendower, or Douglas. Hastings has, indeed, the rashness of Hotspur, but without his fire and brilliancy; the Archbishop is dignified and sententious; Lord Bardolph sensible and prudent. Neither the characters nor the incidents afford any scope for the highest poetry. The finest thing in the scenes where the conspirators appear is the speech of the Archbishop:—

"An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart."

To the conspirators are opposed John of Lancaster and Westmoreland. In the scene where these leaders (fitting representatives, indeed, of the cruel and treacherous times which we call the days of chivalry) tempt Hastings, and Mowbray, and the Archbishop, to disband their forces, and then arrest them for treason, Shakspeare has contrived to make us hate the act and the actors with an intensity which is the natural result of his *dramatic* power. Johnson, however, says, "It cannot but raise some indignation to find this horrid violation of faith passed over thus slightly by the poet, without any note of censure or detestation." Malone agrees in this complaint: "Shakspeare, here, as in many other places, has merely followed the historians, who related this perfidious act without animadversion. . . . But there is certainly no excuse; for it is the duty of a poet always to take the side of virtue." Holinshed, in a marginal note, describes this treachery as "The subtill policie of the Earle of Westmerland." Now, we quite admit that it was the duty of the historian to call this "subtill policie" by some much harder name; but we utterly deny that it was the duty of the poet to introduce a fine declamation about virtue and honour, such as Johnson himself would have introduced,

"To please the boys, and be a theme at school."

Shakspeare has made it perfectly evident that the treachery by which the Archbishop and his friends were sacrificed, was deliberately arranged by Prince John and Westmoreland. When the young general is becoming violent with Hastings, Westmoreland most

artfully reminds him that all this is waste of time—that they have something in store more effective than reproaches:—

“Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?”

The crafty prince answers to his cue without hesitation:—

“I like them all, and do allow them well;”

and he follows up the promise of redress by

“here, between the armies,
Let’s drink together friendly, and embrace.”

To this duplicity are opposed the frankness of Hastings and the wisdom of the Archbishop:—

“A peace is of the nature of a conquest :
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.”

In full contrast to the confiding honesty of these men stands out the dirty equivocation of Prince John:—

“*Arch.* Will you thus break your faith?
“*P. John.* I pawn’d thee none :
I promis’d you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain.”

Is there anything more wanting to make us detest “this horrid violation of faith?” One thing, which the poet has given us,—the cruelty which follows the perfidy:—

“Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter’d stray.”

To our minds, after this *dramatic* picture, we can well dispense with any *didactic* explanations. The simple question of Mowbray (which is evaded)—

“Is this proceeding just and honourable?”—

is quite enough to show the dullest that the poet did “take the side of virtue.”

The scene, in the first act of the Second Part, between Falstaff and the Lord Chief Justice, takes us back to the field of Shrewsbury:—

“*Attendant.* Falstaff, an’t please your lordship.
“*Ch. Justice.* He that was in question for the robbery?
“*Attendant.* He, my lord : but he hath since done good service
at Shrewsbury ; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge
to the lord John of Lancaster.”

We have seen Falstaff, in his progress to that battle-field, an unscrupulous extortioner, degrading his public authority by making

it the instrument for his private purposes: "I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds." We have seen his deportment in the battle: "I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered:"—this is not cowardice. We have seen him in the heat of the fight jesting and dallying with his bottle of sack:—this is not cowardice. Himself is his best expositor: "I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: Give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end." Again: "The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life." What is this but the absence of that higher quality of the mind, be it a principle or a feeling, which constitutes the heroic character—the poetry of action? We find the absence of this quality in Iago, as well as in Falstaff. Look at his reply to Cassio's lament: "I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation." "As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition." This is perfectly equivalent to Falstaff's "Can honour set to a leg? . . . Honour is a mere scutcheon." Falstaff's assault, too, upon the dead Percy is exactly in the same spirit, and so are the lie and the boast which follow the exploit: "I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword." Shakspeare has drawn a liar, a braggart, and a coward in Parolles.* He has also in the play before us, and in 'Henry V.,' given us Pistol, a braggart and a coward. But how essentially different are both these characters from Falstaff! And yet Johnson, with a singular want of discrimination in one who relished Falstaff so highly, says "Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falstaff." Helena, in 'All's Well that Ends Well,' thus truly describes Parolles:—

"I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward."

Parolles is a braggadocio who puts himself into a difficulty by undertaking an adventure for which he has not the requisite courage, and then in his double cowardice endeavours to lie himself out of the scrape. How entirely different is this from Falstaff! He volunteers no prodigious feat from which he shrinks. He exercises his accustomed sagacity to make the most of his situation by the

* All's Well that Ends Well.

side of the dead Percy : “ Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me ;” and when the lie is told,—“ We rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock,”—it is precisely of the same character as the “ incomprehensible lies” about the men in buckram ;—something that the utterer and the hearers cannot exactly distinguish for jest or earnest. The prince thus receives the story :—

“ This is the strangest fellow, brother John.”

Again, look at Pistol swallowing the leek, in ‘ Henry V.,’ and Pistol kicked down stairs by Falstaff, in this play,—and note the difference between “ a counterfeit cowardly knave” and Falstaff. The truth is, all these generalities about Falstaff, and false comparisons arising out of the generalities, are popular mistakes too hastily received into criticism. There is infinitely more truth in Mackenzie’s parallel between Falstaff and Richard III. than in Johnson’s comparison of Falstaff with Parolles. “ Both,” says Mackenzie, “ are men of the world ; both possess that sagacity and understanding which is fitted for its purposes ; both despise those refined feelings, those motives of delicacy, those restraints of virtue, which might obstruct the course they have marked out for themselves. . . . Both use the weaknesses of others, as skilful players at a game do the ignorance of their opponents ; they enjoy the advantage, not only without self-reproach, but with the pride of superiority. . . . Indeed, so much does Richard in the higher walk of villainy resemble Falstaff in the lower region of roguery and dissipation, that it were not difficult to show, in the dialogue of the two characters, however dissimilar in situation, many passages and expressions in a style of remarkable resemblance.”* Mackenzie has given us no example of the remarkable resemblance of passages and expressions ; and, indeed, after a careful comparison, we doubt whether such resemblances of “ expression ” do exist. But what is more to the purpose, and more in confirmation of Mackenzie’s theory, Falstaff and Richard, throughout their career, display the same “ alacrity of spirit,” the same “ cheer of mind,” the same readiness in meeting difficulties, the same determination to surmount them. One parallel, and that a very remarkable one, will sufficiently illustrate this. The first scene between the Lord Chief Justice and Falstaff,—that scene of matchless impudence and self-reliance,—and the scene where Richard evades Buckingham’s claim to the earldom of Hereford,

* *Lounger*, No. 69.

are as similar as the difference of circumstances will allow them to be. We give the parallel passages :—

FALSTAFF.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—Give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. If it please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty:—You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy; a sleeping of the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you."

RICHARD III.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,

For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;

The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables, Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the sixth

Did prophesy that Richmond should be king, When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king!—perhaps—

Buck. My lord—

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,

The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle, And called it—Rouge-mont: at which name I started;

Because a bard of Ireland told me once,

I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind

Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike."

Falstaff again not unfrequently reminds us of Iago. We have already noticed this resemblance in one particular. The humorous rogue and the sarcastic villain are equally unscrupulous in their attacks upon the property of others. Falstaff making the Hostess withdraw the action and lend him more money, and Iago's advice to Roderigo, "Put money in thy purse," supply an obvious example. Falstaff, in his schemes upon Justice Shallow, hugs himself in the very philosophy of roguery: "If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him." Iago thinks it would be a disgrace to his own intellectual superiority if he did not plunder his dupe:—

"Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:

For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,

If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit."

Falstaff, however, is not all knave, as Richard and Iago are each all villain. Richard and Iago are creatures of antipathies; Falstaff is a creature of sympathies. There is something genial even in his knavery. With Dame Quickly and Doll, with Bardolph and the Page, his good humour is irresistible: his followers evidently love him. The Hostess speaks their thoughts:—"Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years come peascod-time; but an honest and truer-hearted man—Well, fare thee well." He extracts Shallow's money from his purse as much by his sociality as his cunning. Even the grave Lord Chief Justice is half moved to laugh at him and with him. We have already spoken of the fascination which he exercised over the mind of the prince; and even when Harry is in many respects a changed man—when he has shown us the heroic side of his character—we still learn that he has been "so much engrafted to Falstaff." The dominion which he exercised over all his associates he exercises over every reader of Shakspeare. We are never weary of him; we can never hate him; we doubt if we can despise him; we are half angry with the prince for casting him off; we are quite sure that there was no occasion to send him to the Fleet; when we hear, in 'Henry V.,' that the "king has killed his heart," we are certain that, with all his selfishness, there were many kind and loving feelings about that heart, which neglect and desertion would deeply touch; and when at last we see him, in poor Dame Quickly's description of his deathbed, "fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends," we involuntarily exclaim, "Poor Jack, farewell."

We must now recall the attention of our readers to the principle with which we set out,—that the great dramatic action of these plays is the change of character in the Prince of Wales. In the First Part we have seen his levities cast away, when his ambition called upon him to answer the reproofs of his father by heroic actions:—

"And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your sou."

Years pass on after the battle of Shrewsbury; and the prince has not entirely cast aside his habits. The duty of meeting the insurrection under Scroop is not committed to him. We find him in London, playing the fool with the time, but yet "sad," looking forward to higher things; "let the end try the man." His sense

of duty is, however, roused into instant action at the news from the north :—

“ By Heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south,
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak :—Falstaff, good night.”

The prince and Falstaff never again meet in fellowship. Falstaff goes to the wars; and he throws a spirit into those scenes of treachery and bloodshed which we look for in vain amidst the policy of Westmoreland and the solemnity of John of Lancaster. In Falstaff and his recruits we see the under-current of all warfare—the things of common life that are mixed up with great and fearful events—the ludicrous by the side of the tragic. The scene of Falstaff choosing his recruits—the corruption of Bardolph—the defence of that corruption by his most impudent captain—the amazement of the justices—the different tempers with which the recruits meet their lot—furnish altogether one of the richest realities of this unequalled drama. We here see how war, and especially civil war, presses upon the comforts even of the lowliest: “ My old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry.” Is he who won the crown by civil tumult, and who wears it uneasily as the consequence of his usurpation—is he happier than the peasant who is dragged from his hut to fight in a cause which he neither cares for nor understands? Beautifully has Shakspeare shown us what happiness Bolingbroke gained by the deposition of Richard :—

“ How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature’s soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?”

Henry is a politic and wise king; but he is a melancholy man. The conduct of the prince still lies heavy at his heart, and his grief

“ Stretches itself beyond the hour of death,”

in dread of the “ rotten times ” that would ensue when the prince’s riot hath no curb. The king too is “ much ill ;”

“ The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.”

We are approaching that final scene when the reformation of the

prince is to be fully accomplished in the spectacle of his father's deathbed. The king has swooned. The prince enters gaily :—

“How now ! rain within doors, and none abroad !
How doth the king ?”

But his gaiety is presently subdued :—

“I will sit and watch here by the king.”

The French critic (a very unfit representative of the present state of opinion in France as to the merits of Shakspeare) gives us the following most egregious description of the scene which follows :—“The king wakes. He calls out—misses his crown—commands the prince to come to him—and overwhelms him with reproaches for that impatience to seize upon his inheritance which will not wait even till his father's body is cold. Henry, *with an hypocrisy worse than the action which he would defend*, pretends only to have taken away the crown through indignation that it had shortened the days of his father !” This is to read poetry in a literal spirit. We commend the fourth scene of the fourth act (Part II.) to our readers, without another remark that may weaken the force of M. Paul Duport's objections.

Through that great trial which has for awhile softened and purified the hearts of most men—the death of a father—has Henry passed. But he has also put on the state of a king. He has done so amidst the remembrances and fears of his brothers and advisers :—

“You all look strangely on me.”

The scene with the Lord Chief Justice ensues,—written with all Shakspeare's rhetorical power. Henry has solemnly taken up his position :—

“The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now :
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea.”

It is in this solemn assurance, publicly made upon the first occasion of meeting his subjects, that we must rest the absolute and inevitable necessity of Henry's harshness to Falstaff. The poet has most skilfully contrived to bring out the worst parts of Falstaff's character when he learns the death of Henry IV.—his presumption—his rapacity—his evil determinations : “Let us take any man's horses ;—the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends ; and woe to my lord chief justice.” When he plants himself in the way of the coronation procession to “leer” upon the king—when he exclaims “God save thy grace, king Hal,”—Henry was compelled to assert his

consistency by his severity. Warburton has truly observed that, in his homily to Falstaff, Henry makes a trip, and is sliding into his old habit of laughing at Falstaff's bulk :—

“ know, the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.”

He saw the rising smile, and the smothered retort, upon Falstaff's lip,—and he checks him with

“ Reply not to me with a fool-born jest ;
Presume not that I am the thing I was.”

The very struggle, in this moment of trial, which the king had between his old habits and affections and his new duties, demands this harshness. We understand from Prince John that, though Falstaff is taken to the Fleet, he is not to be utterly deserted :—

“ He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for ;
But all are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.”

The dramatic action is complete. Henry of Monmouth has passed through the dangerous trial of learning the great lessons of humanity amidst men with whom his follies made him an equal. The stains of this contact were on the surface. His heart was first elevated by ambition—then purified by sorrow—and so

“ Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him.”



KING HENRY V.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY V.

DUKE OF GLOSTER, }
DUKE OF BEDFORD, } *brothers to the King.*

DUKE OF EXETER, *uncle to the King.*

DUKE OF YORK, *cousin to the King.*

EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

BISHOP OF ELY.

EARL OF CAMBRIDGE, }
LORD SCROOP, } *conspirators against the King.*
SIR THOMAS GREY, }

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS,
JAMY, *officers in King Henry's army.*

BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, *soldiers in the same.*

NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *formerly servants to Falstaff, now
soldiers in the same.*

Boy, *servant to them.* A Herald. Chorus.

CHARLES VI., *King of France.*

LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*

DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.

The Constable of France.

RAMBURES and GRANDPRÉ, *French lords.*

Governor of Harfleur.

MONTJOY, *a French herald.*

Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, *Queen of France.*

KATHARINE, *daughter of Charles and Isabel.*

ALICE, *a lady attending on the Princess Katharine.*

QUICKLY, *Pistol's wife, an hostess.*

*Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers,
Messengers, and Attendants.*



[Henry V. and his Court.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF KING HENRY V.

‘HENRY V.’ was first printed in 1600, under the following title:—
 ‘The Chronicle History of Henry the Fifth, with his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with auntient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times played by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. London: printed by Thomas Creede for Thomas Millington and John Busby.’ This copy, which differs most materially from the text of the folio, was reprinted in 1602, and again in 1608.

We have pointed out, in our foot-notes, the more important additions which the folio copy contains, as compared with the quartos. The quarto of 1600 runs only to 1800 lines; whilst the lines in the folio edition amount to 3500. Not only is the play thus augmented by the additions of the choruses and new scenes, but there is scarcely a speech, from the first scene to the last, which is not elaborated. In this elaboration the old materials are very carefully used up; but they are so thoroughly refitted and dovetailed with what is new, that the operation can only be compared to the work of a skilful architect, who, having an ancient mansion to enlarge and beautify, with a strict regard to its original character, pre-

serves every feature of the structure, under other combinations, with such marvellous skill, that no unity of principle is violated, and the whole has the effect of a restoration in which the new and the old are undistinguishable. Unless we were to reprint the original copy page by page with the present text, it would be impossible to convey a satisfactory notion of the exceeding care with which this play has been recast. The alterations are so manifestly those of the author working upon his first sketch, that we are utterly at a loss to conceive upon what principle some of our editorial predecessors have reconciled the differences upon the easy theory of a surreptitious copy. Malone, for example, says,—“The fair inference to be drawn from the imperfect and mutilated copies of this play, published in 1600, 1602, and 1608, is, not that the whole play, as we now have it, did not then exist, but that those copies were surreptitious; and that the editor in 1600, not being able to publish the whole, published what he could.” Again, Malone says, “The quarto copy of this play is manifestly an imperfect transcript procured by some fraud, and not a first draught or hasty sketch of Shakspeare’s. The choruses, which are wanting in it, and which must have been written in 1599, before the quarto was printed, prove this.” Now, to our minds, the choruses and all the other passages not found in the quarto prove precisely the contrary. The theory of Steevens as to the cause of the difference of the two copies is this:—“The elder was, perhaps, taken down, during the representation, by the contrivance of some bookseller, who was in haste to publish it; or it might, with equal probability, have been collected from the repetitions of actors invited to a tavern for that purpose. . . . The second and more ample edition (in the folio, 1623) may be that which regularly belonged to the playhouse.” Admitting this theory to be correct (and it is certainly neither improbable nor impossible), why, we would ask, could not we have had from the copy of the amanuensis, or the recitation of the actor, something of the choruses, however mutilated and imperfect? but of these the quarto copies present us not a line. Why not, also, the first scene between the two bishops; the scene between Macmorris and Jamy; the speech of Henry before Harfleur; and his solemn address after the interview with the soldiers,—of which the quartos present us not a line? It would have been quite as easy for the bookseller’s man to have taken down, or the player at the tavern to have recited, these parts of the play, as those which the quartos do present to us. Why, upon such a theory, was the editor not able to publish the whole, and published only what he could?

A passage in the chorus to the fifth act proves, beyond doubt, that the choruses formed a part of the performance in 1599; but this does not prove that there was not an earlier performance without the choruses. The first quarto was printed in 1600, after the choruses were brought upon the stage; but, because they are not found in that first quarto, it is asserted that the copy from which that edition was printed was "not a first draught or hasty sketch." Malone and Steevens appear to us to have fallen into the mistake that a copy could not, at one and the same time, be a piracy and a sketch. According to their theory, if it is procured by fraud it must be an "imperfect transcript." Is it not much more easy to believe that, after a play had been thoroughly remodelled, the original sketch which existed in some playhouse copy might be printed without authority, and continue so to be printed; rather than that an imperfect transcript should be printed, and continue to be printed, in which the most striking and characteristic passages of the play were omitted? But the question of "imperfect transcript" or "hasty sketch" may, to our minds, be at once disposed of by internal evidence. We will take two passages from the very first scene of the quarto of 1608, and print parallel with them the text of the folio. We make no particular selection of these passages; for, open the book where we may, similar examples will present themselves:—

QUARTO OF 1608.

Bishop. God and his angels guard your
sacred throne,
And make you long become it!
King. Sure we thank you: and, good my
lord, proceed
Why the law Salique which they have in
France,
Or should or should not stop in us our claim:
And God forbid, my wise and learned lord,
That you should fashion, frame, or wrest the
same.
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our
person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of war:
We charge you, in the name of God, take
heed.
After this conjuration, speak, my lord:
And we will judge, note, and believe in
heart,
That what you speak is wash'd as pure
As sin in baptism."

FOLIO OF 1623.

Canterbury. God and his angels guard
your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!
K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in
France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your
reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul,
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know, how many, now in
health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to:
Therefore take heed how you impawn our
person;
How you awake the sleeping sword of war;
We charge you, in the name of God, take
heed:
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless
drops

"*King.* Call in the messenger sent from
the dauphin,
And by your aid, the noble sinews of our
land,
France being ours, we'll bring it to our awe,
Or break it all in pieces:
Either our chroniclers shall with full mouth
speak
Freely of our acts, or else like tongueless
mutes,
Not worshipp'd with a paper epitaph."

Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto
the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord;
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience
wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism."

"*K. Hen.* Call in the messengers sent
from the dauphin.
Now are we well resolv'd: and,—by God's
help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,—
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: Or there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample émpery,
O'er France, and all her almost kingly duke-
doms;
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless
mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph."

Can any one doubt that this careful elaboration, involving nice changes of epithets, was the work of the author himself? Would the amanuensis or the reciter have given us some passages so correctly, and altogether omitted others, making substitutions which required him to reconstruct particular lines, so that the rhythm might be preserved? In the prose passages the same process of change and elaboration may be as clearly traced.

Our belief, then, is, that the original quarto of 1600 was printed after the play had appeared in its amended and corrected form, such as we have received it from the folio of 1623; but that this quarto, and the subsequent quartos, were copies of a much shorter play, which had been previously produced, and, perhaps, hastily written for some temporary occasion. We further believe that the text of these quartos was surreptitiously obtained from the early play-house copy; and continued through three editions to be palmed upon the public,—the author and his co-proprietors in the Globe Theatre not choosing, as we shall subsequently show, that the amended copy should be published.

The single passage in the play which furnishes any evidence as to its date is found in the chorus to the fifth act:—

"Were now the general of our gracious empress
(As, in good time, he may) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him!"

The allusion cannot be mistaken. "About the end of March" (1599), says Camden, "the Earl of Essex set forward for Ireland, and was accompanied out of London with a fine appearance of nobility and gentry, and the most cheerful huzzas of the common people." Essex returned to London on the 28th of September of the same year. This play, then, *with the choruses*, must have been performed in the summer of 1599. Without the choruses there is nothing to show that it might not have been performed earlier. Francis Meres, however, does not mention it in his list of 1598. We know, from the epilogue to 'The Second Part of Henry IV.,' that 'Henry V.' followed that play; and we consider that, as it stands in the quartos, it was somewhat hastily written, that the pledge might be redeemed which was given in that epilogue,—
 "Our humble author will continue the story."

The old play of 'The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth,' which we have fully noticed in the Introduction to 'Henry IV.,' presents us with the battle of Agincourt, and some scenes between Henry and Katharine; but, amongst the rude and undramatic dialogues of this play, we can find no passage which offers the slightest resemblance to Shakspeare, excepting the following:—

"*Henry V.* What castle is this, so neer adjoyning to our camp?"

Herald. And it please your majestie,

'T is call'd the castle of Agincourt.

King. Well, then, my lords of England,

For the more honour of our Englishmen,

I will that this be for ever call'd the battle of Agincourt."

In the fifth act of Shakspeare's play Katharine says to Henry, "Is it possible dat I should love the enemy of France?" In 'The Famous Victories' she says, "How should I love thee, which is my father's enemy?"

COSTUME.

THE civil costume of the reign of Henry V. seems to have differed in no very material degree from that of the reigns of Henry IV. and Richard II.

The illuminated MSS. and other authorities of this period present us with the same long and short gowns, each with extravagantly large sleeves, almost trailing on the ground and escalloped at the edges. They are generally at this period, however, painted of a different colour from the body of the garment, and were, probably, separate articles of dress (as we find them in the next century), to

be changed at pleasure. Chaperons with long tippets, tights—hose, and pointed shoes or half-boots.

For the dress of the sovereign himself we have but slender authority. His mutilated effigy in Westminster Abbey represents him in the dalmatic, cope, and mantle of royalty; differing only from those of preceding sovereigns in their lack of all ornaments or embroidery. An illuminated MS. in Bennet College Library, Cambridge, has a representation of Henry seated on his throne (which is powdered with the letter S), not in his robes, although crowned, but in a dress of the time, with a curious girdle and collar. There are two or three portraits of Henry, on wood, in the royal and other collections, each bearing a suspicious likeness to the other, and neither authenticated; although, from one of them, Mr. Vertue copied the head engraved for ‘The History of England,’ and which has been received as the likeness of Henry from that period.

From an anecdote in Monstrelet’s ‘Chronicles’ it would seem that one peculiarity of Henry’s ordinary attire was his attachment to the half-boots we have mentioned as in fashion at this time.

In the old English poem on the siege of Rouen, A.D. 1418, Henry is described as dressed in black damask, with a peytrelle (poitral) of gold hanging about his neck, a rich collar, probably such as he is represented with in the illumination above mentioned, and which might very properly be called a “poitral,” from its similarity to the ornamental piece of horse-furniture so named at this period.

A “pendaunte” is said also to have hung behind him down to the earth, “it was so long:” but whether the author meant by that any ornament of his dress, or a “pennon,” or streamer, carried behind him, is not clear. In favour of the former supposition, however, we find that, a few years later (A.D. 1432), the Lord Mayor of London is described as wearing “a baldrick of gold about his neck, *trailing down behind him*.”

The great characteristic of this reign is the close-cropping of the hair round above the ears, in contradistinction to the fashion of the last century; and the equally close-shaving of the chin—beards being worn only by aged personages, and mustachoes but rarely even by military men: the king is always represented without them.

Of the Dukes of Gloster and Bedford, and the Earl of Warwick, the representations that exist are of a later date; they will be given with the Parts of ‘Henry VI.’

Of the Duke of Exeter (Thomas Beaufort, son of John of Gaunt),

and the Duke of York (the Aumerle of 'Richard II. '), we know no representation.

The Earl of Westmoreland has been already engraved in 'The First Part of King Henry IV.'

In the armour of this period there are many and striking novelties. It was completely of plate. Even the camail, or chain neck-piece, was superseded or covered by the gorget, or hausse col of steel. A fine specimen of the armour of this time exists on the effigy of Michael de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk (who was killed at the siege of Harfleur), in Wingfield Church, Suffolk.



[Michael de la Pole.]

The jupon, with its military girdle, and the loose surcoat of arms, were both occasionally worn; and, in many instances, were furnished with long hanging sleeves, indented at the edges like those of the robes (*vide* our engraving of John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, from his seal in Olivarius Vredius's 'History of the Counts of Flanders,' and of Henry V., from the carvings of an oaken chest in York Cathedral). Sometimes the sleeves only are seen with the armour; and it is then difficult to ascertain whether, in that case, the breast and back plates cover the rest of the gar-

ment, or whether they (the sleeves) are separate articles fastened to the shoulders. Cloaks, with escalloped edges, were also worn with armour at this period (*vide* the figure of Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury). Two circular or shield-shaped plates, called pallettes, were sometimes fastened in front by aiguillettes, so as to protect the armpits (*vide* same figure, and the engraving from an illumination, representing Henry V. being armed by his esquires). St. Remy, a writer who was present at the battle of Agincourt, describes Henry, at break of day, hearing mass in all his armour, excepting that for his head and his cote d'armes (*i. e.* emblazoned surcoat or jupon). After mass had been said they brought him the armour for his head, which was a very handsome bascinet a barriere (query *baviere*?), upon which he had a very rich crown of gold (a description and valuation of "la couronne d'or pur le bacinet," garnished with rubies, sapphires, and pearls, to the amount of 679*l.* 5*s.*, is to be seen in the Rolls of Parliament, vol. iv. p. 215), circled like an imperial crown (query *arched*? Henry IV. is said, by Froissart, to have been crowned with a diadem "*archée en croix*;" the earliest mention of an arched crown in England that we have met with).

Elmham, another contemporary historian, says, "Now the king was clad in secure and very bright armour: he wore, also, on his head, a helmet, with a large splendid crest, and a crown of gold and jewels; and, on his body, a surcoat with the arms of England and France, from which a celestial splendour issued; on the one side, from three golden flowers, planted in an azure field (Henry V. altered the arms of France, in the English shield, from *semi* of fleurs-de-lys to *three* fleurs-de-lys, Charles VI. of France having done so previously), on the other, from three golden leopards sporting in a ruby field." By a large splendid crest may be meant, either the royal heraldic crest of England, the lion passant guardant (as the Duke of Burgundy is represented with *his* heraldic crest, a fleur-de-lys, on his bascinet), or a magnificent plume of feathers—that elegant and chivalric decoration, for the first time after the Conquest, appearing in this reign. It was called the panache; and knights are said to have worn three or more feathers, esquires only one: but we have no positive authority for the latter assertion; and the number would seem to have been a matter of fancy. Robert Chamberlayne, the king's esquire, is represented with two feathers issuing from the apex of the bascinet. He wears an embroidered jupon and the military belt. With respect to the crown round Henry's bascinet,—it was twice struck and injured by the blows of his enemies. The Duke of Alençon struck off part of it with his

battle-axe ; and one of the points or flowers was cut off by a French esquire, who, with seventeen others, swore to perform some such feat, or perish.

The helmet of Henry V., suspended over his tomb in Westminster Abbey, is a *tilting* helmet—not the bascinet à baviers (vizored or beavered bascinet), which was the war-helmet of the time (see those of Louis Duke of Bourbon, whose *tilting* helmet is carried by an esquire behind him ; and of John Duke of Burgundy). The shield and saddle which hang near it *may*, according to the tradition, have been really used by him at Agincourt.

The English archers at the battle of Agincourt were, for the most part (according to Monstrelet), without armour, and in jackets, with their hose loose, and hatchets, or swords, hanging to their girdles. Some, indeed, were barefooted, and without hats or caps ; and St. Remy says they were dressed in *pourpoints* (stitched or quilted jackets) ; and adds that some wore caps of boiled leather (the famous cuir bouilli), or of wicker-work, crossed over with iron. In the army of Henry V. at Rouen there were several bodies of Irish, of whom, says Monstrelet, the greatest part had *one leg and foot quite naked*. They were armed with targets, short javelins, and a strange sort of knife (the skein).

The French men-at-arms engaged at Agincourt are described as being armed in long coats of steel reaching to their knees (the *taces* introduced at this period, *vide* figures of the Earls of Salisbury and Suffolk), below which was armour for their legs, and above, white harness (*i. e.* armour of polished plate, so called in contradistinction to mail), and bascinets with camails (chain neck-pieces).

The banners borne in the English army, besides those of the king and the principal leaders, were, as usual, those of St. George, St. Edward, and the Trinity.

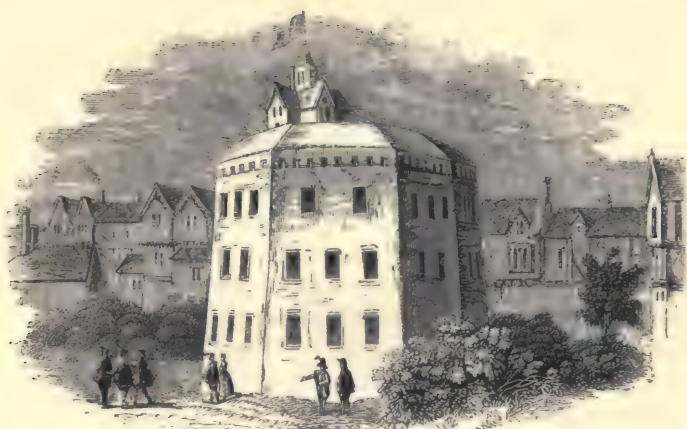
The French, in addition to the royal and knightly banners, displayed the oriflamme, which was of bright scarlet, embroidered with gold, and terminating in several swallow-tails. It is so represented in the hands of Henri Seigneur de Metz, Maréchal de France, in the church of Notre Dame de Chartres.

The female costume of this period was disfigured by a most extravagantly high and projecting horned head-dress, curious examples of which are to be seen in the royal MS. marked 15 D 3, and in the effigy of Beatrice Countess of Arundel, engraved in Stothard's 'Monumental Effigies.' The rest of the habit was rather graceful than otherwise ; consisting, in general, of a long and full robe con-

finer by a rich girdle, high in the neck, the waist moderately short, and the sleeves, like those of the men, reaching almost to the ground, and scalloped at the edges.

A representation of Katharine Queen of England exists in the carving of an oak chest in the Treasury of York Cathedral.

Isabelle of Bavaria, her mother, is engraved in Montfaucon, from a MS. in the French Royal Library, wearing the high, *heart-shaped* head-dress introduced into England in the reign of Henry VI., but, probably, worn earlier in France. There are several other portraits of her in the *steeple head-dress*, a still later fashion, contemporary in England with the reign of Edward IV.



[Globe Theatre.]

CHORUS.

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention !
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene !
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars ; and, at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment.¹ But, pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirit, that hath dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object : Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France ? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt ?²
O, pardon ! since a crooked figure may
Attest, in little place, a million ;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work :
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls

Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts ;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance :
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth :
For 't is your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there ; jumping o'er times ;
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass ; For the which supply,
Admit me chorus to this history ;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.^a

^a This chorus does not appear in the quarto editions.



[Henry V.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *An Ante-chamber in the King's Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and BISHOP OF ELY.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill is urg'd,
Which, in the eleventh year of the last king's reign,
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scrambling^a and unquiet time
Did push it out of further question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession:

^a *Scrambling.* Percy thinks that to *scamble*, and to *scramble*, are synonymous. The "scrambling time" is the disorderly time in which authority is unrespected.

For all the temporal lands, which men devout
 By testament have given to the church,
 Would they strip from us; being valued thus,—
 As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
 Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights;
 Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
 And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,
 Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
 A hundred almshouses, right well supplied;
 And to the coffers of the king beside
 A thousand pounds by the year: Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'T would drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
 Thē breath no sooner left his father's body,
 But that his wildness, mortified in him,
 Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
 Consideration like an angel came,
 And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;
 Leaving his body as a paradise,
 To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
 Never was such a sudden scholar made:
 Never came reformation in a flood,
 With such a heady currance,^a scouring faults;
 Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
 So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
 As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,^a
 And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
 You would desire the king were made a prelate:

^a *Currance.* So the original folio. It was changed to *current* in the second folio; and the correction, as it is called, is retained in all subsequent editions. If it be necessary to modernize Shakspeare's phraseology, the correction was right; but *currance* is the French *courance*, from which we have compounded *concurrence* and *occurrence*.

Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say,—it hath been all-in-all his study :
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music :
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter ; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences ;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric :^a
Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain :
His companies^b unletter'd, rude, and shallow ;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports ;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle ;
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality :
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness ; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so ; for miracles are ceas'd ;
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill

^a *Theoric.* Malone says, "In our author's time this word was always used where we now use theory." Shakspeare, indeed, never uses *theory*, although he has *theoric* in two other passages. In 'All's Well,' we have "the theoric of war ;" in 'Othello,' "the bookish theoric." The word was occasionally used as late as in the time of 'The Tatler ;' but in Bishop Hall, a contemporary of Shakspeare, we find *theory*, and in Fuller's 'Worthies' both *theory* and *theoric*.

^b *Companies* is here used for *companions*. Stow uses it in the same sense : "The prince himself was fain to get upon the high altar, to girt his aforesaid *companies* with the order of knighthood."

Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent;
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us:
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
Upon our spiritual convocation;
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France,—to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As I perceiv'd his grace would fain have done)
The severals,^a and unhidden passages,
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms;
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambassador, upon that instant,
Crav'd audience: and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing: Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the same.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER,
WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

^a *Severals.* Monck Mason would read *several*. The plural noun of the text has the force of our modern *details*.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.^a

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and BISHOP
OF ELY.*

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. Hen. ^b Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed:
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate,^c whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know, how many, now in health,

^a The play in the quartos begins at the next line.

^b The differences in the text of the folio and the quarto editions are so numerous and so minute, that it would be impossible for us to attempt to follow them, beyond indicating the principal omissions. We shall, however, occasionally give a passage, to show the exceeding care with which the later copy was worked up. This speech of the king, as it occurs in the quartos, may present a proper object of comparison:—

“*King.* Sure we thank you: and, good my lord, proceed
Why the law Salique, which they have in France,
Or should or should not stop in us our claim:
And God forbid, my wise and learned lord,
That you should fashion, frame, or wrest the same.
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of war:
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed.
After this conjuration, speak, my lord:
And we will judge, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is wash'd as pure
As sin in baptism.”

^c *Miscreate*—spurious.

Shall drop their blood in approbation
 Of what your reverence shall incite us to :
 Therefore take heed how you impawn^a our person,
 How you awake our sleeping sword of war :
 We charge you, in the name of God, take heed :
 For never two such kingdoms did contend
 Without much fall of blood ; whose guiltless drops
 Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
 'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
 That make such waste in brief mortality.
 Under this conjuration, speak, my lord :
 For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
 That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
 As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign ; and you peers,
 That owe yourselves, your lives, and services,^b
 To this imperial throne :—There is no bar
 To make against your highness' claim to France,
 But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—
 “ In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,”
 “ No woman shall succeed in Salique land :”
 Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze^c
 To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
 The founder of this law and female bar.
 Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
 That the land Salique is in Germany,

^a *Impawn.* A *pawn* and a *gage* are the same. In ‘Richard II.’ we have “Take up mine honour’s pawn.” To “*impawn* our person” is equivalent, therefore, to engage our person.

^b In the quartos the line stands thus :—

“ Which owe your lives, your faith, and services.”

We, of course, copy the folio ; but we ask upon what principle the modern editors presume arbitrarily to make up a text out of the first imperfect copy engrafted upon the second complete one ? In this single scene we have a dozen such substitutions—some trifling indeed, such as *and* instead of *for*,—*the* instead of *our*,—*that* instead of *who*,—but still unauthorized. We shall, in most cases, silently restore the true reading.

^c *Gloze.* The verb to *gloze*, to *gloss* (whence *glossary*), is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *glesan*, to explain. We have this expression in Hall’s ‘Chronicle :’ “ This land Salique the *deceitful glossers* named to be the realm of France.” Holinshed, who abridges Hall simply says, “ The French glossers expound to be the realm of France.”

Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe :
Where Charles the great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French ;
Who, holding in disdain the German women,
For some dishonest ^a manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law,—to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land ;
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France ;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one-and-twenty years
After defunction of king Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law ;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six ; and Charles the great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also,—who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Loraine, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,—
To find ^b his title, with some shows of truth,
(Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,)
Convey'd himself as th' heir to th' lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son

^a *Dishonest*. So the folio and quartos. Capell has introduced the word *unhonest* into his text, because that word occurs in the original edition of Holinshed, 1577. In the edition of 1586 the word is changed to *dishonest*. Shakspeare used the language nearest his time.

^b *To find his title*. The quarto reads to *fine* his title ; which has been adopted by the modern editors. Warburton says, to *fine* is to *refine*. Steevens would read to *line*. The reading of the folio, *find*, requires little defence. We have an analogous expression, to *find* a bill. Hugh Capet, to *deduce* a title, conveyed himself, &c.

Of Charles the great: Also king Lewis the tenth,^a
 Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
 That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,
 Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,
 Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Loraine:
 By the which marriage, the line of Charles the great
 Was re-united to the crown of France.
 So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
 King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
 To hold in right and title of the female;
 So do the kings of France unto this day:
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
 To bar your highness claiming from the female;
 And rather choose to hide them in a net,
 Than amply to imbar^b their crooked titles
 Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I, with right and conscience, make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
 For in the book of Numbers is it writ,—
 When the man^c dies, let the inheritance
 Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,

^a This Lewis was the ninth, as Hall correctly states. Shakspeare found the mistake in Holinshed.

^b *Imbar*. The folio gives this word *imbarre*, which modern editors, upon the authority of Theobald, have changed into *imbure*. Rowe, somewhat more boldly, reads *make bare*. There can be no doubt, we think, that *imbar* is the right word. It might be taken as placed in opposition to *bar*. To *bar* is to obstruct; to *imbar* is to bar in, to secure. They would hold up the Salique law, "to bar your highness," hiding "their crooked titles" in a net, rather than amply defending them. But it has been suggested to us that *imbar* is here used for "to set at the bar"—to place their crooked titles before a proper tribunal. This is ingenious and plausible.

^c *Man*. So the folio; the quarto, *son*. This reading is perhaps the better. The passage in the book of Numbers, as quoted by Hall and Holinshed, is—"When a man dieth without a son, let the inheritance descend to his daughter." Scripture was quoted on the other side of the controversy:—"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin,"—was held to apply to the *arms of France*, the lilies. Voltaire, with a sly solemnity, proves, with reference to this, that the arms of France never had any affinity with lilies, but were spear-heads.

Stand for your own ; unwind your bloody flag ;
 Look back into your mighty ancestors :
 Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
 From whom you claim ; invoke his warlike spirit,
 And your great-uncle's, Edward the black prince ;
 Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
 Making defeat on the full power of France ;
 Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
 Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
 Forage in blood of French nobility.
 O noble English, that could entertain
 With half their forces the full pride of France ;
 And let another half stand laughing by,
 All out of work, and cold for action !^a

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
 And with your puissant arm renew their feats :
 You are their heir, you sit upon their throne ;
 The blood and courage, that renowned them,
 Runs in your veins ; and my thrice-puissant liege
 Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
 Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
 Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
 As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know your grace hath cause, and means, and
 might :
 So hath your highness ;^b never king of England
 Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects ;

^a *Cold for action.* Malone says, "*cold* for want of action." This, we think, is to interpret too literally. The unemployed forces, seeing the work done to their hands, stood laughing by and indifferent for action—*unmoved to action*. It is the converse of "*hot* for action."

^b *They know, &c.* Coleridge's emphatic reading of this passage is, we think, the true one ; and it involves no change in the original, even of punctuation :—

"They know your grace hath cause, and means, and might :
 So hath your highness—never king of England
 Had nobles richer."

What the "monarchs of the earth" *know*, Westmoreland *confirms*. This is much better than Monck Mason's interpretation of *so* for *also*, making his grace have *cause*, and his highness *means* and *might*. It has been proposed to us by a correspondent to read,

"They know your cause hath grace, and means, and might."

Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right:
In aid whereof, we of the spirituality
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.^a

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches,^b gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read, that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays;
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns:
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.^c

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my
liege:
For hear her but exempl'd by herself,—
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,
The king of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings;

^a The twenty-one lines here ending have no parallel lines in the quartos.

^b *Marches*—the boundaries of England and Scotland—the borders.

And make your chronicles^a as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wrack and sumless treasuries.

West. But there's a saying, very old and true,—

“If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin;”

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,
To taint^b and havoc more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows, then, the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity;^c
Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home:
For government, through high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one concent;
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.^d

^a *Your chronicles.* The folio reads *their chronicles*; the quarto, *your chronicle*. The folio was, without doubt, printed from a written copy, without reference to the previous quarto;—and in old manuscripts *your* and *their* were contracted alike—*yr*.

^b *Taint.* The folio, *tame*; the quarto, *spoil*. To tame is to subdue—to subject by fear. But the mouse does not *tame*, neither does she *spoil*, in the sense in which that word was formerly used. Theobald suggested that *tame* was a misprint for *taint*: so *spoil* may be for *soil*.

^c *Crush'd necessity.* So the folio; the quarto, *curs'd necessity*, which modern editors follow. Warburton would read *s'cus'd* (excus'd). Coleridge thinks it may be *crash*, for “*crass*,” from *crassus*, clumsy; or *curt*. A friend suggests to us *cur*'s necessity. After all, is the word *crush'd* so full of difficulty? The necessity alleged by Westmoreland is *overpowered*, crushed, by the argument that we have “locks” and “pretty traps;” so that it does *not* follow that “the cat must stay at home.”

^d This passage has been supposed to be founded upon a fragment of Cicero's ‘*De Republicâ*.’ It has been imperfectly quoted by Theobald. We give it in full:—

“Ut in fidibus, ac tibiis, atque cantu ipso, ac vocibus concentus est quidam tenendus ex distinctis sonis, quem immutatum, ac discrepantem aures eruditæ ferre non possunt, isque concentus ex dissimillarum vocum moderatione concors tamen efficitur & congruens: sic ex summis, & infimis, & mediis interjectis ordinibus, ut sonis, moderata ratione civitas consensu dissimillimorum concinit, & quæ harmonia a musicis dicitur in cantu, ea est in civitate concordia, arcissimum atque optimum omni in republica vinculum incolumitatis: quæ sine justitia nullo pacto esse potest.” (See the 5th Illustration to this act.)

Cant. Therefore doth Heaven divide
 The state of man in divers functions,
 Setting endeavour in continual motion;
 To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
 Obedience: for so work the honey-bees;^a
 Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
 The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a king, and officers of sorts:
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
 Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent-royal of their emperor:
 Who, busied in his majesties,^a surveys
 The singing masons building roofs of gold;
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate;
 The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
 That many things, having full reference
 To one concent, may work contrariously;
 As many arrows, loosed several ways,
 Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;^b
 As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;^c
 As many lines close in the dial's centre;
 So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
 End in one purpose, and be all well borne
 Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
 Divide your happy England into four;
 Whereof take you one quarter into France,
 And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.

^a *Majesties*. So the folio; the things that belong to majesty. The common reading is *majesty*.

^b So the folio. The ordinary reading, "*several* ways," is that of the quarto.

^c So the folio. The made-up text of the modern editors gives us—

"As many fresh streams *run* in one *self* sea."

If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
 Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
 Let us be worried ; and our nation lose
 The name of hardiness, and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the dauphin.

[*Exit an Attendant. The KING ascends his throne.*]

Now are we well resolv'd ; and, by God's help,
 And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
 France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
 Or break it all to pieces : Or there we'll sit,
 Ruling, in large and ample empery,
 O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
 Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
 Tombless, with no remembrance over them :
 Either our history shall with full mouth
 Speak freely of our acts ; or else our grave,
 Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
 Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.^a

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure

^a *Waxen epitaph.* In the quartos this speech of the king consists only of six lines :—

“ Call in the messenger sent from the dauphin ;
 And by your aid, the noble sinews of our land,
 France being ours, we'll bring it to our awe,
 Or break it all in pieces.
 Either our chronicles shall with full mouth speak
 Freely of our acts, or else like tongueless mutes—
 Not worshipp'd with a *paper* epitaph.”

The *paper epitaph* here is clearly the record of the chronicles. We have nothing here about the “urn” and the “grave.” And yet the commentators give us two pages of notes, disputing whether *paper* or *waxen* be the better word in the present text, without reference to the extension of the passage ; and Malone finally adopts *paper*. We can have no doubt about restoring *waxen*,—which may be taken to mean a perishable epitaph of wax :—not worshipped *even* with a waxen epitaph. The opposition of *wax* and *marble* was a familiar image in the old poets. Gifford's interpretation, that a waxen epitaph is a copy of verses affixed upon a tomb with wax, appears to us somewhat forced ; and yet there is no doubt that such a practice prevailed :—

“ Let others, then, sad epitaphs invent,
 And *paste* them up about thy monument.”

(See Note on Ben Jonson, vol. ix. p. 59.)

We never valued this poor seat of England;^a
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous licence; as 't is ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the dauphin,—I will keep my state;
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France :
For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working-days ;
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones ; and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them : for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands ;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down :
And some are yet ungotten and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal ; and in whose name,
Tell you the dauphin, I am coming on
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So, get you hence in peace ; and tell the dauphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Ambassadors.

Exc. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.

[*Descends from his throne.*

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,

^a *We never valued, &c.* The poor seat, we take it, is the throne. The king, it appears to us, is speaking tauntingly and ironically—"he comes over us with our wilder days,"—"we never valued this poor seat of England, and therefore," &c. "But tell the dauphin," &c.

That may give furtherance to our expedition :
For we have now no thought in us but France ;
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected ; and all things thought upon,
That may, with reasonable swiftmess, add
More feathers to our wings ; for, God before,
We'll chide this dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[*Exeunt.*



[Ancient Gateway of Queen's College, Oxford.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

¹ CHORUS.—“*Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,*” &c.

FAMINE, sword, and fire are “the dogs of war,” in ‘Julius Cæsar.’ In Shakspeare’s favourite Chronicler, Holinshed, they are “handmaidens.” Henry V., addressing himself to the people of Rouen, “declared that the goddess of battle, called Bellona, had three handmaidens ever of necessity attending upon her, as blood, fire, and famine.”

² CHORUS.—“*But, pardon, gentles all,*” &c.

In Sir Philip Sidney’s ‘Defence of Poesie,’ the attempts to introduce battles upon the stage are thus ridiculed: “Two armies flying, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?” Shakspeare, in this chorus, does not defend this absurdity, although the remarks of the accomplished author of the ‘Arcadia’ might have led him here to apologize for it. It is well remarked, however, by Schlegel, that our poet has not entertained such a scruple “in the occasion of many other great battles, and among others of that of Philippi.” The reason, we think, is obvious. In this play Shakspeare put forth all the strength of his nationality. The battle of Agincourt was the greatest event of all his chronicle-histories;—Henry V. was, unquestionably, his favourite hero. But the events depicted in this play were, to a certain extent, undramatic;—they belonged to the epic region of poetry. Hence the introduction of the chorus, which imparts a lyric character to the whole performance; and hence the apology for the “unworthy scaffold,”—the “cockpit,”—the “wooden O,”—by which terms the poet designated his comparatively small and rude theatre. He meets the difficulty in the only way in which it could be met. He demands from the audience a higher exercise of the imagination than they were wont to employ:—

“Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts.”

Again, in the chorus to the third act:—

“Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.”

Those, in our own day, who have been accustomed to see such a play as ‘Henry V.’

got up with battalions of combatants, may laugh at the necessity for apologizing for

" Four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill dispos'd in brawl ridiculous."—

But, after all, the battles and processions of the modern theatre are still "mockeries;" and the spectator must be called upon to "make imaginary puissance." Those who attempt to dispense with the imagination of the audience, instead of merely assisting it, forget the higher objects of the poet.

³ SCENE I.—"*Hear him but reason in divinity.*"

The commentators give us some long notes upon Warburton's theory, that this passage was a compliment to the theological acquirements of James I. It does not appear to us that such conjectures offer any proper illustration of Shakspeare. This scene, we apprehend, was written at the same time with the choruses,—that is, four years before the accession of James. Johnson very justly observes that "the poet, if he had James in his thoughts, was no skilful encomiast; for the mention of Harry's skill in war forced upon the remembrance of his audience the great deficiency of their present king." The praises of Henry, which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of the Archbishop of Canterbury, had no latent reference. They are strictly in accordance with the historical opinion of that prince; and they are even subdued when compared with the extravagant eulogies of the Chroniclers. Hall, for example, says, "This prince was almost the Arabical phoenix, and amongst his predecessors a very paragon. . . . This Henry was a king whose life was immaculate, and his living without spot. This king was a prince whom all men loved, and of none disdained. This prince was a captain against whom fortune never frowned, nor mischance once spurned. This captain was a shepherd whom his flock loved, and lovingly obeyed. This shepherd was such a justiciary that no offence was unpunished, nor friendship unrewarded. This justiciary was so feared, that all rebellion was banished, and sedition suppressed." The education of Henry was, literally, in the "practic part of life." At eleven years of age he was a student at Oxford, under the care of his uncle Beaufort. In a small room over the ancient gateway of Queen's College was Henry lodged; and here, under the rude portraits in stained glass of his uncle and himself, was the following inscription, which Wood gives in his '*Athenæ Oxonienses*':—

IN PERPETUAM REI MEMORIAM.
IMPERATOR BRITANNIÆ,
TRIUMPHATOR GALLIÆ,
HOSTIUM VICTOR ET SUI.
HENRICUS V.
PARVI HUIUS CUBICULI.
OLIM MAGNUS INCOLA.

The "*hostium victor et sui*" is one of the many evidences of the universality, if not of the truth, of the tradition that—

" His addiction was to courses vain."

His early removal from the discipline of the schools to the licence of the camp could not have been advantageous to the morals of the high-spirited boy. That he was a favourite of Richard II. we know by the fact of his knighting him during his Irish expedition.

His subsequent command of the Welsh army, when little more than fourteen, was a circumstance still less favourable to his self-control. That the "insolency

and wildness" of the boy should be the result of such uncurbed and irresponsible power is quite as credible as that the man should have put on such "gravity and soberness,"—"the flower of kings past, and a glass to them that should succeed."



[Richard II. knighting Henry of Monmouth.]

⁴ SCENE II.—

*"My great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France," &c.*

In Andrew of Wyntoun's 'Cronykil of Scotland' we have a curious picture of the supposed defenceless state of England when the king was absent upon foreign conquests:—

*"Thai sayd that thai mycht rycht welle fare
Til Lwndyn, for in Ingland than
Of gret mycht wes left na man,
For, thai sayd, all war in Frawns,
Bot sowteris,* skynneris, or marchauns."*

⁵ SCENE II.—*"For government," &c.*

In a foot-note upon this passage we have given a quotation from Cicero, for the purpose of suggesting a correction of the text. But this passage, which, taken altogether, is a very remarkable one, opens up the *questio verata* of the learning of Shakspeare, to an extent which it would be very difficult completely to follow. The considerations involved in this passage are briefly these: the words of Cicero, to which the lines of Shakspeare have so close a resemblance, form part of a fragment of that portion of his lost treatise, 'De Republicâ,' which is presented to us only in the writings of St. Augustin. The first question, therefore, is, had Shakspeare read the fragment in St. Augustin? But Cicero's 'De Republicâ' was, as far as we know, an adaptation of Plato's 'Republic;' the sentence we have quoted is almost literally to be found in Plato; and, what is still more curious, the lines of Shak-

* Shoemakers.

spere are more deeply imbued with the Platonic philosophy than the passage of Cicero. These lines,—

“ For government, through *high*, and *low*, and *lower*,
Put into parts, doth keep in one *concent*,
Congreeing in a *full and natural close*,
Like music”—

and the subsequent lines,

“ Therefore doth Heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,”—

develop, unquestionably, the great Platonic doctrine of the tri-unity of the three principles in man, and the identity of the idea of man with the idea of a state. The particular passage of Plato's ‘Republic’ to which we refer is in the fourth book, and may be thus rendered: “It is not alone wisdom and strength which make a state simply wise and strong, but it (Order), like that harmony called the Diapason, is diffused throughout the whole state, making both the weakest, and the strongest, and the middling people concent the same melody.” Again, “The harmonic power of political justice is the same as that musical concent which connects the three chords—the octave, the bass, and the fifth.” Platonism was studied in England at the time that Shakspeare began to write. Coleridge tells us, “The accomplished author of ‘Arcadia’—the star of serenest brilliance in the glorious constellation of Elizabeth's court, our England's Sir Philip Sidney—held high converse with Spenser on the idea of super-sensual beauty.” We find in Theobald's edition a notice of the resemblance between the passages in Shakspeare and Cicero. We are indebted to a friend for the suggestion of the greater resemblance in the passages of Plato, from which source he thinks Shakspeare derived the idea. This is one of the many evidences of our poet's acquaintance, directly or indirectly, with the classical writers, which Dr. Farmer passes over in his one-sided ‘Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare.’ There was no translation of Plato in Shakspeare's time, except a single dialogue by Spenser. From Spenser's “high converse” he, perhaps, received the thought, as beautiful as profound, which he has thus embodied;—but, however he obtained it, he used it as one who was not meddling with learning in an ignorant spirit. We find the same thought, though not so clearly expressed as by Shakspeare, in the poems of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, “Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellor to King James, and Friend to Sir Philip Sidney.” The ‘Treatise on Monarchie,’ in which it occurs, was not published till 1670. Lord Brooke belonged to the same school of philosophy as his friend Sidney:—

“ For as the harmony which sense admires
Of discords (yet according) is compounded,
And as each creature really aspires
Unto that unity, which all things founded;
So must the throne and people both affect
Discording tones united with respect.
By which concent of disagreeing movers,
There will spring up aspects of reverence,
Equals and betters quarrelling like lovers,
Yet all confessing one omnipotence,
And therein each estate to be no more
Than instruments out of their makers' store.”

6 SCENE II.—“ *So work the honey-bees.*”

Malone gives us a passage from Lyly's ‘Euphues and his England,’ 1580, which, he has no doubt, suggested this fine description. This is probable; but, nevertheless, the lines before us are a remarkable instance of the power of Shakspeare in the

improvement of everything he borrowed. It is not only in the poetical elevation of the description that the improvement consists, but in the rejection of whatever is false or redundant. Lyly says, "They call a parliament, wherein they consult for laws, statutes, penalties, choosing officers, and creating their king." This is the reasoning faculty, and not the instinctive; and Shakspeare shows the greater truth of his philosophy in referring "the act of order" in the bees to "a rule in nature." The description before us is found in the quarto edition, with no material difference, except the omission of the two following lines:—

"The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate."

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

THE opening scene of this play furnishes an apt example of the dramatic power of Shakspeare. Dr. Johnson made speeches for Chatham and Grenville, upon knowing the subject of a parliamentary discussion; but his speakers do not talk with anything like the reality of Canterbury and Ely in the dialogue before us. The bill for the appropriation of "the temporal lands devoutly given, and disordinately spent by religious and other spiritual persons" (as Hall has it), introduced in the second year of Henry V., was no doubt a cause of great alarm to the clergy. Hall, who was as bitter a hater of priests as Hume, says, "This before-remembered bill was much noted and feared amongst the religious sorts, whom in effect it much touched, inso-much that the fat abbots sweat, the proud friars frowned, the poor friars cursed, the sely nuns wept." Shakspeare has none of this somewhat gross hatred of the church; but he has followed the Chroniclers in attributing the war with France to the instigation of the bishops. Hall gives the speech of Henry Chicheley, Archbishop of Canterbury, "thereto newly preferred, which before time had been a monk of the Carthusians," at great length, and in the first person. Holinshed paraphrases it. We have no doubt, from the coincidence of particular expressions, that Shakspeare had both Chroniclers before him; although he follows Holinshed in a blunder which we have noticed. It would be tedious to give these passages from the Chroniclers;—and the only use would be to show how Shakspeare's art made the dullest things spirited, and the most prosaic poetical.

The incident of the tennis-balls is found in Holinshed. There has been a good deal of reasonable doubt thrown upon this statement,—and, indeed, it seems altogether opposed to the general temper of the French, who in their negotiations with Henry appear to have been moderate and conciliatory. The best evidence for its truth is the following passage from an inedited MS. in the British Museum, apparently written at the period, and first published by Sir Harris Nicolas in his admirable '*History of the Battle of Agincourt*':—

"The Dolphine of Fraunce answered to our ambassatoure, and said in this manner, that the Kyng was over yong, and to tender of age, to make any warre ayens him, and was not lyke yet to be noo good werrioure to doo and make suche a conquest there upon hym; and somewhat in cornet and dispite he sente to hym a tonne full of tenys ballis, because he wolde have somewhat for to play withall for hym and for hys lordis, and that became hym better than to mayntain any were: and than anon our lordis that was embassadours token hir leve and comen into England ayenne, and told the Kyng and his counceill of the ungoodly aunswer that they had of the Dolphyn, and of the present the which he had sent unto the Kyng: and whan the Kyng had hard her wordis and the aunswere of the Dolpynne, he was wondre

sore agreved, and right evell apayd towarde the Freusslmen, and toward the King and the Dolphynne, and thought to avenge hym upon hem as sone as God wold send hym grace and myght, and anon lette make tenys ballis for the Dolphynne, in all the hast that they myght be made; and they were great gonne stones for the Dolpynne to play wyth all."

There is some doubt whether the balls were "tennis-balls." This extract uses that word, although it might not apply to the game of Shakspeare's time. Holinshed calls them "Paris balls."



[Archbishop Chicheley.]

CHORUS.^a

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air;
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,¹
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,—
One, Richard earl of Cambridge; and the second,
Henry lord Scroop of Masham; and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,—
Have, for the guilt of France, (O guilt, indeed!)
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
(If hell and treason hold their promises,)
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and we'll digest

^a This chorus first appears in the folio of 1623.

The abuse of distance ; force a play.^a
 The sum is paid ; the traitors are agreed ;
 The king is set from London ; and the scene
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton :
 There is the playhouse now, there must you sit :
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
 To give you gentle pass ; for, if we may,
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
 But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.^b

^a The ordinary reading is—

“ Linger your patience on ; and well digest
 The abuse of distance, *while we* force a play.”

Pope changed the “*wee'l*” of the folio to *well*, and added *while we*. The passage is evidently corrupt ; and we believe that the two lines *were intended to be erased* from the author's copy ; for “the abuse of distance” is inapplicable as the lines stand.

^b The Chorus plainly says,—after having described the treason which is to take place “in Southampton,”—not till the king come forth do we shift our scene to that place. The previous scene in Eastcheap occurs before the king does come forth.—This intimation of the Chorus was to prevent the scene in Eastcheap coming abruptly upon the audience. The first “till,” however, should be “when,” to make the sense clear.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Eastcheap.

Enter Nym and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Well met, corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.^a

Bard. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: It is a simple one; but what though? It will toast cheese; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France; let it be so, good corporal Nym.

Nym. 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may:^b that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.^c

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare,^d yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

^a Bardolph, according to the commentators, ought to be "corporal," and not "lieutenant." This, of course, according to their creed, is a mistake of the poet. Bardolph, then, could not be promoted. They have overlooked the tone of authority which Bardolph uses both to Pistol and Nym. The "corporal" would hardly threaten to run the "ancient" up to the hilts.

^b Mason would read "*die* as I may." It is not necessary, we think, to make Nym's commonplaces antithetical.

^c In the office of Matrimony, the man says, "I plight thee my troth."

^d The folio, by a typographical error, has *name* instead of *mare*. We find the true word in the quartos. This shows the proper use of those incomplete editions—the correction of printers' mistakes, but not the abolition of the author's improvements.

Enter PISTOL and Mrs. QUICKLY.

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife:—good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host Pistol?

Pist. Base tike,^a call'st thou me host?

Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [*Nym draws his sword.*] O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not here. Now we shall see wilful adultery and murther committed.^b Good lieutenant Bardolph—

Bard. Good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-eared cur of Iceland.^c

Quick. Good corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up thy sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*.

[*Sheathing his sword.*]

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!

The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels;
For I can take,^c and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

^a *Tike.* We have still the word, which signifies a common dog—a mongrel. The bull-terrier in Landseer's admirable picture of "Low Life" is a tike. In 'Lear' we have "bob-tail tike." The "ploughman's collie" of Burns is "a gash an' faithfu' tyke."

^b We have printed this passage, with a slight alteration, from the folio; which reads thus: "O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not *heune* now, we shall see," &c. The ordinary reading is a mixture of the text of the folio and the quarto. But the quarto shows us that *heune* is a mistake, the reading therein being, "O Lord, *here's* corporal Nym, now shall we have wilful adultery," &c.

^c *I can take.* Malone considers that *take* is a corruption, and that we should follow the quarto, *talk*. Is there any more difficulty in "I can take" than in the familiar expression "Do you take?" Mason says Pistol means "I can take fire."

Nym. I am not Barbason, you cannot conjure me.^a I have an humour to knock you indifferently well: If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may say, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may say; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale. [PISTOL and NYM draw.]

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier.
[Draws.]

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Coupe le gorge*, that's the word?—I defy thee again.
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,
And from the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold the *quondam* Quickly
For the only she: and—*Pauca*, there's enough. Go to.^b

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess;—he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan; 'faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one

He, in his obscure language, only means, "I understand you"—"I know what you are about."

^a *Barbason* is the name of an evil spirit in the 'Dæmonology.'

^b The speeches of Pistol, in this play, as in 'The Second Part of Henry IV.,' are printed in the original copies as prose.

of these days; the king has killed his heart.—Good husband, come home presently. [*Exeunt Mrs. QUICK. and Boy.*]

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together. Why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home.

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why, then be enemies with me too. Pri-thee, put up.

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;—
Is not this just?—for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. As ever you come of women, come in quickly to sir John: Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fractured, and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours, and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live.^a [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Southampton. *A Council Chamber.*

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,³
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,—^b
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpet sounds. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My lord of Cambridge, and my kind lord of Masham,
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France;
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that: since we are well persuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair concent with ours;

^a The whole of this scene, in the folio, exhibits the greatest care in remodelling the text of the quarto.

^b We print this line as in the folio. In the quarto we find the ordinary text—

“Whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd with princely favours.”

But if the quarto is to be followed, the editors should have left out the three lines which Westmoreland speaks—“How smooth,” &c.

Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd
Than is your majesty ; there 's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True : those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey ; and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness ;
And shall forget the office of our hand
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person : we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on ;
And, on his more advice, we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security :
Let him be punish'd, sovereign ; lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir, you show great mercy if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French
causes ;
Who are the late commissioners ?

Cam. I one, my lord ;
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is yours ;
There yours, lord Scroop of Masham ; and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours :
Read them ; and know, I know your worthiness.
My lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen ?
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion ?—look ye, how they change !
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance ?

Cam. I do confess my fault ;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey, Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The mercy, that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd :
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy ;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.^a
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters ! My lord of Cambridge here,—
You know how apt our love was, to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour ; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton : to the which,
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But O !
What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop ; thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature !
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,

^a *You. Quarto, them.*

Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use ;
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 't is so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black from white,^a my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason, and murther, ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them :
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder, to wait on treason, and on murther :
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence :
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From glistening semblances of piety ;
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions, I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance ! Show men dutiful ?
Why, so didst thou : Seem they grave and learned ?
Why, so didst thou : Come they of noble family ?
Why, so didst thou : Seem they religious ?
Why, so didst thou : Or are they spare in diet ;
Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger ;
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood ;
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement ;
Not working with the eye, without the ear,
And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither—

^a *Black from white.* So the quarto ; the folio, "black and white."

Such, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem :
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man and best indued,
With some suspicion.^a I will weep for thee ;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.^b—Their faults are open.
Arrest them to the answer of the law ;
And God acquit them of their practices !

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd ;
And I repent my fault more than my death ;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me,—the gold of France did not seduce ;
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended :
But God be thanked for prevention ;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God, and you, to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise :
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy ! Hear your sentence.
You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death ;

^a In the folio, where only these lines appear, we find *make*. Theobald substituted *mark*. Pope read the passage thus :—

“ To *make* the full-fraught man, and best, indued
With some suspicion.”

^b The thirty-eight lines here ending are not found in the quartos. We are greatly mistaken if these lines, as well as the choruses and other passages which we shall point out, do not exhibit the hand of the *master* elaborating his original sketch.

Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge ;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death :
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences !—Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt* Conspirators, *guarded*.]

Now, lords, for France ; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war ;
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings ;—we doubt not now,
But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then, forth, dear countrymen ; let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea ; the signs of war advance :
No king of England, if not king of France.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE III.—London. *Mrs. Quickly's House in Eastcheap.*

Enter PISTOL, *Mrs. QUICKLY*, NYM, BARDOLPH, *and* Boy.

Quick. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee
to Staines.

Pist. No ; for my manly heart doth yearn.
Bardolph, be blithe ;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins ;
Boy, bristle thy courage up ; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either
in heaven, or in hell !

Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell ; he's in Arthur's

bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child;^a 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at the turning o' the tide:^b for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends,^c I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields.^d How now, sir John? quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: So, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said they were devils incarnate.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation: 't was a colour he never liked.

^a *Christom child.* The *chrism* was a white cloth placed upon the head of an infant at baptism, when the *chrism*, or sacred oil of the Romish church, was used in that sacrament. The white cloth which was worn by the child at baptism was subsequently called a *chrism*, and if the child died within a month of its birth that cloth was used as a shroud. Children dying under the age of a month were called *chrisoms* in the old bills of mortality. Mrs. Quickly's "christom" is one of her emendations of English.

^b Derham, in his 'Astro-Theology,' alludes to the opinion as old as Pliny that animals, and particularly man, "expire at the time of ebb."

^c These symptoms of approaching death were observed by the ancient physicians, and are pointed out by modern authorities. Van Swieten has a passage in his 'Commentaries,' in which he describes these last movements of the worn-out machine, upon the authority of Galen.

^d This passage is at once the glory and the opprobrium of commentators. There is nothing similar in the quarto; in the folio it reads thus: "For his nose was as sharpe as a pen, and a table of greene fields." Theobald made the correction of "table" to "a babbled" (he babbled); which was to turn what was unintelligible into sense and poetry. Pope's conjecture that "a table of green fields" was a stage-direction to bring in a table, and that Greenfields was the name of the property-man, could only have been meant as a hoax upon the reader;—but it imposed upon Johnson. Some of the conjectures of subsequent editors appear equally absurd. As it is, the emendation of Theobald is received wherever Shakspeare is known.

Boy. 'A said once the devil would have him about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatic; and talked of the whore of Babylon.

B y. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose; and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels, and my moveables:

Let senses rule; the word is, "Pitch and pay;"

Trust none:

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;

Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals.^a—Yoke-fellows in arms,

Let us to France! like horse-leeches, my boys;

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess.

[*Kissing her.*]

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but, adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear; keep close, I thee command.

Quick. Farewell; adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—France. *A Room in the French King's Palace.*

Enter the French KING attended; the DAUPHIN, the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, the CONSTABLE, and others.

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us;

And more than carefully it us concerns,

To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,

^a *Clear thy crystals*—dry thine eyes.

Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, prince dauphin,—with all swift despatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war,
With men of courage, and with means defendant :
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe :
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
(Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,)
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say, 't is meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France ;
And let us do it with no show of fear ;
No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance :
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, prince dauphin !
You are too much mistaken in this king :
Question, your grace, the late ambassadors,—
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution,—
And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly ;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 't is not so, my lord high constable,

But though we think it so, it is no matter :
 In cases of defence, 't is best to weigh
 The enemy more mighty than he seems :
 So the proportions of defence are fill'd ;
 Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,^a
 Doth like a miser spoil his coat with scanting
 A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we king Harry strong ;
 And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
 The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us ;
 And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
 That haunted us in our familiar paths :
 Witness our too much memorable shame,
 When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
 And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
 Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales ;
 Whiles that his mountain^b sire,—on mountain standing,
 Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—
 Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him
 Mangle the work of nature, and deface
 The patterns that by God and by French fathers
 Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
 Of that victorious stock ; and let us fear
 The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of England
 Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go, and
 bring them. [*Exeunt Mess. and certain Lords.*]
 You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

^a *Projection* appears here to be used for *forecast*, preparation. The proportions of defence which are filled by estimating the enemy as more mighty than he seems, *of* (through) a weak and niggardly projection, spoil the coat, &c. The false concord between *proportions* and *doth* does not interfere with this explanation, and may be justified by abundant examples in our old writers. If we could venture upon a correction of the text, we might read—

“Of which a weak and niggardly projection,” &c.

The transposition at once gives us sense and grammatical concord.

^b *Mountain.* Theobald would read *mounting*.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit: for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short; and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and Train.

Fr. King. From our brother of England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of Heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
'T is no sinister nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line,^a [*Gives a paper.*
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you, overlook this pedigree:
And, when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel;
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown; and to take mercy

^a *Line*—genealogy.

On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
 Opens his vasty jaws : and on your head
 Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
 The dead men's blood, the pining^a maidens' groans,
 For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
 That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
 This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message :
 Unless the dauphin be in presence here,
 To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further :
 To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
 Back to our brother of England.

Dau. For the dauphin,
 I stand here for him : What to him from England ?

Exe. Scorn and defiance ; slight regard, contempt,
 And anything that may not misbecome
 The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
 Thus says my king : and, if your father's highness
 Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
 Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
 He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
 That caves and womby vaultages of France
 Shall chide^b your trespass, and return your mock
 In second accent of his ordnance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
 It is against my will : for I desire
 Nothing but odds with England ; to that end,
 As matching to his youth and vanity,
 I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,^a
 Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe :
 And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference
 (As we, his subjects, have in wonder found)
 Between the promise of his greener days,
 And these he masters now ; now he weighs time,
 Even to the utmost grain ; that you shall read
 In your own losses, if he stay in France.

^a *Pining.* So the quartos ; the folio, *privy*.

^b *Chide.* Used in its double sense of rebuke, and resound.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay ;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon despatch'd, with fair conditions :

A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence.

[*Exeunt.*

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

¹ CHORUS.—“ *And hides a sword, from hilt unto the point;
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets.*”

THE engraving which we subjoin is copied from a woodcut in the first edition of Holinshed's ‘Chronicle’—that edition, most probably, which Shakspeare was in the habit of consulting. The idea conveyed in these lines was evidently suggested by some such representation. In ancient trophies in tapestry or painting, a sword is often thus hidden, from hilt unto the point, with naval or mural crowns. There is a portrait of Edward III. in the Chapter House at Windsor, with a sword in his hand thus ornamented, if we remember rightly, with three crowns.



² SCENE I.—“ *Thou prick-eared cur of Iceland!*”

Dr. Caius, a physician of Queen Elizabeth's time, wrote a treatise on British dogs, which he divides into dogs of chase, farm-dogs, and mongrels, describing the several species under each head. We find herein no mention of the Iceland dog. He, however, mentions the *wappe*; and Harrison, in his description of England, speaking of our English dogs, says—“The last sort of dogs consisteth of the currish kind, meet for many toys, of which the whappet, or *prick-eared cur*, is one.” He adds,—“Besides these also we have sholts, or curs, daily brought out of Iseland, and much made of among us because of their sauciness and quarrelling. Moreover, they bite very sore, and love candles exceedingly, as do the men and women of their country.” The “*cur of Iceland*” of Shakspeare is unquestionably “the *cur* daily brought out of Iseland” of Harrison; and it is to be observed that the *prick-ears* are invariable indications of the half-reclaimed animal. In the folio we have the spelling of “*Island*” dog—a misprint for “*Iseland*.” The Esquimaux dog, the dog of the Mackenzie River, and the Australasian dog, or dingo, of each of which the Zoological Society have had specimens, furnish striking examples of this characteristic. Pistol, in his abuse of Nym, uses an expression which was meant to convey the intimation that he was as quarrelsome and as savage as a half-civilized

Iceland dog. Johnson upon this passage has a most curious theory, which Steevens adopts : " He seems to allude to an account credited in Elizabeth's time, that in the north there was a nation with human bodies and dogs' heads."

³ SCENE II.—"*Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow.*"

Holinshead states this literally : " The said Lord Scroop was in such favour with the king that he admitted him sometime to be his bedfellow." Malone says, " This unseemly custom continued common till the middle of the last century (the seventeenth), if not later." Customs are unseemly, for the most part, when they are opposed to the general usages of society, and to the state of public opinion. The necessity for two persons occupying one bed belonged to an age when rooms were large and furniture scanty. It is scarcely just to consider the custom unseemly when connected with manners very different from our own. When Roger Ascham speaks of a favourite pupil who was his bedfellow, we see only the affectionate remembrance of the good old schoolmaster ; and in Shakspeare we find the custom connected with the highest poetry :—

" O world, thy slippery turns ! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 't were, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity." ('*Coriolanus*,' Act IV. Scene 4.)

⁴ SCENE IV.—"*Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance.*"

Mr. Douce's 'Dissertation on the Ancient English Morris Dance' is a performance of considerable research and ingenuity. His opinion, which is opposed to that of Strutt, is, that the morris-dance was derived from the *Morisco* or Moorish dance. The morris-dance has been supposed to have been first brought into England in the time of Edward III. ; but it can scarcely be traced beyond the reign of Henry VII. The Whitsun morris-dance, here spoken of by Shakspeare, was, perhaps, the original morris-dance, unconnected with the May-games in which the Robin Hood characters were introduced. After archery, however, went into disuse (for the encouragement of which the May-games were principally established), the morris-dance was probably again transferred to the celebration of Whitsuntide. In Warner's 'Albion's England' (1612) we have this line :—

" At *Paske* begun our *Morrise*, and ere *Penticost* our *May*."

⁵ SCENE IV.—"*He 'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it.*"

According to some writers, the ancient palace of the Louvre was as old as the seventh century. The obscurity as to the origin of the name is, perhaps, a proof of its antiquity. Some say that it was called after a seigneur of *Louvres* ; others, that the word signifies *l'œuvre*—the work *par excellence*. It was originally, no doubt, at once a palace and a fortress. At the commencement of the sixteenth century the buildings were in a very ruinous state ; and Francis I., in 1528, resolved to build a new palace on the site of the old ; but his design was only partially carried into effect till the subsequent reign of Henry II., when what is now called the old Louvre was completed by Pierre Lescot, in 1548. (See 'Dictionnaire Historique d'Architecture.' Par M. Quatremère de Quincy : article, Lescot.)

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

THE conspiracy of Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, against Henry V., is minutely detailed in Holinshed. Shakspeare has followed the statement of the Chronicler, that the prisoners confessed that they had received a great sum of money of the French king, to deliver Henry into the hands of his enemies, or to murder him. It appears, however, by the verdict of the jury (for the conspirators were not summarily executed, as described in the play and the Chronicle), that it was their intention to proclaim Edmund Earl of March rightful heir to the crown in case Richard II. was actually dead. The following passage in Holinshed is the foundation of Henry's address to the prisoners in the second scene: "If you have conspired the death and destruction of me, which am the head of the realm and governor of the people, without doubt I must of necessity think that you likewise have compassed the confusion of all that here be with me, and also the final destruction of your native country. . . . Wherefore, seeing that you have enterprised so great a mischief, to the intent that your fautors, being in the army, may abhor so detestable an offence by the punishment of you, haste you to receive the pain that for your demerits you have deserved, and that punishment that by the law for your offences is provided."

In the fourth scene of this act, the Constable only, amongst the French nobles, takes part in the dialogue; but the Duke of Burgundy is mentioned as being present. Shakspeare did not find this in the Chronicles; and it is probable that the Duke of Burgundy was absent from France; as the States of Flanders proclaimed that the Duke would render no assistance in the defence of France, unless the Dauphin redressed the injuries which he had heaped upon his wife, the daughter of the Duke.



[Charles VI. of France.]

C H O R U S.

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
 In motion of no less celerity
 Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
 The well-appointed king at Hampton^a pier
 Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
 With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.
 Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
 Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing:
 Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
 To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden sails,
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think
 You stand upon the rivage,^b and behold
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
 For so appears this fleet majestic,
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
 Grapple your minds to sternage^c of this navy;
 And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
 Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
 Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance:
 For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
 Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege:

^a *Hampton*. The original text of the folio has *Dover*; clearly a mistake. (See Historical Illustration.)

^b *Rivage*—the *shore*. This is the only instance in which our poet uses this very expressive word. Chaucer, Gower, Spenser, and Hall and Holinshed, have it frequently.

^c *Sternage*. Malone thinks Shakspeare wrote *steerage*. The meaning of the words is the same, but *sternage* is the more antique form. Holinshed uses *stern* as a verb in the sense of *steer*; and Chapman in his 'Homer' has "the *sternsman*." The "sternage of this navy" is—the course of this navy. Thus in 'Pericles':—

"So with his *steerage* shall your thoughts grow on."

Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
 Suppose, the ambassador from the French comes back;
 Tells Harry, that the king doth offer him
 Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
 The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
 With linstock ^a now the devilish cannon ^b touches,

[*Alarum; and chambers (small cannon) go off.*

And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
 And eke out our performance with your mind.

[*Exit.*

^a *Linstock* is the *match*—the *lint* (linen) in a *stock* (stick).

^b *Devilish cannon.* Shakspeare found the epithet thus applied in Spenser:—

“As when that *devilish iron engine*, wrought
 In deepest hell, and fram'd by furies' skill,
 With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
 And ramm'd with bullet round, ordain'd to kill,
 Conceiveth fire,” &c.

(‘*Fairy Queen.*’ Book i. canto vii. 13.)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before Harfleur.*^a

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers, with scaling ladders.

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;

Or close the wall up with our English dead !
 In peace, there 's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility :
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon^b up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage :
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
 Let it pry through the portage^c of the head,
 Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock
 O'erhang^d and jutting^e his confounded^f base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height !—On, on, you nobless English,^g

^a This scene, as well as the previous chorus, first appears in the folio edition of 1623.

^b *Summon up.* The folio reads *commune up*. The correction was made by Rowe.

^c *Portage.* The eyes are compared to cannon prying through *port-holes*.

^d *O'erhang.* In Reed's edition, and in Malone's, this is printed *o'erhand*, but without authority.

^e *Jutting.* The *jutting* land is a common epithet. *Jet* and *jetty* are derived from the same root.

^f *Confounded.* To *destroy* was one of the senses in which to *confound* was formerly used.

^g *Nobless English.* The original of 1623 prints *Noblish English*. In the second folio *Noblish* becomes *noblest*, which Steevens follows. Malone adopts *noble*. The *nobless English* is the English nobility—the barons, “ whose blood is fet from fathers

Whose blood is fet^a from fathers of war-proof!
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you!
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
 For there is none of you so mean and base
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
 Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
 Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!
[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Forces pass over; then enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. 'Pray thee, corporal,^b stay; the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives:^c the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

of war-proof." Henry first addresses the nobless—then the yeomen. There is an analogous position of the adjective in this play. In Act V. Henry says,—

"And princes French, and peers, health to you all."

And the French king responds with "princes English."

^a *Fet.* Pope changed this into *fetch'd*, but Steevens properly restored it. The word is not only found in Chaucer and Spenser, but in our present translation of the Bible; although in many cases, some of which Dr. Grey has enumerated, it has been thrust out in modern editions to make way for *fetch'd*. Our Anglo-Saxon language has thus been deteriorated. *Fette* is the participle of the Anglo-Saxon verb *fet-ian*, to fetch.

^b *Corporal.* Malone says that the variations in Bardolph's title proceeded merely from Shakspeare's inattention. Is it not rather that Nym, in his fright, forgets his own rank and Bardolph's also?

^c *A case of lives*—several lives; as "a case of pistols"—"a case of poniards"—expressions in use in Elizabeth's time.

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound;
Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;

And sword and shield,

In bloody field,

Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. 'Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would
give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.^a

Pist. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,

My purpose should not fail with me,

But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.^b

Enter FLUELLEN.^c

Flu. Up to the preach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions.^d

[*Driving them forward.*]

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!

Abate thy rage, great duke!^e

Good bawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours!—your honour wins bad
humours. [*Exeunt NYM, PIST., and BARD., followed by FLU.*]

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three
swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three,
though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for,

^a In the quarto the passage is thus: "*Boy.* Would I were in London, I'd give all my honour for a pot of ale." *Nym* has just said, "'T is honour, and there's the humour of it." The whole scene is greatly changed and enlarged in the folio. The *Boy's* speech, as it now stands, would seem more appropriate to *Nym* or *Bardolph*.

^b *Pistol's* snatch of an old song is printed as prose in the folio. The passage does not occur in the quartos. *Douce* suggested that the words of the *Boy* were the close of the ditty, and we have followed his recommendation to print them as verse. If *bough* is read *high* we have rhyme. The Saxon verb *bigan*, to bend, would give us *high*, as *bagan* gives us *bough*;—and we have still *bight* to express a bend, such as that of the elbow.

^c *Fluellen* is *Llewellyn*.

^d The scene is completely remodelled in the folio, and yet the modern editors here give us two lines of the quarto, entirely different.

^e *Great duke.* In *Pistol's* fustian use of the word *duke* it is not necessary to show that the word was properly applied to a commander—*dur.*

indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-livered, and red-faced; by the means whereof 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post, when he was drunk. They will steal anything, and call it—purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case; bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching;^a and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew, by that piece of service, the men would carry coals.^b They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke it is not so good to come to the mines: For, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you) is digged himself four yards under the countermines;^c by Cheshu, I think 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

^a Grey suggests that Shakspeare derived the name of Nym from *nim*, an old English word signifying to *filch*. Thus in *Hudibras*,—

“Blank-schemes, to discover *nimmers*.”

^b See ‘*Romeo and Juliet*,’ Illustrations of Act I.

^c Johnson says, “Fluellen means that the enemy had digged himself *countermines* four yards under the *mines*.” But why not take Fluellen literally? why not countermines under countermines? and then the enemy “will plow up *all*.”

Gow. The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass as in the 'orld: I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

*Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY, at a distance.**

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say, gud-day, captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, goot captain Jamy.

Gow. How now, captain Macmorris? have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish la, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over; I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline? that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath;

* Macmorris and Jamy do not appear at all in the quartos.

and I sall quit you^a with gud leve, as I may pick occasion, that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me ; the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes : it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet calls us to the breach ; and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing : 't is shame for us all : so God sa' me, 't is shame to stand still ; it is shame, by my hand : and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done ; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gude service, or aile ligge i' the grund for it ; ay, or go to death ; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sal I surely do, that is the breff and the long : Mary, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation——

Mac. Of my nation ? What ish my nation ? What ish my nation ? Who talks of my nation, ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal.^b

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you ; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself : so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au ! that's a foul fault. [A parley sounded.]

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

^a *Quit you*—requite you—answer you.

^b Upon the suggestion of a friend we have made a transposition here. The ordinary reading, as it appears in the folio, is, line by line,

“Of my nation ? What ish my nation ? Ish a
villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal. What
ish my nation ? Who talks of my nation ?”

This is evidently one of the mistakes that often occur in printing. The second and third lines changed places, and the “Ish a” of the first line should have been at the end of what is printed as the third, whilst “What” of the second line should have gone at the end of the first.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. Before the gates of Harfleur.*

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English Forces below. Enter KING HENRY and his Train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves;
Or, like to men proud of destruction,
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,
(A name that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,)
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the Leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town, and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace

O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
 Of headly^a murder, spoil, and villainy.
 If not, why, in a moment, look to see
 The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
 Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
 And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes;
 Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
 Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
 At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.^b
 What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
 Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
 The dauphin, whom of succours we entreated,
 Returns us—that his powers are yet not ready
 To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
 We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy:
 Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;
 For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,
 Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
 And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
 Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—
 The winter coming on, and sickness growing
 Upon our soldiers,—we will retire to Calais.
 To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
 To-morrow for the march are we address'd.

[*Flourish.* *The KING, &c., enter the town.*]

SCENE IV.—Rouen. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.

Kath. 'Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le language.

^a *Headly.* So the folio. The modern reading is *deadly*. Headly has the force of headstrong,—rash,—passionate; and applies to "spoil" as well as murder. It is the "*blind soldier*" who commits these "*headly*" acts.

^b This most striking description of the horrors of the sack of a besieged city, beginning at "And the flesh'd soldier," and ending with this line, first appears in the folio.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseigne; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous^a la main, en Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle est appelée, de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? ma foy, je oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres; ouy, de fingres.

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appelez vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? les appellons, de nails.

Kath. De nails. Escoutez; dites moy si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude?

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en faitz la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à present.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez moy, Alice; escoutez: De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie; De elbow. Comment appelez vous le col?

Alice. De nick, madame.

Kath. De nick: Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick: le menton, de sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur; en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grâce de Dieu; et en peu de temps.

^a The French of the folio is printed with tolerable correctness. That of the quartos is most amusingly corrupt. *Comment appelez vous* is given in that of 1608 in three several ways:—*Coman sae palla vou*; *coman sa pella vou*; and *coman se pella vou*.

Alice. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée ?

Kath. Non, je reciteray à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de mails,—

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis je ; de elbow, de nick, et de sin : Comment appelez vous le pied et la robe ?

Alice. De foot, madame ; et de coun.

Kath. De foot, et de coun ? O Seigneur Dieu ! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user : Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot et de coun neantmoins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble : De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Alice. Excellent, madame !

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois ; allons nous à disner.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter the French KING, the DAUPHIN, DUKE OF BOURBON, the CONSTABLE of France, and others.

Fr. King. 'T is certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France ; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant ! shall a few sprays of us,—
The emptying of our father's luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spurt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters ?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards !
Mort de ma vie ! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,

To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten^a isle of Albion.

Con. *Dieu de batailles!* where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd^b jades, their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;
Poor, we may call them in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us; and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us—to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high,² and swift corantos;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald? speed him
hence;

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes; and, with spirit of honour edg'd,
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;

^a *Nook-shotten.* Warburton says, "*Nook-shotten isle* is an isle that shoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land, the very figure of Great Britain." What, we would ask, has the *form* of the isle to do with the contemptuous expressions of Bourbon? Steevens supports Warburton's explanation by informing us, from Randle Holme, that a "*querke* is a nook-shotten pane of glass." This, we take it, is not a pane of glass shooting out into angles—"capes, promontories, and necks"—but an irregular piece of glass, adapted to the nooks of the old Gothic casements. The "*nook-shotten isle of Albion*" is the isle thrust into a corner apart from the rest of the world—the "*penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*" of Virgil.

^b *Sur-rein'd*—over-rein'd—over-worked.

Jaques Chatillion, Rambures, Vaudemont,
 Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
 Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
 High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
 For your great seats, now quit you of great shames,
 Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
 With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
 Upon the valleys; whose low vassal seat
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
 Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—
 And in a captive chariot into Rouen
 Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.

Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
 His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march;
 For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
 And, for achievement,^a offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy;
 And let him say to England, that we send
 To know what willing ransom he will give.
 Prince dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
 Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all;
 And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*The English Camp in Picardy.*

Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN.

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen? come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

^a *For achievement.* The king, in Act IV. Scene 3, says, "Bid them *achieve* me." Here the Constable says that at sight of the French army will offer ransom *instead of achievement*. This word *achievement* had probably some more precise meaning in the old chivalry than we now attach to it.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not (God be praised and plessed!) any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent disciplines. There is an ancient^a there at the pridge,—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orld: but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom^b valour, hath,—by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is plind: And she is painted also with a wheel; to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and

^a *Ancient.* The folio reads *ancient lieutenant*; the quarto, *ensign*. Is the blunder of "ancient lieutenant" that of Fluellen, or of the printer?

^b *Buxom*—obedient, disciplined. Verstegan ('Restitution of Decayed Intelligence'), in his chapter on the antiquity and propriety of the ancient English tongue, has this explanation:—"Buhsomeness or bughsomeness—Pliableness or bowsomeness, to wit, humbly stooping or bowing down in sign of obedience. Chaucer writes it *buzsommeness*."

rolls, and rolls;—In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: fortune is an excellent moral.^a

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stol'n a pax, and hanged must 'a be.
A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For pax of little price.^a

Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why, then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to executions; for disciplines ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damned; and *figo*^b for thy friendship. ^a

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain!

[*Exit* PISTOL.]

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd; a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a uttered as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day: But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 't is a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote where services were done;—at such and such a

^a The ordinary reading here, and in other parts of this scene, is, as Malone says without apology, "made out of two copies, the quarto and the first folio."

^b See 'Romeo and Juliet:' Illustrations of Act I.

sconce,^a at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: And what a beard of the general's cut,⁴ and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on! But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain Gower,—I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the 'orld he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

Flu. Got pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? camest thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages: Marry, th'athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th'athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

^a *Sconce.* Blount in his 'Glossographia' (1656) interprets this as "a block-house or fortification in war; also taken for the head, because a sconce or block-house is made for the most part round, in fashion of a head." The converse of Blount's derivation is, we take it, to be received. *Schanze* is the German for a fortification. *Sconce* is used in the sense of a fortification by Milton and Clarendon.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off:—and we give express charge, that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; For when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well, then, I know thee; What shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: Advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur: but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe:—now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom: which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master, so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back, And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now; But could be willing to march on to Calais Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth, (Though 't is no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,)

My people are with sickness much enfeebled ;
 My numbers lessen'd ; and those few I have
 Almost no better than so many French,
 Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
 I thought upon one pair of English legs
 Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, God,
 That I do brag thus !—this your air of France
 Hath blown that vice in me ; I must repent.
 Go, therefore, tell thy master here I am ;
 My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk ;
 My army but a weak and sickly guard ;
 Yet, God before,^a tell him we will come on,
 Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
 Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.⁵
 Go bid thy master well advise himself :
 If we may pass, we will ; if we be hinder'd,
 We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
 Discolour : and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
 The sum of all our answer is but this :
 We would not seek a battle as we are :
 Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it ;
 So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

[*Exit* MONTJOY.]

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge ; it now draws toward night,—

Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves ;

And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The French Camp, near Agincourt.*

Enter the CONSTABLE *of France, the* LORD RAMBURES, *the*
 DUKE OF ORLEANS, DAUPHIN, *and others.*

Con. Tut ! I have the best armour of the world.—'Would
 it were day !

^a *God before*—God being my guide. The same expression, when used to a parting friend, implied, God be thy guide. The "prevent us, O Lord" of the Liturgy is *go before us*.

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour.

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this!—I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ça, ha!* He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.^a

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the

^a The precise meaning of the word *jade* has led to much discussion upon this passage. Warburton boldly says, "It is plain that *jades* and *beasts* should change places, it being the first word, and not the last, which is the term of reproach." But *jade* was not always a term of reproach; whereas *beast*, as applied to a horse or a dog, still is so. It is probable that *jade* originally meant a *tired horse*; a horse that has *yade* (gone). There is a passage in Ford which shows that after Shakspeare's time *jade* was not used to express a sorry horse:—

"Like high-fed *jades* upon a tilting-day
In antique trappings."

In 'Henry IV., Part II.,' the following passage appears decisive as to Shakspeare's interpretation of the word:—

"—— he gave his *able horse* the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of the *poor jade*."

We are well content with the passage as it stands.

rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey : it is a theme as fluent as the sea ; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all : 't is a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on : and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus :—" Wonder of nature,"—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser ; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well ; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought, yesterday, your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O ! then, belike, she was old and gentle ; and you rode, like a kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your straight trossers.^a

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warned by me, then : they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs ; I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubier* : thou makest use of anything.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress ; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it ?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously ; and 't were more honour some were away.

Con. E'en as your horse bears your praises ; who would trot as well were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. ' Would I were able to load him with his desert ! Will it never be day ? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way : But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners ?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'T is midnight, I'll go arm myself. [Exit.

Orl. The dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity ; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow : he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he ?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself ; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is ; never anybody saw it, but his lackey : 't is a hooded valour ; and, when it appears, it will bate.^a

^a When falcons are *unhooded* they *bate*—flap the wing ready to fly at the game. The Constable here quibbles upon the word *bate* : When the Dauphin's hooded valour appears, there will be less of it—it will *abate*.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due.

Con. Well placed ; there stands your friend for the devil : have at the very eye of that proverb, with—A pox of the devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much—A fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'T is not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measured the ground ?

Mess. The lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—Would it were day !—Alas, poor Harry of England ! he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge !

Con. If the English had any apprehension they would run away.

Orl. That they lack ; for if their heads had any intellectual armour they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures ; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs ! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples : You may as well say,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just ; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming-on, leaving their wits with their wives : and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow, they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: Come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see,—by ten,
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.^a [*Exeunt.*

^a This scene is greatly extended in the folio, as compared with the quartos. With all respect to Pope's opinion that it is "shorter and better" in the quartos, we think that it is greatly improved by the extension. For example, from the speech of Orleans, "What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England," &c., to the conclusion of the act, is wanting in the quartos. Never were national prejudices more cleverly and good-naturedly exposed than in this short dialogue. "If the English had any apprehension they would run away," is a reproach that we have had to endure on many subsequent occasions, when the "mastiffs" did not know when they were beaten.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

¹ SCENE IV.—“*Alice, tu as esté,*” &c.

WHEN, in the Epilogue to ‘Henry IV., Part II.,’ the author promised the audience “to make you merry with fair Katharine of France,” he certainly was a fitting judge of the sources from which his audience would derive their merriment. Warburton, however, calls this a ridiculous scene. Hanmer rejects it as an interpolation of the players. Not only this scene, but the scraps of French which are put in the mouths of other characters, have a dramatic purpose. The great object of this play is to excite and elevate the nationality of the English; and this could not be done without a marked and obvious distinction between the people of the two nations. The occasional French accomplishes this much more readily than any other device. It is to be remembered that Shakspeare’s plays were written to be acted. Of distinguishing dresses the wardrobe of Shakspeare’s stage had few to boast. The introduction of Katharine in this particular scene, learning the very rudiments of English, is a fit introduction for that of the fifth act, where she attempts to converse with her future husband in his native tongue.

² SCENE V.—“*They bid us—to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high.*”

The lavolta, a dance of Italian origin, as its name imports, passed through Provence into the rest of France, and thence into England. It appears from the descriptions of it to have been a very exaggerated waltz; and its introduction into France was gravely ascribed to the power of witches. Sir John Davies, in his poem called ‘Orchestra,’ has given us a very spirited description of the lavolta, which shows that its grace might have recommended it without the aid of sorcery. He has described the musical time of this dance very poetically:—

“And still their feet an *anapest* do sound:
An *anapest* is all their music’s song,
Whose first two feet is short, and third is long.”

³ SCENE VI.—“*Pax of little price.*”

The ordinary reading of *pax* is *pix*; yet all the old editions read *pax*. The alteration was made by Theobald. Johnson says *pix* and *pax* signify the same thing. The discussions upon this somewhat unimportant matter occupy two pages of the variorum editions. The question was treated by the commentators as one to be settled by the use of similar expressions by old authors, without inquiring into the essential differences of the things themselves. Nares, in his ‘Glossary,’ has put this matter right. A *pix*—the casket which contains a sacred wafer—is not such an article as Bardolph could readily have stolen. The “*pax of little price*” is a small plate of wood or metal, with some sacred representation engraved upon it, tendered to the people to kiss at the conclusion of the mass. It was a substitute for the kiss

of peace of the primitive church. The custom of kissing the pax is now disused; but such a relic of the Romish church was exhibited at the Society of Antiquaries in 1821.

⁴ SCENE VI.—“ *A beard of the general's cut.*”

Beards of a particular cut had their appropriate names, and were sometimes characteristic of professions. The *steeletto* beard and the *spade* beard appear to have belonged to the military profession; though the cut of particular generals—setters of the fashion—might vary. Southampton is always represented with the steeletto beard,—Essex with the spade beard.

⁵ SCENE VI.—“ *There's for thy labour, Montjoy.*”

It was necessary in the days of chivalry not only to preserve the inviolable character of heralds, who often did the duties of ambassadors, but to reward them liberally, however unpleasant might be their messages. In his notes to ‘Marmion,’ Scott says, “So sacred was the herald’s office, that, in 1515, Lord Drummond was by parliament declared guilty of treason, and his lands forfeited, because he had struck with his fist the Lion King-at-Arms when he reproved him for his follies. Nor was he restored, but at the Lion’s earnest solicitations.”

⁶ SCENE VII.—“ *A kerne of Ireland,*” &c.

The character and the costume of the *Kerne* (an abbreviation, probably, of the Gaelic Ketheryn, Cateran) are described in Derrick’s ‘Image of Ireland,’ printed in Lord Somers’s ‘Tracts.’—Scott’s description in ‘Rokeby’ of the faithful adherent of an Irish chieftain is founded upon the ruder verses of Derrick :—

“ His plaited hair in elf-locks spread
Around his bare and matted head;
On leg and thigh, close stretch’d and trim,
His vesture show’d the sinewy limb;
In saffron dyed, a linen vest
Was frequent folded round his breast;
A mantle long and loose he wore,
Shaggy with ice, and stain’d with gore.”



[Street in Harfleur.]

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

“ Suppose that you have seen
 The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
 Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet
 With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.”

It was not in Holinshed that Shakspeare found a hint of the splendour of Henry's fleet. That Chronicler simply says, “ When the wind came about prosperous to his purpose, he caused the mariners to weigh up anchors, and hoise up sails.” Speed, whose ‘ History of Great Britain ’ was not published till 1611, speaking of Henry's second expedition into France in 1417, describes the king as embarking in a ship whose sails were of purple silk most richly embroidered with gold. Neither Holinshed nor Hall, in their accounts of the second expedition, mention this circumstance. But our poet might have found the narrative of a somewhat similar pageantry in Froissart, where the French ships destined for the invasion of England, in

1387, are described as painted with the arms of the commanders and gilt, with banners, pennons, and standards of silk. The invading fleet of Henry V. consisted of between twelve and fourteen hundred vessels, of various sizes, from twenty to three hundred tons. On the 10th of August, 1415, the king embarked on board his ship, the "Trinity," between Portsmouth and Southampton, and the whole fleet was under weigh on the 11th. By a curious error in the folio of 1623, the king "at Dover pier" embarks his royalty. Of course this was an error of the printer or transcriber, for the passage is inconsistent with the chorus of the second act. Warton tells us that amongst the records of the town of Southampton there is a minute and authentic account of the encampment before the embarkation, and that the low plain where the army lay ready to go on board is now entirely covered with sea, and called West Port.

The first scene of this act brings us at once before Harfleur. The negotiations alluded to in the chorus had occurred at Winchester, in the July preceding the invasion. No opposition was made to the landing of Henry's army on the 14th, when the disembarkation took place at Clef de Caux (about three miles from Harfleur), before which place the fleet had arrived on the 13th. Sir H. Nicolas, in his 'History of the Battle of Agincourt,' has translated a very curious Latin manuscript in the Cotton collection, being the narrative of a priest who accompanied the expedition. In this narrative the landing is thus described: "The king, with the greater part of his army, landed in small vessels, boats, and skiffs, and immediately took up a position on the hill nearest Harfleur, having on the one side, on the declivity of the valley, a coppice wood towards the river Seine, and on the other enclosed farms and orchards."

The siege of Harfleur is somewhat briefly described by Holinshed. The conduct of that enterprise was agreeable to the rules of war laid down by "Master Giles," the principal military authority of that period. The loss sustained by the besieging army was very great; and in a few days the English forces were visited by a frightful dysentery. Many of the most eminent leaders fell before its ravages. This was, probably, to be attributed to the position of the invading army; for, according to Holinshed, those who "valiantly defended the siege damming up the river that hath his course through the town, the water rose so high betwixt the king's camp and the Duke of Clarence's camp, divided by the same river, that the Englishmen were constrained to withdraw their artillery from one side." The mines and the countermines of Fluellen are to be found in Holinshed: "Daily was the town assaulted: for the Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege was committed, made three mines under the ground, and, approaching to the walls with his engines and ordinance, would not suffer them within to take any rest. For although they with their countermining somewhat disappointed the Englishmen, and came to fight with them hand to hand within the mines, so that they went no further forward with that work; yet they were so enclosed on each side, as well by water as land, that succour they saw could none come to them." Harfleur surrendered on the 22nd of September, after a siege of thirty-six days. The previous negotiations between Henry and the governor of the town were conducted by commissioners. Shakspeare, of course, dramatically brought his principal personage upon the scene, in the convention by which the town was surrendered. Holinshed, who in general has an eye for the picturesque, has no description of the gorgeous ceremony which accompanied the surrender; but such a description is found in the older narratives, which represent the king upon "his royal throne, placed under a pavilion at the top of the hill before the town, where his nobles and other principal persons, an illustrious body of men, were assembled in numbers, in their best equipments; his crowned triumphal helmet being held on his right hand

upon a halbert-staff, by Sir Gilbert Umfreville." (Cotton MS.) The account of the loss which the English army sustained during the thirty-six days subsequent to its landing would be almost incredible, if its accuracy were not supported by every conflicting testimony. It appears that, if Henry landed with thirty thousand men, more than two-thirds must, during the short period of the siege, have been slain, have died of disease, or have been sent back to England as incapable of proceeding. The English army, when it quitted Harfleur, did not amount to much more than eight thousand fighting men. The priest who accompanied the expedition says, "There remained fit for drawing the sword or for battle not above nine hundred lancers, and five thousand archers." Monstrelet, and other French writers, rate the English forces at a much greater number.

"King Henry," says Holinshed, "after the winning of Harfleur, determined to have proceeded further in the winning of other towns and fortresses: but because the dead time of the winter approached, it was determined by advice of his council that he should in all convenient speed set forward, and march through the country towards Calais by land, lest his return as then homewards should of slanderous tongues be named a running away." From the contemporary writers it appears that this resolution was taken by Henry *against* the advice of his council. There was a chivalrous hardihood in the resolve, which almost entirely covers its rashness. His trust, said the king, was in God; he was resolved to see the territories which were his own; he would not subject himself to the reproach of cowardice. "Our mind," said he, "is prepared to endure every peril, rather than they shall be able to breathe the slightest reproach against your king. We will go, if it pleases God, without harm or danger, and, if they disturb our journey, we will frustrate their intentions with honour, victory, and triumph." The army commenced its perilous march about the 8th of October. The king, upon landing in France, had issued a proclamation forbidding, under pain of death, all plunder and other excesses. This proclamation was now renewed. The army was five days before it reached Abbeville. The bridges of the Somme were everywhere broken down; and the dispirited forces were, in consequence, compelled to march up the south bank of the river till they reached Nesle. There, over a temporary bridge, Henry at length crossed the Somme. The opposition to his march had now become most formidable. The daring character of his movement from Harfleur had roused the French from their supineness. The fifth scene of this act is a most spirited representation of the mingled contempt and anger with which the French nobility regarded Henry's progress through the heart of the country. Holinshed describes the resolution to send the herald Montjoy to Henry. Three heralds, according to the contemporary accounts, appeared before the English king on the 20th. His answer is thus given in Holinshed:—"Mine intent is to do as it pleaseth God: I will not seek your master at this time; but if he or his seek me, I will meet with them, God willing. If any of your nation attempt once to stop me in my journey now towards Calais, at their jeopardy be it; and wish I not any of you so unadvised as to be the occasion that I dye your tawny ground with your red blood." Henry continued to press on his troops with great regularity, though they suffered the most serious privations. They were "shrewdly out of beef," as Orleans says;—they were "with sickness much enfeebled," as Henry declares. Holinshed describes their situation with great quaintness: "The enemies had destroyed all the corn before they came. Rest could they none take, for their enemies with alarms did ever so infest them; daily it rained, and nightly it freezed: of fuel there was great scarcity, of fluxes plenty: money enough, but wares for their relief to bestow it on had they none." And yet, under these circumstances, the proclamation against

plunder was enforced with undeviating justice. The fact of a man being hanged for stealing a sacred vessel is found in Holinshed.

The oriflamme had been hoisted, the last time that the sacred banner was displayed in France. Sixty thousand princes, and knights, and esquires, and men-at-arms, were gathered round the national standard. When Henry crossed the river Ternoise, on the 24th of October, this mighty army stood before him, "filling," says the priest who accompanied the march, "a very large field as with an innumerable host of locusts."



[Duke of Bourbon.]

C H O R U S.

Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.¹
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire: and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd² face:
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,³
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.^a
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host;

^a *Name.* The folio, *nam'd*.

Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile :
And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him ;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night :
But freshly looks, and overbears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty ;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks :
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all ^a
Behold (as may unworthiness define)
A little touch of Harry in the night :
And so our scene must to the battle fly ;
Where (O for pity !) we shall much disgrace—
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill dispos'd in brawl ridiculous—
The name of Agincourt : Yet, sit and see ;
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

^a The ordinary reading is—

“ *Then* mean, and gentle all,
Behold,” &c.

Our text is from the folio. “ Mean and gentle all ” we think applies to the army.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The English Camp at Agincourt.*

Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, *and* GLOSTER.

K. Hen. Gloster, 't is true that we are in great danger ;
The greater therefore should our courage be.
Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty !
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out ;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry :
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all ; admonishing
That we should dress us^a fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old sir Thomas Erpingham :
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege ; this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lie I like a king.

K. Hen. 'T is good for men to love their present pains,
Upon example ; so the spirit is eas'd :
And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp ;

^a *Dress us.* Malone prints this '*dress us*—an abbreviation of *address*. To *dress* is to *set in order*—to *prepare*—in its primary meaning—the sense of the passage before us.

Do my good-morrow to them ; and, anon,
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege. [Exeunt *GLO.* and *BED.*

Erp. Shall I attend your grace ?

K. Hen. No, my good knight ;

Go with my brothers to my lords of England :

I and my bosom must debate awhile,

And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry !

[Exit *ERPINGHAM.*

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart ! thou speak'st cheer-
fully.^a

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. *Qui va là ?*

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me ; Art thou officer ?

Or art thou base, common, and popular ?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike ?

K. Hen. Even so : What are you ?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame ;

Of parents good, of fist most valiant :

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings

I love the lovely bully. What's thy name ?

K. Hen. Harry *le Roy*.

Pist. *Le Roy* ! a Cornish name ; art thou of Cornish
crew ?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Knowest thou *Fluellen* ?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon Saint Davy's day.

^a All this fine scene, as well as the chorus, is wanting in the quarto ; which begins with Pistol's *qui va là*.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The *figo* for thee, then!

K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol called. [Exit.

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak fewer.^a It is the greatest admiration in the universal 'orld, when the true and auncient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN.

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

*Enter three soldiers, JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT,
and MICHAEL WILLIAMS.*

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

^a *Fewer.* So the folio. The first quarto has *lower*, which afterwards became *lower*. But to "*speake few*" is a provincial phrase, meaning to *speake low*—and therefore proper in the mouth of Fluellen. Gower with equal propriety answers "I will speak *lower*."

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wracked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am; the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing;^a therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will: but, I believe, as cold a night as 't is, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king; I think he would not wish himself anywhere but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he

^a *Mounted* and *stoop* are terms of falconry. Thus in an old song quoted by Percy,—

“She flieth at one
Her mark jump upon,
And *mounteth* the welkin clear;
Then right she *stoops*
When the falconer he whoops,
Triumphing in her chanticleer.”

be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could not die anywhere so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough if we know we are the king's subjects; if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—We died at such a place; some, swearing; some, crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation:—But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling

virgins with the broken seals of perjury ; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men they have no wings to fly from God : war is his beadle, war is his vengeance ; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel : where they feared the death they have borne life away ; and where they would be safe they perish : Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's ; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience : and dying so, death is to him advantage ; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained : and in him that escapes it were not sin to think that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'T is certain, every man that dies ill the ill is upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me ; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully : but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then ! That 's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch ! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You 'll never trust his word after ! come, 't is a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round ; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap; if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, "This is my glove," by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: But it is no English treason to cut French crowns; and, to-morrow, the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children, and our sins, lay on the king:
We must bear all.

O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
Subject to the breath of every fool, whose sense
No more can feel but his own wringing!^a

^a We print these six lines as in the folio. (The speech is altogether wanting in the quarto.) The metre-cobblers, Steevens and Co., would not leave the passage as they found it; but have botched it thus:—

"Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our sins, lay on the king: we must bear all.
O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
Subjected to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing."

Steevens says, "For the sake of the metre I have not scrupled to read *subjected*." He was not often scrupulous.

What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
 That private men enjoy?
 And what have kings that privates have not too,
 Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
 And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
 What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
 Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
 What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
 O ceremony, show me but thy worth?
 What is thy soul of adoration?^a
 Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
 Creating awe and fear in other men?
 Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
 Than they in fearing.
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
 But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
 Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
 With titles blown from adulation?
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
 I am a king that find thee; and I know,
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
 The farced title running 'fore the king,^b

^a We print this as in the original: "What is *thy* soul," &c. This, according to the commentators, is "incorrect"—"a mistake." Johnson would read—"What is thy soul, O adoration?"—Malone reads, "What is *the* soul of adoration?" These appear to us weak "amendments." "*Ceremony*" is apostrophized throughout this magnificent address. To read "O adoration," or "the soul of adoration," is to introduce a new impersonation, breaking the continuity which runs through fifty lines. Thy soul of adoration, O ceremony, is,—*thy inmost spirit of adoration*. Is thy worth, *thy very soul of homage*, anything but "place, degree, and form"?

^b *The farced title*, &c. Johnson explains this as "the tumid puffy titles with which a king's name is always introduced." We doubt this. The farced title forms one item in a long enumeration of *visible* appendages of royalty—the balm, the sceptre, the ball, the sword, the mace, the crown, the robe, the throne. Without any great violence we think "the farced title running 'fore the king" may be taken for the gorgeous *herald* going before the king to proclaim his *title*.

The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high shore of this world,
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave ;
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread :
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell ;
 But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium ; next day, after dawn,
 Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse ;
 And follows so the ever-running year,
 With profitable labour, to his grave :
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it ; but in gross brain little wots
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.^a

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
 Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight,
 Collect them all together at my tent :
 I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do 't, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. O God of battles ! steel my soldiers' hearts !
 Possess them not with fear ! Take from them now
 The sense of reckoning of the opposed numbers !
 Pluck their hearts from them not to-day, O Lord,
 O not to-day ! Think not upon the fault
 My father made in compassing the crown !^b

^a *Advantages.* The verb "to advantage" is found several times in Shakspeare. Thus, in 'Julius Cæsar,'—

"It shall advantage more, than do us wrong."

^b The ordinary reading of this passage is as follows :—

"O God of battles ! steel my soldiers' hearts !

Possess

I Richard's body have interred new ;
 And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
 Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
 Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood ; and I have built
 Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
 Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do ;
 Though all that I can do is nothing worth ;
 Since that my penitence comes after all,
 Imploping pardon.^a

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My liege !

K. Hen. My brother Gloster's voice ?—Ay ;
 I know thy errand, I will go with thee :—
 The day, my friends, and all things stay for me. [*Exeunt.*]

Possess them not with fear ; take from them now
 The sense of reckoning, *if* the opposed numbers
 Pluck their hearts from them.—Not to-day, O Lord,
 O not to-day, think not upon the fault
 My father made in compassing the crown."

Tyrwhitt changed the *of* in the folio to *if*, and removed a colon after *numbers*. Theobald had previously changed *of* into *lest*. The reading of the quarto is the following :—

" O God of battles ! steel my soldiers' hearts.
 Take from them now the sense of reckoning,
 That the opposed multitudes which stand before them
 May not appal their courage.
 O not to-day, not to-day, O God,
 Think on the fault my father made
 In compassing the crown."

In reading—

" Pluck their hearts from them not to-day, O Lord,
 O not to-day. Think not," &c.

we have deviated from the punctuation of the folio, as well as from the connexion in the quarto between "to-day" and "the fault." But the commentators have overlooked the contradiction involved in the double negative—

" O *not* to-day think *not* upon the fault."

This is opposed to the quarto—"not to-day, think on," &c. The restoration of the word *of*, and the change in the punctuation of the subsequent line, are equally called for.

^a Works of piety and charity, without a contrite soul—the penitence which comes *after all*—are nothing worth.

SCENE II.—*The French Camp.*^a*Enter* DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, *and others.**Orl.* The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords.*Dau.* *Montez à cheval*:—My horse! *valet! lacquay!* ha!*Orl.* O brave spirit!*Dau.* *Via!*—*les eaux et la terre*—*Orl.* *Rien puis? l'air et le feu*—*Dau.* *Ciel!* cousin Orleans.—*Enter* CONSTABLE.

Now, my lord constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.*Dau.* Mount them, and make incision in their hides;
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And doubt^b them with superfluous courage: Ha!*Ram.* What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?*Enter a Messenger.**Mess.* The English are embattled, you French peers.*Con.* To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'T is positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,—
Who, in unnecessary action, swarm
About our squares of battle,—were enow^a The whole of this scene is wanting in the quarto.^b *Doubt them.* The folio reads *doubt*;—the commentators have changed that word into *dout*—to *put out*. *To doubt* is constantly used by the old writers as an equivalent for *to awe*.

To purge this field of such a hilding foe :
 Though we upon this mountain's basis by
 Took stand for idle speculation :
 But that our honours must not. What's to say ?
 A very little little let us do,
 And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
 The tucket-sonaunce and the note to mount :^a
 For our approach shall so much dare the field,
 That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France ?
 Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
 Ill-favour'dly become the morning field :
 Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
 And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
 Big Mars seems bankrout in their beggar'd host,
 And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
 The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,⁴
 With torch-staves in their hand ; and their poor jades
 Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips ;
 The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes ;
 And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit^b
 Lies foul with chaw'd grass, still and motionless ;
 And their executors, the knavish crows,
 Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.
 Description cannot suit itself in words,
 To demonstrate the life of such a battle
 In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,

^a *The tucket-sonaunce, &c.* The flourish of the trumpet expressed by "tucket-sonaunce,"—the "note to mount,"—the "dare the field," a term of falconry—are gay expressions more fitting for a hunting-party than for an onslaught of war. They are in character with "A very little little let us do." Shakspeare shows his excellent judgment in this. In Holinshed he found quite an opposite description :—"They (the Frenchmen) rested themselves, waiting for the bloody blast of the terrible trumpet."

^b *Gimmel bit*—double bit ; from *gemellus*. A gimmel ring is a double ring. (See 'Archæologia,' vol. xiv.)

And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guidon.^a To the field :
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come away !
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The English Camp.*

*Enter the English Host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER,
SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND.*

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 't is a fearful odds.

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully;—my noble lord of Bedford,
My dear lord Gloster, and my good lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all—adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord, fight valiantly to-day;

^a *Guidon.* The ordinary reading is—

“ I stay but for my guard. On, to the field :”

It has been suggested to us, through the medium of a gentleman whose classical attainments and general knowledge of all elegant literature have gained for him a high distinction, that the common text must be inaccurate. One cannot see how the banner taken from a trumpet would be a substitute for the Constable's *guard*. The *guidon* was a leader's standard. In Drayton's 'Polyolbion' we have—

“ The king of England's self, and his renowned son,
Under his *guidon* march'd.”

In the engraved roll of the funeral procession of Sir Philip Sidney, from the drawings of Thomas Lant, we have a representation of a standard half rolled round the end of a spear, with the words underneath, *guidon trailed*. We have no hesitation in changing the original text in this very satisfactory instance of the necessity of emendation.

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.^a

[*Exit* SALISBURY.]

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
Princely in both.

West. O that we now had here

Enter KING HENRY.

But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:

^a In the folio the lines stand thus:—

“*Bed.* Farewell, good Salisbury, and good luck go
with thee:

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

“*Ere.* Farewell, kind lord, fight valiantly to-day.”

It is evident that this last line has been transposed; and here the quarto helps us:—

“Farewell, kind lord, fight valiantly to-day;
And yet in truth I do thee wrong,
For thou art made on the true sparks of honour.”

We would not die in that man's company
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.
 This day is call'd the feast of Crispian :
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
 He that shall see this day, and live old age,^a
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,^b
 And say, To-morrow is saint Crispian :
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars :^c
 Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
 But he'll remember, with advantages,
 What feats he did that day : Then shall our names
 Familiar in his mouth^d as household words,—
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd :
 This story shall the good man teach his son ;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered :
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition :

^a So the folio. In modern editions we have,—

“ He that shall *live* this day and *see* old age.”

Malone says, “The transposition (which is supported by the quarto) was made by Mr. Pope.” But how “supported by the quarto”? In the quarto we have,—

“ He that *outlives* this day, and *sees* old age.”

What authority does that give for the modern reading of “live this day”?

^b *Neighbours*. The quarto, *friends*, which is the received reading. Why are we to take the poet's corrections in one place, and reject them in another?

^c In the modern editions we have a line immediately following this, which is not in the folio :—

“ And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day.”

The line is found in the quarto *entirely in a different place*, after “shall gentle his condition.”

^d *His mouth*. When Shakspeare altered “friends” to “neighbours,” he altered “*their* mouths” of the quarto to “*his* mouth.” How beautifully he preserves the continuity of the picture of *the one old man* remembering his feats, and his great companions in arms, by this slight change! *His* mouth names “Harry the king” as a *household word*; though in *their* cups the name shall be freshly remembered.

And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon St. Crispin's day.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

West. God's will, my liege, 'would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!^a

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;^b
Which likes me better than to wish us one.—
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee—thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where (wretches) their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back;
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.

^a So the folio. The quarto, which is followed by the editors, has "could fight this battle out."

^b *Five thousand men.* "Shakspeare," says Johnson, "never thinks of such trifles as numbers." As the French in the last scene were declared to be sixty thousand, and five to one, the critic thinks that the poet, by the rule of three, ought to have said "twelve thousand men." M. Mason concurs with Johnson "in his observation on the poet's inattention." Malone says, "The king is speaking figuratively, and Dr. Johnson understood him literally;" and he writes a page to prove this.

Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.^a
A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then abounding^b valour in our English;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.^c
Let me speak proudly:—Tell the constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day:^d
Our gayness, and our gilt, are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host,
(Good argument, I hope, we will not fly,)
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes; or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this,
(As, if God please, they shall,) my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints:

^a This is the thought of the Italian proverb: "Non vender la pelle del orso innanzi che sia preso."

^b *Abounding*. The quarto, *abundant*. Theobald and Steevens read *a bounding*. If any change is to be made we had better say *rebounding*.

^c *Relapse of mortality*—the falling back from death to a killing power approaching to vitality.

^d *Warriors for the working-day*—we are soldiers ready for work—not dressed-up for a holiday.

Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

Mont. I shall, king Harry. And so fare thee well :
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. I fear, thou wilt once more come again for a ransom.

Enter the DUKE OF YORK.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers, march
away :—
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Field of Battle.*

Alarums : Excursions. Enter French Soldier, PISTOL, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je pense que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

Pist. Quality ! Calen o Custure me.^a Art thou a gentleman ? What is thy name ? discuss.

Fr. Sol. *O Seigneur Dieu !*

Pist. O, signieur Dew should be a gentleman :—
Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark ;—
O signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,^b

^a *Calen o Custure me.* In the folio we find "calmie custure me," which has been turned, in the modern editions, into "call you me ?—Construe me." Malone found out the enigma. In 'A Handefull of pleasant Delites' (1584) we have "Sundry new Sonets, in divers kinds of meeter, newly devised to the newest tunes that are now in use to be sung : " and amongst others, "A Sonet of a Lover in the praise of his Lady ; to 'Calen o custure me : ' sung at everie line's end." When the French soldier says *quali-té*, Pistol by the somewhat similar sound is reminded of the song of *Calen o* ;—or, as it is given in Playford's 'Musical Companion,' *Calli-no*. Boswell, who gives the music of the *refrain*, which he says means "Little girl of my heart, for ever and ever," adds that the words "have no great connexion with the Frenchman's supplication." Certainly not. But the similarity of sound, as in subsequent cases, suggested the words to Pistol.

^b *Fox*—a cant word for a *sword*. It was used by Congreve: "I have an old *fox* by my thigh."

Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, prenez misericorde ! ayez pitié de moy !

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys ;
For I will fetch thy rim^a out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras ?

Pist. Brass,^b cur !

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass ?

Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moy.

Pist. Say'st thou me so ? is that a ton of moys ?^c
Come hither, boy : Ask me this slave in French,
What is his name.

Boy. Escoutez ; Comment estes vous appellé ?

Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says his name is master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer ! I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret
him :—discuss the same in French unto him.

^a *Rim.* Warburton would read *ransom* ; Mason, *ryno* ; Steevens proves that *rim* is part of the intestines. The word in the folio is *rymme*. We must hazard a conjecture. The Frenchman is using somewhat guttural sounds to Pistol—*prenez misericorde* ; and the English bully designates the accentuation by a word (*rymme*) which seems to him to mark the sounds so discordant and unintelligible. In the same way we still speak of the Northumbrian *burr*. Further, the Anglo-Saxon noun *reoma* means *rheum* and *rime* ; and Pistol may think that the *rime* in the throat, which he will fetch out in drops of crimson blood, is the cause of the offensive sounds.

^b *Brass.* The critics have decided that, because Pistol mistakes *bras* for *brass* and subsequently thinks *moi* (then spelt *moy*) is pronounced *moy*, Shakspeare “had very little knowledge in the French language.” We have two pages of notes in the variorum editions to prove this. But the critics have not proved what was the pronunciation of the French language in Shakspeare's time, especially with regard to the now silent *s* ; and if they had proved that *bras* was always pronounced *bra* (or *braw* as Malone has it), and *moy* as we now pronounce *moi*, they have missed the fact that Pistol knew a little French (see Act II. Scene I) ; and though the Frenchman might have said *bra* and *moi*, the sound might have suggested to Pistol the words which he had seen written *bras* and *moy* ;—and thus his “offer'st me brass,” and his “forty moys.”

^c *Ton of moys.* Par-tonnez moy—perhaps the then received mode of pronunciation—suggests the “ton of moys.” But what is a moy ? Johnson says “moi” is a piece of money, whence moi-dore. Douce is hard upon the derivation of moi-dore, and says that *moy* meant a measure of corn. Without defending Pistol's or Dr. Johnson's etymology, we believe Douce is mistaken. Pistol clearly takes *moy* for money of some sort.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firck.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, monsieur ?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prest ; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.*

Pist. Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, pesant.
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns ;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. *O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner ! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison ; gardez ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cent escus.*

Pist. What are his words ?

Boy. He prays you to save his life : he is a gentleman of a good house ; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il ?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier ; neantmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciemens : et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks : and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—
Follow me.

[Exit PISTOL.]

Boy. *Suivez vous le grand capitaine.* [Exit French Soldier.]
I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart : but the saying is true,—the empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph and Nym had ten times more

valour than this roaring devil i' the old play,^a that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal anything adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us; if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. [Exit.

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field of Battle.*

Alarums. Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, BOURBON, CONSTABLE, RAMBURES, and others.

Con. O diable!

Orl. O seigneur!—le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.—*O meschante fortune!*—

Do not run away.

[A short alarum.

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame!—let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let's die in honour:^b Once more back again;

^a See Illustrations to 'Henry IV., Part II.,' Act III.

^b *Let's die in honour.* The ordinary reading is "Let us die *instant.*" Malone would read, "Let us die *in fight.*" The folio reads, "Let us die *in;*" which Mason says is the true reading. To justify and explain our reading we must exhibit the greatly altered scene of the quarto; which is also a curious example of the mode in which the text of the folio was expanded and amended,—and that certainly by the poet:—

Gebon. O diabello!

Con. Mort de ma vie!

Orl. O what a day is this!

Bour. O jour del honte! all is gone; all is lost!

Con. We are enow yet living in the field
To smother up the English,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. A plague of order! once more to the field;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go, &c.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, right us now!

Come

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
 Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,
 Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,
 Whilst by a slave,^a no gentler than my dog,
 His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now !
 Let us, on heaps, go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow, yet living in the field,
 To smother up the English in our throngs,
 If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now ! I'll to the throng ;
 Let life be short ; else shame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY and Forces ; EXETER, and
others, with prisoners.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen :
 But all 's not done, yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle ? thrice within this hour
 I saw him down ; thrice up again, and fighting ;
 From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (brave soldier !) doth he lie,
 Larding the plain : and by his bloody side
 (Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
 The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.
 Suffolk first died : and York, all haggled over,
 Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,

Come we in heaps, we'll offer up our lives
 Unto these English, or else die with fame.
 Come, come along :

Let's die with honour ; our shame doth last too long."

It is wonderful how the commentators have misused this text, without endeavouring by it to illustrate the difficulty in the text of the folio. A word is omitted of some sort :—the quarto gives them the very passage—"Let 's die with honour." But that they refuse to see ; and although the whole scene has been so amplified and improved, they "restore a line from the quarto" which is not found in the folio—

"Unto these English, or else die with fame."

Shakspeare had previously given the sentiment in "Let 's die in honour ;" the word "honour" being unquestionably omitted in the printing of what he wrote.

^a *By a slave.* The folio has *a base slave*, omitting *by*.

And takes him by the beard ; kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face ;
And cries aloud,—“Tarry, my cousin Suffolk !
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven :
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast ;
As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry !”
Upon these words I came, and cheer’d him up :
He smil’d me in the face, raught me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe, says,—“Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign.”
So did he turn, and over Suffolk’s neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss’d his lips ;
And so, espous’d to death, with blood he seal’d
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc’d
Those waters from me, which I would have stopp’d ;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not ;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.— [*Alarum.*
But, hark ! what new alarum is this same ?—
The French have reinforc’d their scatter’d men :^a—
Then every soldier kill his prisoners ;
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage ! ’t is expressly against
the law of arms : ’t is as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you
now, as can be offered. In your conscience now, is it not ?

^a Capell thought that this line should be spoken by a messenger, in answer to the
King’s “what new alarum is this same ?” The conduct of Henry in giving the
fatal order—

“Then every soldier kill his prisoners”—

is much more natural and justifiable than if he issued the command upon suspi-
cion only.

Gow. 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle have done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, captain Gower: What call you the town's name where Alexander the pig was porn?

Gow. Alexander the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the great was born in Macedon; his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain,—If you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander (God knows, and you know), in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: As Alexander killed his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great pelly-

doublet : he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks ; I have forgot his name.^a

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he : I'll tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY with a part of the English Forces ; WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, and others.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald ;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill ;
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field ; they do offend our sight :
If they'll do neither, we will come to them ;
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings :
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have ;
And not a man of them, that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy :—Go, and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Hen. How now ! what means this, herald ? know'st
thou not

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom ?
Com'st thou again for ransom ?

Mont. No, great king,

I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them ;
To sort our nobles from our common men :
For many of our princes (woe the while !)
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood ;

^a We print this speech as in the folio, with the exception of *goot* for *good*. The ordinary text is stuffed full of false English, supposed to represent the Welsh mode of expression. Capell very justly says—"The poet thought it sufficient to mark his (Fluellen's) diction a little, and in some places only ; and the man of taste will be of the same opinion."

(So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes;) and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage,
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours, or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please
your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the plack prince
of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most
prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: if your majesties is
remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden
where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth
caps; which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an honour-
able padge of the service; and, I do believe, your majesty
takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's
Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless
it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his
majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care
not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need
not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long
as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him;
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to WILLIAMS. Exeunt MONTJOY and others.*

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your majesty, 't is the gage of one that
I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered
with me last night: who, if 'a live and ever dare to challenge
this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, if
I can see my glove in his cap, (which he swore, as he was a
soldier, he would wear if alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this
soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your
majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort,
quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as
Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace,
that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see
you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack
sauce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and
his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st
the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain; and is goot knowledge and
literature in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege.

[*Exit.*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me,
and stick it in thy cap: When Alençon and myself were
down together, I plucked this glove from his helm; if any
man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy

to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once: an please Got of his grace that I might see it.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

[*Exit.*

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloster, Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:

The glove which I have given him for a favour

May, haply, purchase him a box o' the ear;

It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:

If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge

By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,)

Some sudden mischief may arise of it;

For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,

And quickly will return an injury:

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*Before King Henry's Pavilion.*

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it. [*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, sir? you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be Got for it!) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter KING HENRY and EXETER.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, (saving your majesty's manhood,) what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier! Look, here's the fellow of it.

'T was I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.^a

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

^a These lines are ordinarily printed as prose.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns, And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow; And wear it for an honour in thy cap, Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:— And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly:—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will; I can tell you it will serve you to mend your shoes: Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald; are the dead number'd?^a

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

[Delivers a paper.]

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king; John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciqualt: Of other lords and barons, knights and 'squires, Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,

^a *Number'd.* So the folio. Steevens would read the line thus:—

“Now, herald, are the dead *on both sides* number'd?”

And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six : added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred ; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights :
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries ;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France ;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France ;
The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures ;
Great master of France, the brave sir Guischard Dauphin ;
John duke of Alençon ; Antony duke of Brabant,
The brother to the duke of Burgundy ;
And Edward duke of Bar : of lusty earls,
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death !
Where is the number of our English dead ?

[Herald *presents another paper.*

Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire :
None else of name ; and, of all other men,
But five-and-twenty. O God, thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on the other ?—Take it, God,
For it is none but thine !^a

Exe. 'T is wonderful !

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village :
And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God
Which is his only.

^a *None but thine.* So the folio ; the quartos, which are followed in modern editions, *only thine.*

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,—
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung *Non Nobis*, and *Te Deum*;
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay:
And then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men. [*Exeunt.*]



[Henry V. being armed by his Esquires.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

¹ CHORUS.—“*Fills the wide vessel of the universe.*”

We are gravely informed by Warburton that “we are not to think Shakspeare so ignorant as to imagine it was night over the whole globe at once.” Ben Jonson has these lines :—

“O for a clap of thunder now, as loud
As to be heard throughout the universe!”

We are not to think Jonson so ignorant as not to know that a clap of thunder could not possibly be heard throughout the mundane system.

² CHORUS.—“*Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.*”

“The author's profession,” says Malone, “probably furnished him with this epithet.” But players *redden* their cheeks as well as *brown* them, and we therefore must in the same way suppose that, when the Friar says to Juliet,

“The roses in thy *lips* and *cheeks* shall fade,”

Shakspeare was thinking of *rouge*.

³ CHORUS.—“*With busy hammers closing rivets up.*”

The plate armour was not only riveted in parts before it was put on, but the armourers were employed in closing up parts which fitted on each other by rivets, when the knight was being equipped for the battle or tournament.

⁴ SCENE II.—“*The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand.*”

What a picture of the want of animation—the silent despair—which the French imputed to the poor “beggar’d host” of the English—is suggested by this image, when we rightly understand it! Mr. Douce had such an ancient “fixed candlestick” in his possession;—and the copy of this is worth pages of verbal explanation.



[Fixed Candlestick.]

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

THE magnificent chorus of this act presents such a vivid picture of the circumstances that marked the eve of the battle of Agincourt, that even if they were not, for the most part, supported by authentic history, it would be impossible to dispossess ourselves of the belief that they were true. “The French,” according to Holinshed, “were very merry, pleasant, and full of game”—“the English made peace with God in confessing their sins.” Holinshed also mentions the French playing at dice for the English prisoners. But the narratives of Monstrelet and of St. Remy are much more minute than Holinshed; and in one or two small particulars they differ from that of the poet. The account of Monstrelet is exceedingly interesting:—

“The French, with all the royal officers—that is to say, the Constable, the Marshal Boucicault, the Lord of Dampierre and Sir Clignet de Brabant, each styling himself admiral of France; the Lord of Rambures, master of the cross-bows; with many other princes, barons, and knights—planted their banners with loud acclamations of joy around the royal banner of the Constable, on the spot they had fixed upon, situated in the county of St. Pol, or territory of Azincourt, by which the next



[Sir Thomas Erpingham.]

morning the English must pass on their march to Calais. Great fires were this night lighted near to the banner under which each person was to fight ; but, although the French were full one hundred and fifty thousand ‘chevaucheurs,’ with a great number of waggons and carts, cannon, ribaudequins, and all other military stores, they had but little music to cheer their spirits ; and it was remarked with surprise that scarcely any of their horses neighed during the night, which was considered by many as a bad omen. The English, during the whole night, played on their trumpets and various other instruments, insomuch that the whole neighbourhood resounded with their music ; and, notwithstanding they were much fatigued and oppressed by cold, hunger, and other annoyances, they made their peace with God, by confessing their sins with tears, and numbers of them taking the sacrament ; for, as it was related by some prisoners, they looked for certain death on the morrow.”

The foundation of the great scene when Westmoreland wishes

“ But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to day !”

is in Holinshed. “ It is said, that, as he heard one of the host utter his wish to another thus—‘ I would to God there were with us now so many good soldiers as are at this hour within England !’—the king answered, ‘ I would not wish a man more here than I have : we are indeed in comparison to the enemies but a few ; but if God of his clemency do favour us and our just cause (as I trust he will), we shall speed well enough.’ ” This circumstance, however, really occurred, not, as Holinshed has described it, on the day of the battle, but when the French host was first seen by the English ; and he who uttered the wish for some more men was Sir Walter Hungerford.

The French forces, on the morning of the 25th of October, were drawn up in three lines on the plain of Agincourt, through which the route to Calais lay. The

battle-field is thus described by Dr. John Gordon Smith, in a paper in 'The Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature,' 1829 :—

"Those who travel to Paris *viâ* St. Omer and Abbeville pass over the field of battle, which skirts the high road, (to the left, in the direction just mentioned,) about sixteen miles beyond St. Omer; two on the Paris side of a considerable village or bourg named Fruges; about eight north of the fortified town of Hesdin; and thirty, or thereabout, in the same direction from Abbeville. All accounts of the battle mention the hamlet of *Ruisseauville*, through which very place the high road to Paris now passes. *Azincour* is a commune, or parish, consisting of a most uninteresting collection of

'Slobery dirty farms'

(or rather farmers' residences) and cottages, such as, in that part of the country, are met with in all directions; once, however, distinguished by a castle, of which nothing now remains but the foundation. The scene of the contest lies between this commune and the adjoining one of *Tramecour*, in a wood belonging to which latter the king concealed those archers whose prowess and vigour contributed so eminently to the glorious result. Part of this wood still remains; though (if I remember rightly), at the time of our visit, the corner into which the bowmen were thrown had been materially thinned, if, indeed, the original timber had not been entirely cut down, and its place but scantily supplied by brush or underwood. Some of the trees, however, in the wood of *Tramecour*, were very old in 1816."

It is unnecessary for us to follow the Chroniclers, or the more minute contemporary historians, through their details of the fearful carnage and victory of Agincourt. We may, however, put the facts shortly before our readers, as they may be collected from Sir H. Nicolas's elaborate and careful history of the battle :—

The fighting-men of France wore "long coats of steel, reaching to their knees, which were very heavy; below these was armour for their legs; and above, white harness, and bacinets, with camails." They were drawn up between two woods, in a space wholly inadequate for the movements of such an immense body; and the ground was soft from heavy rains. It was with the utmost difficulty they could stand or lift their weapons. The horses at every step sunk into the mud. Henry formed his little band in one line, the archers being posted between the wings, in the form of a wedge, with sharp stakes fixed before them. The king, habited in his "cote d'armes," mounted a small gray horse; but he subsequently fought on foot. He addressed his troops with his usual spirit. Each army remained inactive for some hours. A truce was at length proposed by the French. The reply of Henry, before an army ten times as great as his own, differed little from the terms he had offered in his own capital. Towards the middle of the day the order was given to the English to advance, by Henry crying aloud, "Advance banners." Sir Thomas de Erpyngham, the commander of the archers, threw his truncheon into the air, exclaiming, "Now, strike!" The English immediately prostrated themselves to the ground, beseeching the protection of Heaven, and proceeded in three lines on the French army. The archers of Henry soon put the French cavalry in disorder; and the whole army rushing on, with the national huzza, the archers threw aside their bows, and slew all before them with their bill-hooks and hatchets. The immense numbers of the French proved their ruin. The battle soon became a slaughter; and the harnessed knights, almost incapable of moving, were hacked to pieces by the English archers, "who were habited in jackets, and had their hosen loose, with hatchets or swords hanging from their girdles, whilst many were barefooted and without hats." The battle lasted about three hours. The English "stood on the heaps of corpses, which exceeded a man's height;" the French, indeed, fell almost passive in their lines. Henry, at one period of the battle, issued an order for the

slaughter of his prisoners. Even the French writers justify this horrible circumstance as an act of self-preservation. The total loss of the French was about ten thousand slain on the field; that of the English appears to have been about twelve hundred. Most of the dead were afterwards buried in enormous trenches.

The English king conducted himself with his accustomed dignity to his many illustrious prisoners. The victorious army marched to Calais in fine order, and embarked for England, without any attempt to follow up their almost miraculous triumph. Henry reached Calais on the 29th of October, and on the 17th of November landed at Dover. He entered London amidst the most expensive pageantry of the citizens, contrasting with the studied simplicity of his own retinue and demeanour, on Saturday the 24th of November.



[Montacute, Earl of Salisbury.]

C H O R U S.^a

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them : and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais : grant him there ; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the sea : Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with^b wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which, like a mighty whiffler¹ 'fore the king,
Seems to prepare his way : so let him land ;
And, solemnly, see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath :
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,
Before him, through the city : he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride ;
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens !
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in :
As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress
(As, in good time, he may) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,

^a The chorus, like all the other choruses, first appears in the folio.

^b The original omits *with*.

How many would the peaceful city quit
To welcome him ! much more (and much more cause)
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him ;
(As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the king of England's stay at home :
The emperor 's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them ;) ² and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chauc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France :
There must we bring him ; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you 't is past.
Then brook abridgment ; and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—France. *An English Court of Guard.**Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.*

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.^a

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower: The rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, praggings knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contentions with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'T is no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, Got pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan, To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is : I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals ; come, there is sauce for it. [*Striking him again.*] You called me yesterday, mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to ; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain ; you have astonished him.^a

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days :—Bite, I pray you ; it is goot for your green wound, and your bloody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite ?

Flu. Yes, certainly ; and out of doubt, and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge ; I eat—and eat—I swear.^b

Flu. Eat, I pray you : Will you have some more sauce to your leek ? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel ; thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, 'pray you, throw none away ; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em ; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot :—Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat !

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it ; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you anything, I will pay you in cudgels ; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me

^a *Astonished him*—*stunned him* with the blow, says Johnson ; Mason explains it *confounded him*. Johnson was clearly right : *astonished* is still a pugilistic term, in the precise sense in which Gower uses it.

^b The modern editions, *I eat, and eke I swear* ; the folio, "I eat and eat I swear." In printing "I eat—and eat—I swear," we do not deviate from the words of the original. Fluellen stands over Pistol with his cudgel, who says, "I eat ;"—Fluellen makes a motion as if again to strike him, when he repeats, "and eat." He then mutters, "I swear ;" to which Fluellen adds, "Eat, I pray you—there is not enough leek to swear by."

but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [Exit.]

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [Exit.]

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?
 News have I that my Nell is dead i' the spital
 Of malady of France;
 And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
 Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
 Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd I'll turn,
 And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
 To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
 And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd^a scars,
 And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Troyes, in Champagne. *An Apartment in the French King's Palace.*

Enter at one door, KING HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; at another, the FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, the PRINCESS KATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, &c., the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, and his Train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!
 Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
 Health and fair time of day:—joy and good wishes
 To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;

^a The editors leave *cudgell'd* out, without any apology for deviating from the text. True, the word is not in the quarto: but the whole scene has been remodelled.

And (as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd)
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy ;—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all !

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England ; fairly met :—
So are you, princes English, every one.^a

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes ;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks :
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality ; and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of France and England ! That I have labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted ; let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage ?
Alas ! she hath from France too long been chas'd ;
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.

^a Fifty-six lines, following this, are not found at all in the quarto. The reader will see that the speech of Burgundy is one of the finest in the play ; and is philosophically meant to show the price at which glory is purchased.

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies : her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair
Put forth disorder'd twigs : her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon ; while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery :
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness ; and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility :
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness ;
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country ;
But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
And everything that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour^a
You are assembled ; and my speech entreats
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel these inconveniencies,
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands ;
Whose tenors and particular effects
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them ; to the which, as yet,
There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well, then, the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursory eye

^a *Favour*—appearance.

O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will, suddenly,
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.^a

K. Hen. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—
And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloster,—
Warwick,—and Huntington,—go with the king:
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Anything in, or out of, our demands;
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us;
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but HENRY, KATH., and her Gentlewoman.*]

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak
your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly
with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess
it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me,
Kate?

Kath. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

^a This passage has been considered obscure; and some would read "*pass or except.*" The difficulty has arisen from a misconception of the meaning of *accept* and *answer*. Our *accept* is our *consent* to certain of the articles: our *peremptory answer* is our undelaying *statement of objections* to other articles. In the quarto we have nothing of *accept*; but

"We shall return our peremptory answer."

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate ; and you are like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il ? que je suis semblable à les anges ?*

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment, (sauf vostre grace,) ainsi dit-il.*

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine ; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu ! les langues des hommes sont pleines des tromperies.*

K. Hen. What says she, fair one ? that the tongues of men are full of deceits ?

Alice. *Ouy ;* dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits : dat is de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better Englishwoman. I'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding : I am glad thou canst speak no better English ; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you : then, if you urge me further than to say—Do you in faith ? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer : i' faith, do ; and so clap hands and a bargain : How say you, lady ?

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur,* me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me : for the one, I have neither words nor measure ; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off : but, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation ; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier : If thou canst love me for this, take me : if not, to say to thee—

that I shall die, is true : but—for thy love, by the Lord, no ; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy ; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places : for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What ! a speaker is but a prater ; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall ; a straight back will stoop ; a black beard will turn white ; a curled pate will grow bald ; a fair face will wither ; a full eye will wax hollow ; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon ; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon ; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me : And take me, take a soldier ; take a soldier, take a king : And what sayest thou then to my love ? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France ?

K. Hen. No ; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate : but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France ; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it ; I will have it all mine : and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate ? I will tell thee in French ; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moy,* (let me see, what then ? Saint Dennis be my speed !) —*donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French : I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequell je parle.*

K. Hen. No, 'faith, is 't not, Kate : but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English ? Canst thou love me ?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt,) I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, between St. Dennis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 't is hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and, for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon tres chere et divine déesse*?

Kath. Your *majesté* 'ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage damoiselle* dat is *en France*.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine: which word

thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, Wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please de *roy mon pere*.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant seigneur.*

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baissées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le coûtume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les ladies* of France,—I cannot tell what is *baiser*, en English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entendre* better *que moy*.

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment.*

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion; we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council: and they should sooner persuade Harry of England

than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French KING and QUEEN, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, and other French and English Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty ! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English ?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her ; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt ?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz ; and my condition ^a is not smooth : so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle : if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind : Can you blame her, then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self ? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield ; as love is blind, and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning : for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes ; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer ; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

^a *Condition.* Condition is *temper*, says Steevens. Surely not in this case.

K. Hen. It is so ; and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness ; who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid ; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife ?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content ; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her : so the maid that stood in the way of my wish shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is 't so, my lords of England ?

West. The king hath granted every article :
His daughter, first ; and then, in sequel, all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this :—Where your majesty demands,—That the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French,—*Notre tres cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, héritier de France* ;⁴ and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest :
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son ; and from her blood raise up
Issue to me : that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred ; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen !

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate :—and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. *[Flourish.]*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one !
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league ;
That *English* may as *French*, *French* *Englishmen*,
Receive each other !—God speak this Amen !

All. Amen !

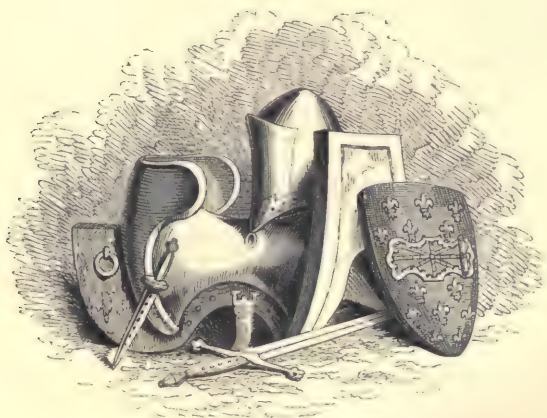
K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage ;—on which day,
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me ;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be ! [*Exeunt.*]



[Katharine.]

CHORUS.

Thus far, with rough and all unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story ;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small, most greatly liv'd
This star of England : fortune made his sword ;
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
Of France and England, did this king succeed ;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed :
Which oft our stage hath shown ; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.



[Helmet, Shield, and Saddle of Henry V.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

¹ CHORUS.—“*Like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king.*”

A *whiffler* may be taken generally to mean an officer who leads the way in processions. A whiffler was originally a *fifer* or *piper*, who anciently went first on occasions of pageant and ceremony. Minshew defines him to be a club or staff bearer. Grose, in his ‘Provincial Glossary,’ mentions whifflers as “men who make way for the corporation of Norwich, by flourishing their swords.” The sword-flourishers of Norwich are standard-bearers, in London, under the same name.

² CHORUS.—“*As yet the lamentation of the French,*” &c.

It is extremely difficult to explain this passage as it stands. Why should the *lamentation* of the French *invite* the King of England to stay at home? If we were half as venturesome as our editorial predecessors, we would transpose a line as printed (such a typographical change of a manuscript being too common in printing), and read thus :—

“ Now in London place him ;
As yet the lamentation of the French.
The emperor's coming in behalf of France
Invites the king of England's stay at home,
To order peace between them : and omit
All the occurrences,” &c.

³ SCENE I.—“*Why wear you your leek to-day ? Saint Davy's day is past.*”

We have been favoured with some memoranda on the use of the leek, as the national emblem of Wales, by that accomplished antiquary Sir Samuel Meyrick, the substance of which we have great pleasure in presenting to our readers. Not one of the Welsh bards, though there exists a tolerable series of their compositions from the fifth century till the time of Elizabeth, have in any manner alluded to the leek as a national emblem. Even at the present day, the custom of wearing leeks on the 1st of March is confined to the members of modern clubs. There is, however, a tradition in Wales as to the origin of the custom, namely, that the Saxons, being about to attack the *Britons* on St. David's day, put leeks in their caps, in order, if dispersed, to be known to each other; and that the *Britons*, having gained the victory, transferred the leeks to their own caps as signals of triumph. This, like many other traditions, seems to have been invented for the nonce. But the Harleian MS., No. 1977, written by a Welshman of the time of James I., contains the following passage :—

“ I like the leek above all herbs and flowers ;
When *first we wore* the same, *the field* was ours.
The leek is *white* and *green*, whereby is meant,
That Britons are both stout and eminent :
Next to the lion and the unicorn,
The leek 's the fairest emblem that is worn.”

Now, the inference to be drawn from these lines is, that the leek was assumed upon, or immediately after, the battle of Bosworth Field, which was won by Henry VII., who had many Welshmen (his countrymen) in his army, and whose yeomen guard was composed of Welshmen; and this inference is derived from the fact that

the Tudor colours were *white* and *green*; and, as may be seen in several heraldic MSS., formed the *field* on which the English, French, and Irish arms were placed. "The field was ours" alludes to the victory, of course, as well as to the heraldic field.

This view of the case would account for the leek being only worn by Welshmen in England, and its having been a custom of comparatively modern origin in the time of Shakspeare.

* SCENE II.—" *Notre tres cher filz*," &c.

Dr. Farmer, in his essay on the learning of Shakspeare, winds up his many proofs of the ignorance of our poet by the following argument, the crown of all :—" But to come to a conclusion, I will give you an irrefragable argument that Shakspeare did *not* understand *two* very common words in the French and Latin languages. According to the articles of agreement between the conqueror, Henry, and the King of France, the latter was to style the former (in the corrected French of the former editions) *Nostre tres cher filz* Henry roy d'Angleterre; and in Latin, *Præclarissimus filius*, &c. 'What!' says Dr. Warburton, 'is *tres cher* in French, *præclarissimus* in Latin? we should read *præcarissimus*.' This appears to be exceedingly true; but how came the blunder? It is a typographical one in Holinshed, which Shakspeare copied; but must indisputably have corrected, had he been acquainted with the languages." Now really this is a very weak argument, upon Farmer's own showing: for Shakspeare, finding the passage in Holinshed, was bound to copy it, without setting himself up as a verbal critic; nor was it necessary that the Latin words of the treaty should have exactly corresponded to the French. He might have understood the agreement to mean that the *very dear* son in the one language should be the *most noble* son in the other. But Malone says that the mistake is in all the old historians, as well as in Holinshed. He is not quite right in this statement, for the word is *precharissimus* in Hall. At any rate, the truth could not be ascertained till the publication of such a work as Rymer's 'Fœdera,' where, in the treaty of Troyes, the word stands *præcarissimus*. By a super-refinement of veneration for Shakspeare, as justifiable as Farmer's coarse depreciation of him, the *præclarissimus* might be taken to prove his learning; for Capell maintains that *præcarissimus* is no Latin word. We give this note to show what stuff criticism may be made of when it departs from the safe resting-place of common sense.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

THE triumphal procession and the pageant, with which Henry was welcomed to London, described in the chorus, are given in Holinshed; so also the king's freedom "from vainness and self-glorious pride." The Chronicler thus depicts this modesty: "The king, like a great and sober personage, and as one remembering from whom all victories are sent, seemed little to regard such vain pomp and shows as were in triumphant sort devised for his welcoming home from so prosperous a journey, insomuch that he would not suffer his helmet to be carried with him, whereby might have appeared to the people the blows and dents that were to be seen in the same; neither would he suffer any ditties to be made and sung by minstrels of his glorious victory, for that he would wholly have the praise and thanks altogether given to God." Percy, however, thinks that an old song, "For the victory of Agincourt," was drawn up by some poet laureat of those days. This song, or hymn, was printed from a manuscript copy in the Pepys collection. Our readers will perhaps be satisfied with the last stanza :—

" Now gracious God he save owre kynge,
His peple, and all his wel wyllynge,



[John (Sans Peur) Duke of Burgundy.]

Gef him gode lyfe, and gode endynge,
That we with merth mowe savely synge,
Deo gratias :
Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria."

The poet in the chorus to this act desires his audience to

" Omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France."

But Henry's return to France was marked by many fearful struggles for power before the treaty of Troyes was concluded, which gave him the hand of Katharine, and made the King of France his vicegerent. Towns had been won; armies had perished. The Dauphin, whom we have seen at Agincourt, was no more; and he was succeeded in his rank by a prince of greater profligacy. Unhappy France was assailed by a resolute enemy, and had nothing to oppose to him but the weakness of factions, more intent upon destroying each other than disposed to unite for a common cause. The Duke of Burgundy brought in by the poet as the advocate of peace was certainly present at the negotiations near Meulan, on the 30th May, 1419, when Henry first saw Katharine, and was struck with her grace and beauty. But this Duke of Burgundy, Jean Sans Peur, was murdered by the Dauphin, on the bridge of Montereau, on the following 10th September. This event led to a close connexion between Henry and the young Duke of Burgundy, who was anxious to revenge the death of his father; and perhaps this circumstance mainly contributed to Henry's success in negotiating the treaty of Troyes.

The meeting of Henry with the French king, who in his unhappy state of mind was "governed and ordered" by his ambitious and crafty queen, is thus described

by Holinshed:—"The Duke Burgoigne, accompanied with many noble men, received him two leagues without the town, and conveyed him to his lodging. All his army was lodged in small villages thereabout. And after that he had reposed himself a little, he went to visit the French king, the queen, and the Lady Katharine, whom he found in St. Peter's Church, where was a joyous meeting betwixt them. And this was on the xx. day of May, and there the King of England and the Lady Katharine were affianced."



[Isabella of Bavaria, Queen of France.]

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

“SHAKSPERE,” says Frederick Schlegel, “regarded the drama as entirely a thing for the people; and, at first, treated it throughout as such. He took the popular comedy as he found it, and whatever enlargements and improvements he introduced into the stage were all calculated and conceived according to the peculiar spirit of his predecessors, and of the audience in London.”* This is especially true with regard to Shakspeare’s Histories. In the case of the ‘Henry V.’ it appears to us that our great dramatic poet would never have touched the subject, had not the stage previously possessed it in the old play of ‘The Famous Victories.’ ‘Henry IV.’ would have been perfect as a dramatic whole, without the addition of ‘Henry V.’ The somewhat doubtful mode in which he speaks of continuing the story appears to us a pretty certain indication that he rather shrunk from a subject which appeared to him essentially undramatic. It is, however, highly probable that, having brought the history of Henry of Monmouth up to the period of his father’s death, the demands of an audience who had been accustomed to hail “the madcap Prince of Wales” as the conqueror of Agincourt compelled him to “continue the story.” That he originally contemplated lending to it the interest of his creation of Falstaff is also sufficiently clear. It would be vain to speculate why he abandoned this intention; but it is evident that, without the interest which Falstaff would have imparted to the story, the dramatic materials presented by the old play, or by the circumstances that the poet could discover in the real course of events, were extremely meagre and unsatisfying. It is our belief, therefore, that, having hastily met the demands of his audience by the first sketch of ‘Henry V.,’ as it appears in the quarto editions, he subsequently saw the capacity which the subject presented for being treated in a grand lyrical spirit. Instead of interpolating an under-plot of petty passions and intrigues,—such, for the most part, as we find in the dramatic treatment of an heroic subject by the French poets,—he preserved the great object of his

* Lectures on the History of Literature, vol. ii.

drama entire by the intervention of the chorus. Skilfully as he has managed this, and magnificent as the whole drama is as a great national song of triumph, there can be no doubt that Shakspeare felt that in this play he was dealing with a theme too narrow for his peculiar powers. His drama, generally, was cast in an entirely different mould from that of the Greek tragedy. The Greek stage was, in reality, more lyrical than dramatic :—

“Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In Chorus or Iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
High actions and high passions best describing.”

The didactic lessons of moral prudence,—the brief sententious precepts,—the *descriptions* of high actions and high passions,—are alien from the whole spirit of Shakspeare's drama. The ‘Henry V.’ constitutes an exception to the general rules upon which he worked. “High actions” are here described as well as exhibited; and “high passions,” in the Shaksperian sense of the term, scarcely make their appearance upon the scene. Here are no struggles between will and fate; no frailties of humanity dragging down its virtues into an abyss of guilt and sorrow,—no crimes,—no obduracy,—no penitence. We have the lofty and unconquerable spirit of national and individual heroism riding triumphantly over every danger; but the spirit is so lofty that we feel no uncertainty for the issue. We should know, even if we had no foreknowledge of the event, that it must conquer. We can scarcely weep over those who fall in that “glorious and well-foughten field,” for “they kept together in their chivalry,” and their last words sound as a glorious hymn of exultation. The subject is altogether one of lyric grandeur; but it is not one, we think, which Shakspeare would have chosen for a drama.

And yet how exquisitely has Shakspeare thrown his dramatic power into this undramatic subject! The character of the King is altogether one of the most finished portraits that has proceeded from this master-hand. It could, perhaps, only have been thoroughly conceived by the poet who had delineated the Henry of the Boar's Head, and of the Field of Shrewsbury. The surpassing union, in this character, of spirit and calmness, of dignity and playfulness, of an ever-present energy, and an almost melancholy abstraction,—the conventional authority of the king, and the deep sympathy, with the meanest about him, of the man,—was the result of the most

philosophical and consistent appreciation by the poet of the moral and intellectual progress of his own Prince of Wales. And let it not be said that the picture which he has painted of his favourite hero is an exaggerated and flattering representation. The extraordinary merits of Henry V. were those of the individual; his demerits were those of his times. Standing now upon the vantage-ground of four centuries of experience, in which civilization has marched onwards at a pace which could only be the result of great intellectual impulses, we may, indeed, say that, if Henry V. was justly fitted to be a leader of chivalry,—fearless, enterprising, persevering, generous, pious,—he was, at the same time, rash, obstinate, proud, superstitious, seeking after vain renown and empty conquests, instead of making his people happy by wise laws and the cultivation of sound knowledge. But Henry's character, like that of all other men, must be estimated by the circumstances amidst which he moved. After four centuries of illumination, if we find the world still suffering under the dominion of unjust governors and ambitious conquerors, we may pardon one who acted according to his lights, believing that his cause justified his attempt to seize upon another crown, instead of wearing his own wisely and peacefully. At any rate, it was not for the poet to regard the most popular king of the feudal times with the cold and severe scrutiny of the philosophical historian. It was for him to embody in the person of Henry V. the principle of national heroism; it was for him to call forth "the spirit of patriotic reminiscence." There are periods in the history of every people when their nationality, lifting them up almost into a frenzy of enthusiasm, is one of the sublimest exhibitions of the practical poetry of social life. In the times of Shakspeare such an aspect of the English mind was not unfrequently presented. Neither in our own times have such manifestations of the mighty heart been wanting. But there have been, and there may again be, periods of real danger when the national spirit shows itself drooping and languishing. It is under such circumstances that the heart-stirring power of such a play as 'Henry V.' is to be tested. Frederick Schlegel says, "The feeling by which Shakspeare seems to have been most connected with ordinary men is that of nationality." But how different is his nationality from that of ordinary men! It is reflective, tolerant, generous. It lives not in an atmosphere of falsehood and prejudice. Its theatre is war and conquest; but it does not hold up war and conquest as fitting objects for nationality to dedicate itself to, except under the pressure of the most urgent necessity. Neither does it

attempt to conceal the fearful responsibilities of those who carry the principle of nationality to the last arbitrement of arms ; nor the enormous amount of evil which always attends the rupture of that peace, in the cultivation of which nationality is best displayed. Shakspeare, indeed, speaks proudly as a member of that English family

“ Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof ;”

but he never forgets that he belongs to the larger family of the human race. When Henry tells the people of Harfleur,

“ The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,”

and draws that most fearful picture of the horrors of a sacked city, the poet tells us, though not in sententious precepts, that nationality, when it takes the road of violence, may be driven to put off all the gentle attributes of social life, and, assuming the “ action of the tiger,” have the tiger’s indiscriminating bloodthirstiness. When Henry, on the eve of the battle, walks secretly amidst his soldiers, the poet makes him hear that truth which kings seldom hear ; and which, however the hero, in this instance, may contend with it, cannot be disguised or controverted :—“ If the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make ; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—we died at such a place ; some swearing ; some crying for a surgeon ; some upon their wives left poor behind them ; some upon the debts they owe ; some upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well that die in battle ; for how can they charitably dispose of anything when blood is their argument ?” Again, when Henry has won France, what a France does the poet present to the winner !—

“ All her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies : her hedges even-pleach’d,
Like prisoners wildy overgrown with hair
Put forth disorder’d twigs : her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon ; while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery :
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness ; and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,

Losing both beauty and utility:
 And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;
 Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
 Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
 The sciences that should become our country;
 But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
 That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
 To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
 And everything that seems unnatural."

Thoughts such as these, coming from the great poet of humanity and wisdom, are the correctives of a *false* nationality.

It is scarcely necessary for us to trace, as we have done in other instances, the conduct of the dramatic action of 'Henry V.' in connexion with its characters. In the inferior persons of the play—the comic characters—the poet has displayed that power which he, above all men, possesses, of combining the highest poetical conceptions with the most truthful delineations of real life. In the amusing pedantry of Fluellen, and the vapourings of Pistol, there is nothing in the slightest degree incongruous with the main action of the scene. The homely bluntness of the common soldiers of the army brings us still closer to a knowledge of the great mass of which a camp is composed. Perhaps one of the most delicate but yet most appreciable instances of Shakspeare's nationality, in all its power and justice, is the mode in which he has exhibited the characters of these common soldiers. They are rough, somewhat quarrelsome, brave as lions, but without the slightest particle of anything low or grovelling in their composition. They are fit representatives of the "good yeomen, whose limbs were made in England." We almost as anxiously desire that these men should triumphantly show the "mettle of their pastures," as that the heroic Harry and his "band of brothers" should

"Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war."

On the other hand, the discriminating truth of the poet is equally shown in exhibiting to us three arrant cowards in Pistol, Nym, and Bardolph. His impartiality could afford to paint the bullies and blackguards that even our nationality must be content to reckon as component parts of every army.

This drama is full of singularly beautiful detached passages: for example, the reflections of the King upon ceremony,—the description of the deaths of York and Suffolk,—the glorious speech of the

King before the battle,—the chorus of the fourth act,—are remarkable illustrations of Shakspeare's power as a descriptive poet. Nothing can be finer, also, than the commonwealth of bees in the first act. It is full of the most exquisite imagery and music. The art employed in transforming the whole scene of the hive into a resemblance of humanity is a perfect study—every successive object, as it is brought forward, being invested with its characteristic attribute.



[Banners used in the Battle of Agincourt.]

KING HENRY VI.,

PART I.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY VI.

DUKE OF GLOSTER, *uncle to the King, and Protector.*

DUKE OF BEDFORD, *uncle to the King, and regent of France.*

THOMAS BEAUFORT, *Duke of Exeter, great-uncle to the King.*

HENRY BEAUFORT, *great-uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.*

JOHN BEAUFORT, *Earl of Somerset; afterwards Duke.*

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *eldest son of Richard, late Earl of Cambridge; afterwards Duke of York.*

EARL OF WARWICK.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

LORD TALBOT, *afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.*

JOHN TALBOT, *his son.*

EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*

Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.

SIR JOHN FASTOLFE. SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE. SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.

Mayor of London.

WOODVILLE, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*

VERNON, *of the White Rose, or York, faction.*

BASSET, *of the Red Rose, or Lancaster, faction.*

CHARLES, *Dauphin, and afterwards King, of France.*

REIGNIER, *Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.*

DUKE OF BURGUNDY. DUKE OF ALENÇON.

Governor of Paris. BASTARD of ORLEANS.

Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his son.

General of the French forces in Bourdeaux.

A French Sergeant. A Porter.

An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, *daughter to Reignier; afterwards married to King Henry.*

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

JOAN LA PUCELLE, *commonly called Joan of Arc.*

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Warders of the Tower, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.

SCENE,—*partly in ENGLAND, and partly in FRANCE.*



[Henry VI. in his Youth.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

‘THE First Part of Henry VI.’ was originally printed, under that title, in the folio collection of 1623. Upon the authority, then, of the editors of that edition of “Mr. William Shakespeare’s Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, published according to the true original Copies,” this drama properly finds a place in every modern edition of our poet’s works. But since the time of Malone the English critics have agreed that this play is spurious; and Drake, without hesitation, refers to what Shakspeare’s friends and editors denominated the Second and Third Parts of ‘Henry VI.’ as the First and Second Parts; and recommends all future editors, if they print this first play at all, to give it only in an Appendix. “The spuriousness of this Part, indeed,” says Dr. Drake, “has been so satisfactorily proved by Mr. Malone, that no doubt can be supposed any longer to rest upon the subject.” If we were in the habit, then, of taking upon trust what the previous editors of Shakspeare have authoritatively held, we should either reject this play altogether, or, if we printed it, we should inform our readers that “the hand of Shakspeare is nowhere visible throughout.” We cannot

consent to follow either of these courses; and, even at the risk of being held presumptuously to open a question which has been long considered to be finally disposed of, we print the play, and we do not tell the reader that Shakspeare never touched it.

Malone's 'Dissertation on the Three Parts of King Henry VI., tending to show that those plays were not written originally by Shakspeare,' is the most careful and elaborate of his productions, and that upon which his reputation as a critic was mainly built. His theory is thus stated by himself:—

"Several passages in the Second and Third Parts of 'King Henry VI.' appearing evidently to be of the hand of Shakspeare, I was long of opinion that the *three* historical dramas which are the subject of the present disquisition were properly ascribed to him; not then doubting that the whole of these plays was the production of the same person. But a more minute investigation of the subject, into which I have been led by the revision of all our author's works, has convinced me that, though the premises were true, my conclusion was too hastily drawn; for, though the hand of Shakspeare is unquestionably found in the two latter of these plays, it does not therefore necessarily follow that they were *originally* and *entirely* composed by him. . . . My hypothesis then is, that 'The First Part of King Henry VI.,' as it now appears (of which no quarto copy is extant), was the entire or nearly the entire production of some ancient dramatist; that 'The Whole Contention of the Two Houses of York and Lancaster,' &c., written probably before the year 1590, and printed in quarto in 1600, was also the composition of some writer who preceded Shakspeare; and that from this piece, which is in two Parts, (the former of which is entitled 'The First Part of the Contention of the Two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the Death of the good Duke Humphrey,' &c., and the latter, 'The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Death of good King Henrie the Sixt,') our poet formed the two plays entitled 'The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.,' as they appear in the first folio edition of his works."

We propose to investigate this question, as a whole, upon broader grounds than Malone has taken. It appears to us that he has left many important points untouched, and has dwelt somewhat too much upon minute distinctions. The question is not one merely of verbal criticism. It is connected with some of the most interesting inquiries as to the history of the English drama and the early life of Shakspeare. It is a subject, therefore, that we cannot take up

and dismiss in a hasty or fragmentary manner, or in a spirit of tame acquiescence in prevailing opinions on the one hand, or of inconsiderate controversy on the other. We purpose, then, to treat it as fully as may be necessary, in the form of a Supplement to the Three Parts of 'Henry VI.' and 'Richard III.' Any separate Introductory or Supplementary Notices to these plays will be therefore unnecessary.



[Duke of Bedford.]

COSTUME.

THE number of historical personages introduced in the plays of 'Henry VI.,' 'Richard III.,' and 'Henry VIII.,' of whom we have the "lively effigies" handed down to us, will render unnecessary a long verbal description of the costumes of their respective periods, as portraits of the principal individuals in their habits as they lived will appeal immediately to the eye of the reader, and require scarcely any explanation. Henry VI. himself, in this play, is almost the only personage for whose dress we have no contemporary authority. He appears for the first time in the third act of this Part, as a young man, in his parliament robes, and in the full exer-

cise of his kingly office, in Westminster Hall ; but, in point of fact, he was at that time a child of eight years of age at the utmost. In the fourth act he is crowned at Paris (he was then only in his tenth year), and in the fifth act he is in his ordinary apparel in his palace in London. The only representations we remember of Henry in his childhood are those drawn by John Rous, the Warwickshire antiquary, in the reign of Richard III., and which are consequently no authorities for this period. As the poet, however, has thought fit to make him a young man, we shall be justified in showing him on his throne as king, presenting a sword to John Talbot, the great Earl of Shrewsbury, and surrounded by several of his nobility in their parliamentary robes. (See Historical Illustration of Act IV.) In a MS. life of St. Edmund, by Lydgate (Harleian Col., No. 2278), there is a representation of the king presiding in parliament, which is very nearly of this period ; and another MS. in the same collection (No. 1766), also a work of Lydgate's, was written and illuminated, by command of Humphrey Duke of Gloster, about the beginning of the reign of Henry VI., and will furnish the general costume of the people. This will be given in Part II.

Of Duke Humphrey we know no contemporary portrait or effigy ; but of his brother, the Duke of Bedford, there is a most authentic representation in the well-known and splendid MS. called the Bedford Missal. He is attired in a richly-embroidered robe, with the extravagantly long sleeves of the period ; his hair is cut short all round his head, in accordance with the fashion of the preceding reign. The tapestry behind him is covered with his badge, the root of a tree, and his "word," or motto, "*a vous entier.*" We give his portrait from this authority. Of Henry Beaufort, Cardinal-Bishop of Winchester, there remains a fine effigy on his tomb in Winchester Cathedral. (This will be given in Part II.) He is in his cardinal's robes. The sleeves of the under tunic are black, edged with white ; at each side of his face, which is placid and beardless, appears a little lock of black hair. On his hands are gloves fringed with gold, and having an oval-shaped jewel (an ancient mark of dignity) on the back. On the middle and third fingers of each hand are rings, worn over the gloves. Of John Beaufort, Duke and Earl of Somerset, there is a splendid effigy in Wimborne Minster, Dorsetshire, representing him in a richly-ornamented suit of armour of this period. He is without a jupon or surcoat, in complete plate, the borders elaborately engraved and gilt. The bascinet is surrounded by a coronet. To the *tassets*, or plates below the cuirass, are appended by straps and buckles those

additional fences for the thighs called *tuilles*, which first appear in this reign; and just above them, over the hips, he wears the military belt, or girdle, to which are affixed on one side his sword, and on the other his dagger.

Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, is represented in his civil attire in a window of St. Mary's Hall, at Coventry, engraved in Dugdale's 'Warwickshire.' He wears a richly-ornamented hood; a loose robe of some figured stuff, with large sleeves, lined with ermine, over a tight under-dress of cloth or velvet. His effigy in the Warwick Chapel exhibits another fine specimen of the armour of this reign.

Of John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, there is also a fine effigy in armour, and wearing the mantle of the Garter, beautifully engraved in Mr. Stothard's valuable work of 'Sepulchral Monuments.' (See Illustrations of Act IV.) Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, is depicted in armour in a MS. copy of Lydgate's poem, 'The Pilgrim' (Harleian Col., No. 4826). The tassets have no *tuilles* attached to them, and the cloak with scalloped edges, worn with the armour, is a fashion of the time of Henry V. (See 'King Henry V.,' Act IV.) Of William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, there is an effigy in the north wall of the chancel at Wingfield Church, Suffolk. He is in armour, with a conical bascinet and gorget of mail. Sir John Fastolfe is depicted in armour, and wearing the mantle and ensigns of the order of the Garter, in the south window of the church at Pulham, Norfolk. (*Vide* Gough and Blomefield.)

There are numerous portraits of Charles VII. of France, engraved from various sources, in Montfaucon's 'Monarchie Française.' We have selected such as are most interesting to the reader of Shakspeare, and have only to premise that the illumination wherein Charles is represented receiving a book from a monk is of a later date than this play, and exhibits the costume of the reign of Edward IV. We give it, however, as a curious Illustration.

The portrait of Reignier (René), Duke of Anjou (Historical Illustration of Act V.), is from a painting *by himself*. It exhibits him, however, as decorated with the order of St. Michael, and must therefore date considerably later than this Part of 'Henry VI.,' as the order was instituted by Louis XI., in 1469. The portrait of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy (Historical Illustration of Act III.), represents him in the robes of the order of the Golden Fleece, which he himself instituted at Bruges, in 1429: but in this play both Reignier and Philip should be in armour.



[Charles VII. in his Presence Chamber.]

The same remark applies to the portrait of the famous Dunois, Bastard of Orleans (Historical Illustration of Act II.), from Montfaucon. Of the celebrated Joan of Arc the only authentic, because the only cotemporary, representation known to us, is that engraved in Millin's work, from the monument erected to her memory at Orleans, by Charles VII. Charles and Joan are thereon sculptured kneeling, in complete armour. (See end of this Notice.) The painting in the Town Hall of Orleans is, as the costume proves, of the time of our Henry VII., and is believed by some not to have been originally intended to represent La Pucelle at all. It is no authority either for dress or features, but we give it as an Illustration (Act I.). Of Margaret of Anjou there are several portraits as queen, but we know of none painted previous to her marriage.

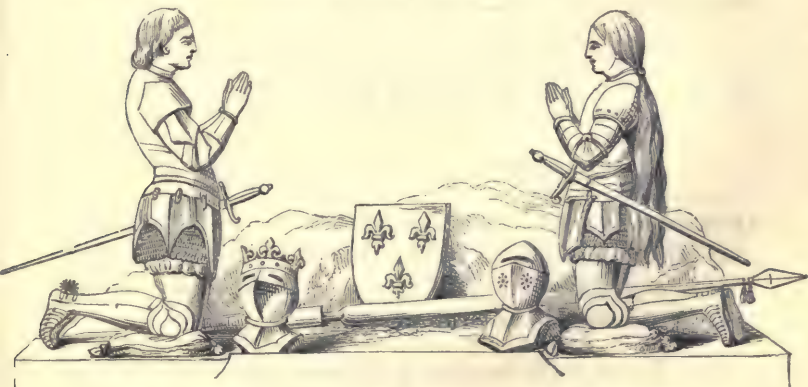
From the authorities here given, our readers will be able, as we

have before observed, to perceive at once the particular alterations in costume which characterise the unquiet reign of Henry VI. A great variety of caps, hats, and hoods were now introduced; feathers were rarely used, and seem to have gone out of fashion again with the reign of Henry V. In armour, we find the *salet* or *salade*, a steel cap something resembling the bascinet, but taking more the form of the head, and descending lower in the neck, where it was sometimes furnished with jointed plates. The spurs at this time were very long-necked, had exceedingly large rowels, and were screwed into the heels of the steel sollerets, instead of being fastened by straps and buckles. The hair was still worn very short; and beards and moustaches appear but rarely.

In the female attire, the principal change is observable in the head-dress,—that which is generally called the heart-shaped or reticulated form prevailing. Turbans of a very Oriental character are also seen occasionally in the Illuminated MSS. of this period.

As the Mayor of London appears in this play, we may as well remark that Stow relates that, when Henry VI. returned from France, in 1432, the Lord Mayor of London rode to meet him at Eltham, being arrayed in crimson velvet, a great velvet hat, furred, a girdle of gold about his middle, and a baldrick of gold about his neck, trailing down behind him;—his three henchmen in one suit of red, spangled with silver; the aldermen in gowns of scarlet with purple hoods; and all the commonalty of the city in white gowns and scarlet hoods, with divers cognisances embroidered on their sleeves.

The livery colours of the House of Lancaster were white and blue; those of the House of York, murrey and blue.



[Figures from the Monument of Charles VII. and La Pucelle, at Orleans.]



[Scene 1. Westminster Abbey.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Westminster Abbey.

Dead march. Corpse of KING HENRY V. discovered, lying in state; attended on by the DUKES OF BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and EXETER; the EARL OF WARWICK, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, Herald, &c.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black,¹ yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,

Brandish your crystal^a tresses in the sky ;
 And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
 That have consented^b unto Henry's death !
 King Henry the fifth, too famous to live long !
 England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king until his time.
 Virtue he had, deserving to command :
 His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams ;
 His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings :
 His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
 More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
 Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces.
 What should I say ? his deeds exceed all speech :
 He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black : Why mourn we not in blood ?
 Henry is dead, and never shall revive :
 Upon a wooden coffin we attend ;
 And death's dishonourable victory
 We with our stately presence glorify,
 Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
 What ! shall we curse the planets of mishap,
 That plotted thus our glory's overthrow ?
 Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
 Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
 By magic verses have contriv'd his end ?^c

^a *Crystal.* This epithet is applied to comets, in a sonnet by Lord Sterline, 1604 :—

“ When as those *crystal* comets whiles appear.”

^b *Consented.* Malone is of opinion that *consented* is here used only in the ordinary sense of that word, and that it is used also in the ordinary sense in the 5th scene of this act :—

“ You all *consented* unto Salisbury's death.”

Steevens, on the other hand, believes that the word should be spelt *concented*.—Steevens appears to us to be right. To *concent* is to be in harmony—to act together. See the passage in ‘Henry V.,’ Act I., Scene 2, and the notes on that passage :—

“ For government, through high, and low, and lower,
 Put into parts, doth keep in one *concent* ;
 Congreeing in a full and natural close,
 Like music.”

^c A passage in Scot's ‘Discoverie of Witchcraft,’ 1584, explains this :—“The Irishmen . . . will not stick to affirm that they can *rime* either man or beast to

Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
 Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
 So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.
 The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought :
 The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen
 pray'd,
 His thread of life had not so soon decay'd ;
 None do you like but an effeminate prince,
 Whom, like a schoolboy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector ;
 And lookest to command the prince and realm.
 Thy wife is proud ; she holdeth thee in awe,
 More than God or religious churchmen may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh ;
 And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
 Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace !
 Let's to the altar :—Heralds, wait on us :—
 Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms ;
 Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.
 Posterity, await for wretched years,
 When at their mothers' moisten'd^a eyes babes shall suck ;
 Our isle be made a nourish^b of salt tears,
 And none but women left to wail the dead.
 Henry the fifth ! thy ghost I invoke ;
 Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils !

death." This is an old northern superstition. In Gray's spirited 'Descent of Odin' we find—

"Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme ;
 Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
 The thrilling verse that wakes the dead."

^a *Moisten'd.* So the folio of 1623. The second folio, in which some verbal alterations of the original text are found, and which, for the most part, are made with judgment, reads *moist*. We adhere to the original in all those cases where the alterations of the second folio are somewhat doubtful.

^b *Nourish.* Nourice, nourish, nursh, are the same words. We have an example in Lydgate :—

"Athenes whan it was in his floures
 Was called *nourish* of philosophers wise."

Pope substituted *marish*.

Combat with adverse planets in the heavens !
 A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
 Than Julius Cæsar, or bright——^a

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all !
 Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
 Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture :
 Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
 Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse ?
 Speak softly ; or the loss of those great towns
 Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost ? is Rouen yielded up ?
 If Henry were recall'd to life again,
 These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost ? what treachery was us'd ?

Mess. No treachery ; but want of men and money.
 Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,—
 That here you maintain several factions ;
 And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,
 You are disputing of your generals.
 One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost ;
 Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings ;
 A third man^b thinks, without expense at all,
 By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
 Awake, awake, English nobility !
 Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot :
 Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms ;
 Of England's coat one half is cut away.

^a Malone says, " This blank undoubtedly arose from the transcriber's or compositor's not being able to make out the name." We greatly doubt this. In the original the line is terminated with four hyphens, thus (---), a point which is several times used in the same play to mark an interruption. For example, in the 4th scene of this act,—

" Thou shalt not die whiles --- "

Pope suggested (the notion looks like a joke) to fill up the line thus :—

" Than Julius Cæsar, or bright *Francis Drake* ; "

and Monck Mason gravely upholds the reading. Johnson would read,—

" Than Julius Cæsar, or bright *Berenice*."

^b *Man* is omitted in the original.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; regent I am of France:
Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for France.
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance:
France is revolted from the English quite;
Except some petty towns of no import:
The dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats:—
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 Mess. My gracious lords,—to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearse,—
I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

3 Mess. O, no; wherein lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three-and-twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon:
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;

Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued ;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him ;
Here, there, and everywhere, enrag'd he slew :
The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms ;
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him :
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot ! a Talbot ! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward ;
He, being in the vaward,^a (plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wrack and massacre ;
Enclosed were they with their enemies :
A base Walloon, to win the dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back ;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain ? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here, in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.

3 *Mess.* O no, he lives ; but is took prisoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford :
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay :
I'll hale the dauphin headlong from his throne,—
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend ;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.

^a *Vaward*—the van. This is considered by some editors as a misprint for *rearward*. Steevens and M. Mason explain the passage to be correct, and the explanation, such as it is, we give : “ When an army is attacked in the *rear*, the *van* becomes the *rear* in its turn, and of course the *reserve*.”

Farewell, my masters ; to my task will I ;
 Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
 To keep our great Saint George's feast withal :
 Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
 Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 Mess. So you had need ; for Orleans is besieg'd ;
 The English army is grown weak and faint :
 The earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
 And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
 Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
 Either to quell the dauphin utterly,
 Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it ; and here take my leave,
 To go about my preparation. [Exit.]

Glo. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,
 To view the artillery and munition ;
 And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [Exit.]

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
 Being ordain'd his special governor ;
 And for his safety there I'll best devise. [Exit.]

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend :
 I am left out ; for me nothing remains.
 But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office ;
 The king from Eltham I intend to send,
 And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.

[Exit. Scene closes.]

SCENE II.—France. Before Orleans.

Enter CHARLES, with his Forces ; ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,
 So in the earth, to this day is not known :
 Late did he shine upon the English side ;
 Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
 What towns of any moment but we have ?
 At pleasure here we lie near Orleans ;

Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege: Why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum; we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French:—
Him I forgive my death that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. *They are beaten back by the English, with great loss.* *Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and others.*

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I?—
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred
During the time Edward the third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons, and Goliasses,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd
slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmers^a or device,
 Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on ;
 Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
 By my consent, we'll even let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the BASTARD of ORLEANS.

Bast. Where's the prince dauphin? I have news for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer^b appall'd ;
 Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
 Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand :
 A holy maid hither with me I bring,
 Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
 Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
 And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
 The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
 Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome ;
 What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
 Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
 For they are certain and unfallible.

Char. Go, call her in : [*Exit Bastard*] But, first, to try
 her skill,
 Reignier, stand thou as dauphin in my place :
 Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern :—
 By this means shall we sound what skill she hath. [*Retires.*]

Enter LA PUCELLE, BASTARD of ORLEANS, and others.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
 Where is the dauphin?—come, come from behind ;

^a *Gimmers.* This word is thus given in the original, but is ordinarily printed *gimmals*, a word of the same meaning. Bishop Hall uses *gimmer* in a like sense : "When I saw my precious watch (now through an unhappy fall grown irregular) taken asunder, and lying scattered upon the workman's shopboard ; so as here lay a wheel, there the balance, here one *gimmer*, there another ; straight my ignorance was ready to think, when and how will all these ever piece together again in their former order?"

^b *Cheer*—countenance.

I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me :
In private will I talk with thee apart ;—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate :
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me ;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity :
Her aid she promis'd and assur'd success :
In complete glory she reveal'd herself ;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with which you may see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated :
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve^a on this : Thou shalt be fortunate
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms :
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me :
And if thou vanquishest thy words are true ;
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepar'd : here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with fine^b flower-de-luces on each side ;
The which, at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come, o' God's name, I fear no woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*They fight, and LA PUCELLE overcomes.*

^a *Resolve*—be firmly persuaded.

^b *Fine.* The original has *five*.

Char. Stay, stay thy hands; thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 't is thou that must help me :
Impatiently I burn with thy desire :
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be ;
'T is the French dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above :
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Meantime, look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless, he shrives this woman to her smock ;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean ?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know :
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you ? what devise you on ?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no ?

Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants !
Fight till the last gasp ; I will be your guard.

Char. What she says I'll confirm ; we'll fight it out.

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise :
Expect saint Martin's summer,^a halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends ;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.^a

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove ?^a

^a *Saint Martin's summer*—fine weather in November—prosperity after misfortune.

Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
 Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
 Nor yet saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
 Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
 How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
 Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

Char. Presently we'll try:—Come, let's away about it:
 No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—London. *Hill before the Tower.*

Enter, at the gates, the DUKE OF GLOSTER, with his Serving-men in blue coats.

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day:
 Since Henry's death, I fear there is conveyance.^a
 Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
 Open the gates; 't is Gloster that calls. [*Servants knock.*]

1 *Ward.* [*Within.*] Who's there that knocks so im-
 periously?

1 *Serv.* It is the noble duke of Gloster.

2 *Ward.* [*Within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 *Serv.* Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

1 *Ward.* [*Within.*] The Lord protect him! so we answer
 him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
 There's none protector of the realm but I.
 Break up^b the gates, I'll be your warrantize:
 Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

Servants rush at the Tower gates. Enter to the gates,
WOODVILLE, the Lieutenant.

Wood. [*Within.*] What noise is this? what traitors have
 we here?

^a *Conveyance*—theft.

^b *Break up.* So in Hall's Chronicle:—"The lusty Kentish-men, hoping on more friends, *brake up* the gates of the King's Bench and Marshalsea."

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here 's Gloster that would enter.

Wood. [*Within.*] Have patience, noble duke; I may not
open;

The cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandment,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester? that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:
Open the gates, or I 'll shut thee out shortly.

I *Serv.* Open the gates unto the lord protector;
Or we 'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter WINCHESTER, attended by a train of Servants in tawny coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey? what means this?

Glo. Peel'd^a priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;
Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:
I 'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot;
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.^b

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I 'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing cloth
I 'll use, to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face

Glo. What! am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?—
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;

^a *Peel'd*—an allusion to the shaven crown of the priest.

^b The old travellers believed that Damascus was the scene of the first murder. Maundevile says, "And in that place where Damascus was founded *Kaym* slew *Abel* his brother."

Blue-coats to tawny-coats.⁴ Priest, beware your beard ;
[GLOSTER and his men attack the Bishop.

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly :
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat ;
In spite of pope, or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou 'lt answer this before the pope.

Glo. Winchester goose ! I cry—a rope ! a rope !
Now beat them hence : Why do you let them stay ?—
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
Out, tawny-coats !—out, scarlet hypocrite !

Here a great tumult. In the midst of it, enter the Mayor of London, and Officers.

May. Fie, lords ! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace !

Glo. Peace, mayor ; thou know'st little of my wrongs.
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloster, too,^a a foe to citizens ;
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines ;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm ;
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[*Here they skirmish again.*

May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation :—
Come, officer, as loud as e'er thou canst cry.

Off. “ All manner of men, assembled here in arms this
day, against God's peace and the king's, we charge and
command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your
several dwelling-places ; and not to wear, handle, or use,
any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain
of death.”

^a So the second folio ; the first omits *too*.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law ;
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloster, we'll meet ; to thy dear cost,^a be sure :
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away :—
This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell : thou dost but what thou mayst.

Win. Abominable Gloster ! guard thy head ;
For I intend to have it, ere long. [Exeunt.

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.—
Good God ! that nobles should such stomachs bear !
I myself fight not once in forty year. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—France. *Before Orleans.*

Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner and his Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,
And how the English have the suburbs won.

Son. Father, I know ; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me :
Chief master-gunner am I of this town ;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espials^b have informed me,
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont,^c through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city ;
And thence discover how, with most advantage,
They may vex us, with shot, or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd ;
And fully even these three days have I watch'd
If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch,^d

^a The first folio also omits *dear*, which is in the second.

^b *Espials*—spies.

^c *Wont.* The old copies read *went*. The correction, which is a very judicious one, was made by Tyrwhitt. *Wont*—are accustomed—accords with the construction of the remainder of the sentence.

^d We follow the reading of the second folio. In the first the passage stands thus :—

“ And even these three days have I watch'd
If I could see them. Now do thou watch.”

For I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word ;

And thou shalt find me at the governor's.

[*Exit.*

Son. Father, I warrant you ; take you no care ;

I'll never trouble you if I may spy them.

Enter, in an upper chamber of a tower, the LORDS SALISBURY and TALBOT, Sir WILLIAM GLANSDALE, Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE, and others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd !

How wert thou handled, being prisoner ?

Or by what means gott'st thou to be releas'd ?

Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The duke ^a of Bedford had a prisoner,

Called the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles ;

For him was I exchang'd and ransomed.

But with a baser man of arms by far,

Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me ;

Which I, disdainng, scorn'd ; and craved death,

Rather than I would be so pil'd-esteem'd.^b

In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.

But, O ! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart !

Whom with my bare fists I would execute,

If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.

In open market-place produc'd they me,

To be a public spectacle to all :

Here, said they, is the terror of the French,

The scarecrow that affrights our children so.

Then broke I from the officers that led me ;

And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,

To hurl at the beholders of my shame.

My grisly countenance made others fly ;

None durst come near, for fear of sudden death.

^a *Duke.* The original has *earl*.

^b *Pil'd esteem'd* in the original. Malone's correction to *vile-esteem'd* is natural and unforced. It has been suggested to us that *pil'd* is from *pili*—"Flocci, nauci, nihili, pili."

In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
 So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
 That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,
 And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
 Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
 That walk'd about me every minute-while;
 And if I did but stir out of my bed,
 Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd;
 But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
 Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
 Here, thorough this grate, I count each one,^a
 And view the Frenchmen how they fortify;
 Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, and sir William Glansdale,
 Let me have your express opinions,
 Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge:

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
 Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Shot from the town. SAL. and GAR. fall.*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man!

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?—
 Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak;
 How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
 One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side, struck off!—
 Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand,
 That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!
 In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
 Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars;
 Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
 His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
 Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
 One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
 The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.

^a The second folio, which is generally followed, reads,—

“Here, through this grate, I can count every one.”

Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hand!
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die, whiles——
He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me;
As who should say, "When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French."—
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,^a
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*Thunder heard; afterwards an alarum.*

What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:
The dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—
A holy prophetess, new risen up,—
Is come with a great power to raise the siege. [*SAL. groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.—
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:—
Pucelle or puzzel,^b dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

[*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*

^a The original folio reads,

"Plantagenet, I will; and like thee."

The second folio has,

"Plantagenet, I will, and Nero-like, will."

We prefer to add Nero to the end of the line, according to Malone's suggestion for nothing is more common, in printing with moveable types, than for a letter or a word at the end of a line of poetry to drop out, from the careless filling up of the space by the compositor.

^b *Puzzel*—a dirty drab.

SCENE V.—*The same. Before one of the Gates.*

Alarum. Skirmishings. TALBOT *pursueth the Dauphin, and driveth him in; then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her. Then enter TALBOT.*

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman, clad in armour, chaseth them.

Enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes:—I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,^a
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Puc. Come, come, 't is only I that must disgrace thee.

[*They fight.*]

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[*PUCELLE enters the Town, with Soldiers.*]

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,^b
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;

^a The superstitious belief was, that to draw blood from a witch was to destroy her power.

^b An allusion to Hannibal's stratagem, recorded in Livy, of fixing lighted twigs on the horns of oxen.

Now, like to whelps, we crying run away. [*A short alarum.*
 Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
 Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
 Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
 Sheep run not half so timorous^a from the wolf,
 Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,
 As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[*Alarum. Another skirmish.*

It will not be:—Retire into your trenches:
 You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
 For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
 Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
 In spite of us, or aught that we could do.
 O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
 The shame hereof will make me hide my head!

[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt TAL. and his Forces, &c.*

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

*Enter, on the walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON,
 and Soldiers.*

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
 Rescued is Orleans from the English wolves:^b—
 Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Char. Divinest creature, bright^c Astræa's daughter,
 How shall I honour thee for this success?
 Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
 That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—
 France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—
 Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
 More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the
 town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
 And feast and banquet in the open streets,
 To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

^a *Timorous.* The original has *treacherous*. Perhaps the line was,
 "Sheep run not half so, from the treacherous wolf."

^b So the second folio; the first omits *wolves*.

^c *Bright* is omitted in the first folio, but is in the second.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which, I will divide my crown with her:
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's, or Memphis',^a ever was:
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich jewell'd coffer of Darius,^b
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on saint Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in: and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [Flourish. Exeunt.

^a We should probably read,

"Than Rhodope's, of Memphis."

The pyramid of Rhodope, near Memphis, is mentioned by Pliny:—"The fairest and most commended for workmanship was built at the cost and charges of one Rhodope, a very strumpet." Herodotus (ii. 134) maintains that the pyramid was not built by Rhodope (Rhodopis).

^b The expression of the text, and the explanation, are found in a passage of Puttenham's 'Arte of English Poesie,' 1589:—"In what price the noble poems of Homer were holden with Alexander the Great, insomuch that every night they were laid under his pillow, and by day were carried in the rich jewel-coffer of Darius, lately before vanquished by him in battle."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

¹ SCENE I.—“*Hung be the heavens with black.*”

“THE covering, or internal roof, of the theatre was anciently termed the *heavens*.” Malone, in his ‘History of the Stage,’ has collected some passages from old writers to prove this. The passage before us would warrant us in believing that upon the performance of tragedy the roof, or *heavens*, underwent some gloomy transformation. There is a similar allusion in Marston’s ‘Insatiate Countess :’—

“The stage of heaven is hung with solemn black,
A time best fitting to act tragedies.”

Mr. Whiter (‘Specimen of a Commentary,’ &c.) has a long and very ingenious passage to prove that several of the poetical images of Shakspeare are derived from this association.

² SCENE II.—“*Now am I like that proud insulting ship
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.*”

The comparison was suggested by a passage in Plutarch’s ‘Life of Cæsar,’ thus translated by North: “Cæsar, hearing that, straight discovered himself unto the master of the pinnace, who at the first was amazed when he saw him; but Cæsar, &c., said unto him, Good fellow, be of good cheer, &c., and fear not, for *thou hast Cæsar and his fortune with thee.*”

³ SCENE II.—“*Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?*”

In Prideaux’s ‘Life of Mahomet’ we read that the prophet of the Arabians had a dove, “which he used to feed with wheat out of his ear; which dove, when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet’s shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find its breakfast; Mahomet persuading the rude and simple Arabians that it was the Holy Ghost that gave him advice.”

⁴ SCENE III.—“*Blue-coats to tawny-coats.*”

It appears that the *tawny coat* was the livery of an apparitor, and probably of ecclesiastical officers in general. Stow describes the Bishop of London as “attended on by a goodly company of gentlemen in *tawny coats.*”

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

IT is a favourite theory with all the commentators upon Shakspeare, since the time of Dr. Farmer, that the acquired knowledge of the poet was of the most limited character. According to these critics, he was not only unable to read any language but his own, but his power even of reading in English books was limited in a degree that would indicate him to have been the most idle or the most incurious of man-

kind. Malone's favourite opinion is, that Shakspeare consulted but *one* historical writer for the materials of his Histories. In a note upon the passage in the first act of 'Henry V.' in which the King of France is erroneously called "king Louis the tenth," Malone says that Holinshed led Shakspeare into the mistake, and that Hall calls the King correctly Charles the ninth; and he adds,—“Here, therefore, we have a decisive proof that our author's guide in *all* his historical plays was Holinshed, and not Hall.” In a note upon the second act of 'The First Part of Henry VI.,' where an English soldier enters, crying “A Talbot, a Talbot!” the same critic says, “I have quoted a passage from Hall's Chronicle, which probably furnished the author of this play with this circumstance. It is not mentioned by Holinshed (*Shakspeare's historian*), and is one of the numerous proofs that have convinced me that this play was not the production of our author.” Without entering into a discussion in this place as to the value of Malone's argument that Shakspeare was not the author of 'The First Part of Henry VI.,' because the author of that play had evidently consulted Hall's Chronicle, we must express a decided opinion of the worthlessness of this point, in justification of our intention to illustrate the play before us by passages taken indifferently from Hall or Holinshed. We believe that the question whether Shakspeare was the author of 'The First Part of Henry VI.' is not in the slightest degree affected by the circumstance that the author of this play appears to have been familiar with the narrative of Hall, in which the circumstances of this period of history are given more in detail than by Holinshed. It was perfectly impossible that any writer who undertook to produce four dramas upon the subject of the wars of York and Lancaster should not have gone to Hall's Chronicle as an authority; for that book is expressly on the subject of these wars. The original edition of 1548 bears this title:—‘The Vnion of the two noble and illustre Famelies of Lancastre and Yorke, beeyng long in continual discension for the croune of this noble realme, with all the actes done in bothe the tymes of the princes, bothe of the one linage and of the other, beginnyng at the tyme of Kyng Henry the fowerth, the first Aurthor of this deuision, and so successiueely proceedyng to the reigne of the high and prudent prince Kyng Henry the eight, the vndubitate flower and very heire of both the sayd linages.’ If it could be proved that Shakspeare had not consulted a book the entire subject of which he has dramatised, devoting to that subject nine out of his ten historical plays, we should consider it the most marvellous circumstance in literary history, and totally inexplicable upon any other theory than that of the grossest ignorance on the part of the author. The phrase of Malone, “*Shakspeare's historian*,” assumes that Shakspeare could only read in one book. It was perfectly natural that he, for the most part, should follow Holinshed's account, which is a compilation from all the English historians; but, as Holinshed constantly refers to his authorities, and in the period of the civil wars particularly to Hall, it is manifest that for some of his details he would go to the book especially devoted to the subject, in which they were treated more fully than in the abridgment which he generally consulted. For example, in Holinshed's narrative of the pathetic interview between Talbot and his son, before they both fell at the battle of Chatillon, we have no dialogue between the father and son, but simply, “Many words he used to persuade him to have saved his life.” In Hall we have the very words at length which the poet has paraphrased. We repeat, therefore, that we shall quote indifferently from Hall and Holinshed passages illustrating this play, without considering that the question of its authorship is in the slightest degree involved in thus tracing the footsteps of its author.

The play opens with the funeral of Henry V. In this, as it appears to us, there is great dramatic judgment. The death of that prince, who was the conqueror of France and the idol of England—who, by his extraordinary talents and energy,

obliterated almost the memory of the circumstances under which his father obtained the throne—was the starting point of a long period of error and misfortune, during which France was lost, and England torn to pieces by civil war. It was the purpose of the poet to mark most strikingly the obvious cause of these events; and thus, surrounding the very bier of Henry V., the great lords, to whom were committed the management of his kingdom and the guardianship of his son, begin to dispute, and the messenger of France reproaches them for their party conflicts:—

“ Among the soldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain several factions.”

This, indeed, was an anticipation; for it was two or three years after the accession of Henry VI. that the quarrels of Gloster and Beaufort became dangerous to the realm. In the same way, the losses of towns in France, the coronation of the Dauphin at Rheims, and the defeat of Talbot at Patay, were all anticipations of events which occurred during the succeeding seven years. The poet had the chronicles before him in which these events are detailed, year by year, with the strictest regard to dates. But he was not himself a chronicler. It was his business to crowd the narrative of these events upon the scene, so as to impress upon his audience the general truth that the death of Henry V. was succeeded by disasters which finally overthrew the empire of the English in France. In the final chorus to ‘Henry V.,’ written some years after this play, the dramatic connexion of these disasters with the death of this heroic prince is clearly indicated:—

“ Fortune made his sword;
By which the world’s best garden he achiev’d,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown’d king
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown.”

This is the theme of the three Parts of ‘Henry VI.,’ and of ‘Richard III.;’ and in this, the first of these four dramas, or rather the first division of this one great drama, the poet principally shows how France was lost, whilst he slightly touches upon the growth of those factions through which England bled. Previous to the loss of France there was a period of brilliant success, during which the Regent Bedford appeared likely to ensure to Henry VI. the quiet possession of what Henry V. had won for him. But it was not the province of the dramatist to exhibit this aspect of affairs. In the first scene he prepares us, by a bold condensation of the narrative of events, connected in themselves, but occurring at distant periods, for the final loss of France. In the second scene he brings us at once into the heart of the extraordinary circumstances in which the final discomfiture of the English commenced—the appearance of Joan of Arc before Orleans, and the almost miraculous success which attended that appearance. There was a real interval of nearly seven years between the events of the first scene and of the second. Henry V. died on the 31st of August, 1422; Joan of Arc entered Orleans in April, 1429. Here, then, commences the true dramatic action of this play. The preceding scene stands in the place of a prologue, and is the key-note to what is to follow.

The narrative of Holinshed, and not that of Hall, has been followed by the poet in the second scene of this act. Malone did some injustice to Shakspeare in maintaining that he could not have been the author of ‘The First Part of Henry VI.,’ because the author consulted Hall; for, as it is manifest that the author consulted both chroniclers, Malone gives to his unknown author the merit of doing what he affirms Shakspeare did not do—consult two writers on one subject. To have been consistent in his argument, he ought to have shown that the unknown author did



[Joan of Arc.]

not consult Holinshed. The narrative of Holinshed, then, who has been consulted in this case, of the first interview of Joan of Arc with Charles VII., is as follows :—

“ In time of this siege at Orleans, unto Charles the Dauphin, at Chinon, as he was in very great care and study how to wrestle against the English nation, by one Peter Badricourt, captain of Vacouleur (made after marshal of France by the Dauphin’s creation), was carried a young wench of an eighteen years old, called Joan Arc, by name of her father (a sorry shepherd), James of Arc, and Isabella her mother, brought up poorly in their trade of keeping cattle, born at Dompriu (therefore reported by Bale, Joan Domprin), upon Meuse in Lorraine, within the diocese of Thoule. Of favour was she counted likesome, of person strongly made and manly, of courage great, hardy, and stout withal, an understander of counsels though she were not at them, great semblance of chastity both of body and behaviour, the name of Jesus in her mouth about all her businesses, humble, obedient, and fasting divers days in the week. A person (as their books make her) raised up by power divine, only for succour to the French estate, then deeply in distress, in whom, for planting a credit the rather, first the company that towards the Dauphin did conduct her, through places all dangerous, as held by the English, where she never was afore, all the way and by nightertale* safely did she lead : then at the Dauphin’s sending by her assignment, from Saint Katherine’s church of Fierbois in Touraine (where she never had been and knew not), in a secret place there, among old iron, appointed she her sword to be sought out and brought her, that with five fleurs-de-lis was graven on both sides, wherewith she fought and did many slaughters by her own hands. In warfare rode she in armour, cap-à-pie and mustered as a man, before her an ensign all white, wherein was Jesus Christ painted with a fleur-de-lis in his hand.

* Night-time. The word is in Chaucer :—

“ So hote he loved, that by nightertale

He slept no more than doth the nightingale.”

Tyrwhitt explains it as derived from the Saxon nightern dæl,—*nocturna partio*.

“Unto the Dauphin into his gallery when first she was brought, and he shadowing himself behind, setting other gay lords before him to try her cunning from all the company, with a salutation (that indeed was all the matter) she picked him out alone, who thereupon had her to the end of the gallery, where she held him an hour in secret and private talk, that of his privy chamber was thought very long, and therefore would have broken it off; but he made them a sign to let her say on. In which (among other), as likely it was, she set out unto him the singular feats (forsooth) given her to understand by revelation divine, that in virtue of that sword she should achieve, which were, how with honour and victory she would raise the siege at Orleans, set him in state of the crown of France, and drive the English out of the country, thereby he to enjoy the kingdom alone. Hereupon he hearkened at full, appointed her a sufficient army with absolute power to lead them, and they obediently to do as she bade them.”

Our quotation is from the second and enlarged edition of Holinshed published in 1586-7; and by this quotation the fact is established, which has not before been noticed, that the author of ‘The First Part of Henry VI.’ must have consulted that very edition. In the original edition of Holinshed, the first appearance of Joan of Arc at Orleans is treated in a very different manner:—

“While this treaty was in hand, the Dauphin studied daily how to provide remedy, by the delivery of his friends in Orleans out of their present danger. And even at the same time that monstrous woman, named Joan la Pucell de Dieu, was presented to him at Chinon, where as then he sojourned, of which woman ye may find more written in the French history, touching her birth, estate, and quality. But, briefly to speak of her doings, so much credit was given to her, that she was honoured as a saint, and so she handled the matter that she was thought to be sent from God to the aid of the Dauphin, otherwise called the French King, Charles, the seventh of that name, as an instrument to deliver France out of the Englishmen’s hands, and to establish him in the kingdom.”

In this passage the term “monstrous woman” is taken from Hall, who says, “She as a monster was sent to the Dolphin.” Hall says she was “a great space a chamberlain in a common hostery, and was a ramp of such boldness that she would course horses and ride them to water, and do things that other young maidens both abhorred and were ashamed to do.” The description of Joan of Arc by herself—

“Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd’s daughter”—

is suggested by Holinshed:—“Brought up poorly in their trade of keeping cattle.” Of the choice of her sword “out of a deal of old iron,” we have nothing in Hall, nor in the first edition of Holinshed, nor have we the selection of the Dauphin from amongst his courtiers in these earlier authorities.

The third scene of this act hurries us back to London. The poet will not lose sight of the events which made England bleed, whilst he delineates those by which France was lost. The narrative of Holinshed, upon which this scene is founded, is almost a literal transcript from Hall. Both chroniclers give the complaint before the Parliament at Leicester of Gloster against Beaufort; of which the first article alleges that the Bishop incited Woodville, the Lieutenant of the Tower, to refuse admission to Gloster, “he being protector and defender of this land.”

The fourth scene is a dramatic amplification of a dramatic scene which the poet found both in Hall and Holinshed. We give the passage from the latter chronicler, as it differs very slightly from that of his predecessor:—

“In the tower that was taken at the bridge end (as before you have heard) there was an high chamber, having a grate full of bars of iron, by the which a man might look all the length of the bridge into the city; at which grate many of the chief captains stood many times, viewing the city, and devising in what place it

was best to give the assault. They within the city well perceived this tooting-hole, and laid a piece of ordinance directly against the window. It so chanced, that, the nine-and-fiftieth day after the siege was laid, the Earl of Salisbury, Sir Thomas Gargrave, and William Glansdale, with divers other, went into the said tower, and so into the high chamber, and looked out at the grate, and, within a short space, the son of the master-gunner, perceiving men looking out at the window, took his match (as his father had taught him, who was gone down to dinner) and fired the gun; the shot whereof broke and shivered the iron bars of the grate, so that one of the same bars struck the Earl so violently on the head, that it struck away one of his eyes and the side of his cheek. Sir Thomas Gargrave was likewise stricken, and died within two days. The Earl was conveyed to Meun on Loire, where, after eight days, he likewise departed this world."

The fifth scene, the subject of which is the entry of Joan of Arc into Orleans, follows the course of narration in both chroniclers; but it was in Hall that the poet found a suggestion for this passage :—

"Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us."

The old historian is quaintly picturesque in his notice of the joy which this great event produced amongst the French :—

"After this siege thus broken up, to tell you what triumphs were made in the city of Orleans, what wood was spent in fires, what wine was drunk in houses, what songs were sung in the streets, what melody was made in taverns, what rounds were danced in large and broad places, what lights were set up in the churches, what anthems were sung in chapels, and what joy was showed in every place, it were a long work, and yet no necessary cause. For they did as we in like case would have done; and we, being in like estate, would have done as they did."



[Charles VII. of France.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Orleans.

Enter to the gates, a French Sergeant, and Two Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant :
If any noise, or soldier, you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.^a

I Sent. Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*] Thus are
poor servitors
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and Forces, with scaling ladders ; their drums beating a dead march.

Tal. Lord regent, and redoubted Burgundy,—
By whose approach, the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,—
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted :
Embrace we then this opportunity ;
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell!

Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid! and be so martial!

^a *Court of guard.* Steevens says this is equivalent to the modern term "guard-room." This is rather a forced interpretation; for the word *court* indicates with sufficient precision the general place of guard—the enclosed space where a guard is held—in which the *guard-room* is situated.

Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long ;
If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits :
God is our fortress ; in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot ; we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together : better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways ;
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed ; I'll to yon corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.
Now, Salisbury ! for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English scale the walls, crying St. George !
A Talbot ! and all enter by the Town.*]

Sent. [*Within.*] Arm, arm ! the enemy doth make assault !

*The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several
ways, BASTARD, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, half ready, and half
unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords ? what, all unready ^a so ?

Bast. Unready ? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.

Reig. 'T was time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.

Alen. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens sure favour him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles ; I marvel how he sped.

Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.

Bast. Tut ! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

^a *Unready*—undressed. So in Beaumont and Fletcher ('*Island Princess*')—

"——— Make me *unready* ;

I slept but ill last night."

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default;
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way; 't is sure, they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms* to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying A Talbot! A
Talbot! *They fly, leaving their clothes behind.*

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name.

[*Exit.*

* *Platforms*—plans. A *platform* is a delineation of a *form* on a *plain* surface; and hence, a plan generally. In North's 'Plutarch,' *platform* is used in the sense of a plan, chart, or map:—"They were every one occupied about drawing the *platform* of Sicilia."

SCENE II.—Orleans. *Within the Town.*

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain, and others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[*Retreat sounded.*]

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury ;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul ;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And, that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd :
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans ;
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse we met not with the dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself (as far as I could well discern,
For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night)
Am sure I scar'd the dauphin, and his trull ;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord,^a thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies;^b
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said,—Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well, then, alone (since there's no remedy)
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*—You perceive my mind.

Capt. I do, my lord; and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Auvergne. *Court of the Castle.*

Enter the COUNTESS and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

^a *Great lord.* So in the original copy, and in all subsequent editions, till those which are called *variorum*. The word *great* is then changed to *good*, probably by an error of the press. The text so corrupted is of course followed in every modern reprint.

^b *Lies*—dwells.

Port. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*]

Count. The plot is laid : if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account :
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure^a of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false :
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be this weak and writhled^b shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you :
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?—Go ask him whither he
goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot ; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

^a *Censure*—opinion.

^b *Writhled*—wrinkled. So in Spenser :—

“Her writhled skin, as rough as maple-rind.”

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, bloodthirsty lord;

And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now thy substance shall endure the like;
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captive.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to
moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am, indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

He winds a horn. Drums heard; then a Peal of Ordnance.

The Gates being forced, enter Soldiers.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:

I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
 And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
 Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
 For I am sorry, that with reverence
 I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconster^a
 The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
 The outward composition of his body.
 What you have done hath not offended me:
 Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
 But only (with your patience) that we may
 Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
 For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured
 To feast so great a warrior in my house. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—London. *The Temple Garden.*

*Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and WARWICK;
 RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and another Lawyer.*

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this
 silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud;
 The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once, If I maintain the truth;
 Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suf. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
 And never yet could frame my will to it;
 And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
 Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
 Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
 Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
 Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,

^a *Misconster.* So the original: it is ordinarily printed *misconstrue*. In the quarto edition of 'Othello' we find the word:—

"And his unbookish jealousy must *conster*."

See Note on 'Othello,' Act IV., Scene 1.

I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment :
But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance :
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-tied, and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts :
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours ;^a and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset ;
And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen ; and pluck no more,
Till you conclude—that he upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected ;^b
If I have fewest I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off ;

^a *Colours*—here used ambiguously for *deceits* : as in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' "I do fear colourable colours."

^b *Objected.* The word is not here used in the ordinary sense of *opposed*, but in its less common meaning of *proposed*—*suggested*.

Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on ; Who else ?

Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you ; [*To SOMERSET.*
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument ?

Som. Here, in my scabbard ; meditating that
Shall die your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Meantime, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses ;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,
'T is not for fear, but anger,—that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses ;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset ?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet ?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth ;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion,^a peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Poole, I will ; and scorn both him and
thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole !
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset ;
His grandfather was Lionel duke of Clarence,

^a *Fashion.* So the original. Malone reads *faction*, which was a correction by Theobald.

Third son to the third Edward king of England ;
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root ?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By Him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom :
Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days ?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt^a from ancient gentry ?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood ;
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted ;
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor ;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker^b Poole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension :^c
Look to it well ; and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still :
And know us, by these colours, for thy foes ;
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance^d of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear ;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition !
And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exit.

Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard.
[Exit.

Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it !

War. This blot, that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster :
And, if thou be not then created York,

^a *Exempt*—excluded.

^b *Partaker*—confederate.

^c *Apprehension*—opinion.

^d *Cognizance*—badge.

I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
 Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
 Against proud Somerset and William Poole,
 Will I upon thy party wear this rose :
 And here I prophesy,—This brawl to-day,
 Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
 Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
 A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
 That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, let us four to dinner : I dare say

This quarrel will drink blood another day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. A Room in the Tower.*

Enter MORTIMER, brought in a chair by Two Keepers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
 Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
 Even like a man new haled from the rack,
 So fare my limbs with long imprisonment :
 And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
 Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
 Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
 These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
 Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent :^a
 Weak shoulders, overborne with burth'ning grief ;
 And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
 That droops his sapless branches to the ground :
 Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
 Unable to support this lump of clay,
 Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
 As witting I no other comfort have.
 But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come ?

1 Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come :
 We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber ;
 And answer was return'd, that he will come.

^a *Exigent*—end.

Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied.
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
(Before whose glory I was great in arms,)
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence;
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

1 *Keep.* My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.^a
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:
Among which terms, he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him:
Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake,—declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew,^b that imprison'd me,

^a *Disease*—uneasiness—unease.

^b *Nephew*—put generally for a relative—the Latin *nepos*. See Note on 'Othello,' Act I., Scene I.

And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was curs'd instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was ;
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mor. I will ; if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard,—Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent :
During whose reign, the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne :
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was—for that (young king Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body)
I was the next by birth and parentage ;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son
To king Edward the third, whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark ; as, in this haughty great attempt,
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the fifth,
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army ; weening to redeem,
And have install'd me in the diadem :
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True ; and thou seest that I no issue have ;

And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest, I wish thee gather;
And yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic;
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaught'rer doth,
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.

Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;

Only, give order for my funeral;

And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes!

And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war!

[*Dies.*

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,

And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.

Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;

And what I do imagine, let that rest.

Keepers, convey him hence: and I myself

Will see his burial better than his life.

[*Exeunt* Keepers, *bearing out* MORTIMER.

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,

Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:

And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,

Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,

I doubt not but with honour to redress:

And therefore haste I to the parliament;

Either to be restored to my blood,

Or make my ill^a the advantage of my good.

[*Exit.*

^a *Ill*—ill-usage.



[Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury.]

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT II.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

"THIS is that terrible Talbot, so famous for his sword, or rather whose sword was so famous for his arm that used it; a sword with bad Latin* upon it, but good steel within it; which constantly conquered where it came, in so much that the bare fame of his approach frightened the French from the siege of Burdeaux."

Such is the quaint notice which old Fuller, in his 'Worthies,' gives of Talbot. He is the hero of the play before us; and it is easy to see how his bold, chivalrous bearing, and, above all, the manner of his death, should have made him the favourite of the poet as well as of the chroniclers. His name appears to have been a traditionary household word up to the time of Shakspeare; and other writers, besides the chroniclers, rejoiced in allusions to his warlike deeds. Edward Kerke, the commentator on Spenser's 'Pastorals,' thus speaks of him in 1579:—"His nobleness bred such a terror in the hearts of the French, that oftentimes great armies were defeated and put to flight at the only hearing of his name: in so much that the French women, to affray their children, would tell them that the Talbot cometh.'" By a poetical licence, Talbot, in this act, is made to retake Orleans; whereas in truth his defeat at the battle of Patay soon followed upon the raising of the siege after the appearance of Joan of Arc. The loss of this battle is attributed, in the description of the messenger in the first act, solely to the cowardice of Sir John Fastolfe; and in the fourth act we are witnesses to the degradation of this knight upon the same imputation of cowardice. There is scarcely enough in the chroniclers to have warranted the poet in making this charge against Fastolfe so prominent. The account of Holinshed, which we subjoin, is nearly a transcript from Hall:—

* Sum Talboti pro vincere inimicos meos.

"From this battle departed, without any strokes stricken, Sir John Fastolfe, the same year for his valiantness elected into the Order of the Garter; for which cause the Duke of Bedford took from him the image of St. George and his garter, though afterward, by mean of friends and apparent causes of good excuse, the same were to him again delivered, against the mind of the Lord Talbot." It is highly probable that Fastolfe, of whose private character we have an intimate knowledge from those most curious records of social life in the days of Henry VI., the 'Paston Letters,' was a commander whose discretion was habitually opposed to the fiery temperament of Talbot; and that, Talbot being the especial favourite of his soldiers, the memory of Fastolfe was handed down to Shakspeare's day as that of one who had contributed to lose France by his timidity, he dying in prosperity and ease in England, whilst the great Talbot perished in the field, leaving in the popular mouth the sentiment which Fuller has preserved, "Henceforward we may say good night to the English in France."

The Bastard of Orleans, who appears in this act, gave the first serious blow to the power of the English in France at the battle of Montargis.

The scene in the Temple gardens is of purely dramatic creation. It is introduced, we think, with singular judgment, with reference to the purpose of connecting 'The First Part of Henry VI.' with the Second and Third Parts. The scene of the death of Mortimer is introduced with the same object. Edmund Mortimer did not die in confinement, nor was he an old man at the time of his death; but the accounts of the chroniclers are so confused, that the poet has not committed any violation of historical truth, such as it presented itself to him, in dramatising the following passage of Hall (the third year of Henry VI.):—"During which season Edmund Mortimer, the last Earl of March of that name (which long time had been restrained from his liberty, and finally waxed lame), deceased without issue, whose inheritance descended to Lord Richard Plantagenet, son and heir to Richard Earl of Cambridge, beheaded, as you have heard before, at the town of Southampton. Which Richard, within less than thirty years, as heir to this Earl Edmund, in open parliament claimed the crown and sceptre of this realm."



[Bastard of Orleans.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—London. *The Parliament-House.*

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and others. GLOSTER offers to put up a bill; WINCHESTER snatches it, and tears it.

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloster? if thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my
patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelâte; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree;
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest?
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe
 To give me hearing what I shall reply.
 If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
 As he will have me, how am I so poor?
 Or how haps it I seek not to advance
 Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
 And for dissention, who preferreth peace
 More than I do,—except I be provok'd?
 No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
 It is not that that hath incens'd the duke:
 It is, because no one should sway but he;
 No one but he should be about the king;
 And that engenders thunder in his breast,
 And makes him roar these accusations forth.
 But he shall know, I am as good——

Glo.

As good?

Thou bastard of my grandfather!—

Win. Ay, lordly sir: For what are you, I pray,
 But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not protector, saucy priest?^a

Win. And am I not a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
 And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo. Thou art reverent,

Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War. Roam thither then.

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

Som. Methinks, my lord should be religious,
 And know the office that belongs to such.

^a Steevens prints this line thus, "for the sake of metre:"—

"Am I not *the* protector, saucy priest?"

The opportunities in this play for Steevens's interference in this manner are remarkably few. We should not notice them, except to mention that we hold it of importance to exhibit this play as we have received it, except in cases of manifest error, which rarely occur. It is printed with singular correctness in the original folio.

War. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?

Plan. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;
Lest it be said, "Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?"
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

[*Aside.*

K. Hen. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissention is a viperous worm
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—

[*A noise within; "Down with the tawny-coats!"*
What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[*A noise again; "Stones! Stones!"*

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

May. O, my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers of GLOSTER and WINCHESTER, with bloody pates.

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,

To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 *Serv.* Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we 'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 *Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[*Skirmish again.*]

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3 *Serv.* My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright ; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty :
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,^a
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead. [*Skirmish again.*]

Glo. Stay, stay, I say !

And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul !
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent ?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not ?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils ?

War. Yield, my lord protector ;—yield, Winchester ;—
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity ;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop ;
Or I would see his heart out ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

^a *An inkhorn mate.* Wilson, in his 'Art of Rhetoric,' 1553, describes a pedant as using "*inkhorn terms*."

War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear :
Why look you still so stern and tragical ?

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. Hen. Fie, uncle Beaufort ! I have heard you preach
That malice was a great and grievous sin :
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same ?

War. Sweet king !—the bishop hath a kindly gird.^a—
For shame, my lord of Winchester ! relent ;
What, shall a child instruct you what to do ?

Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee ;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. Ay ; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen ;
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers :
So help me God, as I dissemble not !

Win. So help me God, as I intend it not ! [*Aside.*

K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract !
Away, my masters ! trouble us no more ;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content ; I'll to the surgeon's.

2 *Serv.* And so will I.

3 *Serv.* And I will see what physic the tavern affords.
[*Exeunt Servants, Mayor, &c.*

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign ;
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick, —for, sweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right :
Especially, for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force :

^a *A kindly gird*—a reproof meant in kindness. Falstaff says,—

^b Men of all sorts take a pride to *gird* at me."

Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood ;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.

K. Hen. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot :
And, in reguerdon^a of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York :
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet ;
And rise created princely duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall !
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty !

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York !

Som. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York ! [*Aside.*]

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France :
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends ;
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. Hen. When Gloster says the word, king Henry goes ;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but EXETER.*]

Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue :
This late dissention, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame :
As fester'd members rot but by degree,
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.

^a *Reguerdon*—recompence.

And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Henry nam'd the fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all;
And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all:^a
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—France. *Before Rouen.*

*Enter LA PUCELLE disguised, and Soldiers dressed like
Countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.*

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach:
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance (as I hope we shall),
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the dauphin may encounter them.

I Sold. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we'll knock.

[Knocks.]

Guard. [Within.] *Qui est là ?*

Puc. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France:*
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Guard. Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.

[Opens the gates.]

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.
[PUCELLE, &c., enter the city.]

*Enter CHARLES, BASTARD of ORLEANS, ALENÇON, and
Forces.*

Char. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants;

^a The line, as we print it, is found in the second folio. The original copy omits *should*.

Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is,—
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

*Enter LA PUCELLE on a battlement, holding out a torch
burning.*

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen;
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles! the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch, in yonder turret stands.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Alen. Defer no time: Delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry—"The dauphin!"—presently,
And then do execution on the watch. [*They enter.*

Alarums. Enter TALBOT and certain English.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.

Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.

[*Exeunt to the town.*

*Alarum: Excursions. Enter, from the town, BEDFORD,
brought in sick, in a chair, with TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and
the English Forces. Then, enter on the walls, LA PU-
CELLE, CHARLES, BASTARD, ALENÇON, and others.*

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think the duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:
'T was full of darnel: Do you like the taste?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtesan!
I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason !

Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard ? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair ?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead ?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are you so hot, sir ? Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace ;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.

[*TALBOT, and the rest, consult together.*]

God speed the parliament ! who shall be the speaker ?

Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field ?

Puc. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecaté,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest ;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out ?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang !—base muleteers of France !
Like peasant footboys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Away, captains : let's get us from the walls ;
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.
God be wi' you, my lord ! we came but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt LA PUCELLE, &c., from the walls.*]

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame !
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
(Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,)
Either to get the town again, or die :
And I, as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror ;
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried ;
So sure I swear to get the town or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,

The valiant duke of Bedford:—Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me :
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence ; for once I read,
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes :
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—
Then be it so:—Heavens keep old Bedford safe!—
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, and Forces, leaving
BEDFORD and others.

Alarum : Excursions. Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE and a
Captain.

Cap. Whither away, sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight.

We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay. All the Talbots in the world, to save my life.

[*Exit.*

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*

Retreat : Excursions. Enter, from the town, LA PUCELLE,
ALENÇON, CHARLES, &c., and exeunt flying.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven please ;
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.

What is the trust or strength of foolish man?

They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*

Alarum: Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and others.

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Yet, Heavens have glory for this victory!

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monuments.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep:
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?
What, all a-mort?^a Rouen hangs her head for grief
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers;
And then depart to Paris, to the king;
For there young Henry, with his nobles, lies.

Bur. What wills lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen;
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court:
But kings, and mightiest potentates, must die;
For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. The Plains near the City.*

Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,

^a *All a-mort*—dispirited.

And of thy cunning had no diffidence ;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint ;
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be ; this doth Joan devise :
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors ;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end. [*Drums heard.*]
Hark ! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An English march. Enter, and pass over at a distance, TALBOT and his Forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread ;
And all the troops of English after him.

A French March. Enter the DUKE OF BURGUNDY and Forces.

Now, in the rearward, comes the duke, and his ;
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[*A parley sounded.*]

Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy ?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast!
O, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots!

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then, but English Henry, will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof;—
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
See, then! thou fight'st against thy countrymen,

And join'st with them will be thy slaughtermen.
Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord;
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished; these haughty^a words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours;
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us
fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Paris. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and other Lords, VERNON,
BASSET, &c. *To them* TALBOT, and some of his Officers.

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm,—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Besides five hundred prisoners of esteem,—
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet;
And, with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Hen. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
That hath so long been resident in France?

^a *Haughty*—lofty—spirited. So, in the next act,—

“Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage.”

Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord !
When I was young, (as yet I am not old,)
I do remember how my father said
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war ;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face :
Therefore, stand up ; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you earl of Shrewsbury ;
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, GLOSTER, TALBOT, and Nobles.]

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York,—
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st ?

Bas. Yes, sir ; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he ? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye ; not so : in witness take ye that.

[*Strikes him.*]

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such,
That whoso draws a sword 't is present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong ;
When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you ;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*]



[Parliament of Henry VI.]

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT III.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

It is here that Henry is first introduced on the scene. The poet has represented him as very young :—

“ What, shall a child instruct you what to do ? ”

He was, in truth, only in his fifth year when the contest between Gloster and Beaufort was solemnly arbitrated before the parliament at Leicester. But the poor child was made to go through the ceremonies of royalty even before this. Hall, writing of the third year of his reign, says, “ About Easter, this year, the king called his high court of parliament at his town of Westminster ; and coming to the parliament house, he was conveyed through the city upon a great courser with great triumph ; which child was judged of all men not only to have the very image, the lively portraiture, and lovely countenance of his noble parent and famous father, but also like to succeed and be his heir in all moral virtues, martial policies, and princely feats.”

At the parliament of Leicester Bedford presided, and “ openly rebuked the lords in general because that they, in the time of war, through their privy malice and inward grudge, had almost moved the people to war and commotion.” This rebuke the poet has put into the mouth of Henry :—

“ Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissention is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.”



[Duke of Bedford.]

The creation of Richard Plantagenet as Duke of York has been dramatically introduced by the poet into the same scene. The honours bestowed upon Plantagenet immediately followed the hollow reconciliation between Gloster and Beaufort.

The second scene brings us again to France. The stratagem by which Joan of Arc is here represented to have taken Rouen is found in Holinshed, as a narrative of the mode in which Evreux was taken in 1442. The scene of Bedford dying in the field is purely imaginary. The chronicler simply records his death in 1435, and that his "body was with all funeral solemnity buried in the cathedral church of our Lady in Rone, on the north side of the high altar, under a sumptuous and costly monument."

The defection of the Duke of Burgundy from the English cause did not take place till 1434, and it was in that year that he wrote the letter to Henry to which Gloster alludes in the first scene of the fourth act. The English chroniclers are totally silent as to any influence exercised, or attempted to be exercised, by Joan of Arc, in the separation of Burgundy from the interests of England. The actual event, of course, took place after Joan's death; yet it is most remarkable that the spirited dialogue between *La Pucelle* and Burgundy, in this act, is wholly borne out by the circumstance that the Maid, on the very day of the coronation of Charles at Rheims, in 1429, addressed a letter to the Duke of Burgundy, in which she uses arguments not at all unlike those of this scene of the play. The letter is published by Barante. (*Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne*, tome iv., page 259.) The original is in the archives of Lille; and Barante says it was first published in 1780. We can scarcely avoid thinking that the author of this play had access to some French chronicler, by whom the substance of the letter was given. We transcribe the original from Barante, for the characteristic simplicity of the style would be lost in a translation:—

"Jhesus Maria.

"Haut et redouté prince, duc de Bourgogne, Jehanne la Pucelle vous requiert, de par le Roi du ciel, mon droiturier souverain seigneur, que le roi de France et vous

fassiez bonne paix, ferme, qui dure longuement. Pardonnez l'un à l'autre de bon cœur, entièrement, ainsi que doivent faire loyaux Chrétiens ; et s'il vous plaît guerroyer, allez sur le Sarrasin. Prince de Bourgogne, je vous prie, supplie, et requiers, tant humblement que je vous puis requérir, que ne guerroyiez plus au saint royaume de France, et faites retraire incontinent et brièvement vos gens qui sont en aucunes places et forteresses du dit royaume. De la part du gentil roi de France, il est prêt de faire paix avec vous, sauf son honneur ; et il ne tient qu'à vous. Et je vous fais savoir, de par le Roi du ciel, mon droiturier et souverain seigneur, pour votre bien et pour votre honneur, que vous ne gagnerez point de bataille contre les loyaux Français ; et que tous ceux qui guerroyent au dit saint royaume de France guerroyent contre le roi Jhesus, Roi du ciel et de tout le monde, mon droiturier et souverain seigneur. Et vous prie et vous requiers à jointes mains que ne fassiez nulle bataille, ni ne guerroyiez contre nous, vous, vos gens, et vos sujets. Croyez sûrement, quelque nombre de gens que vous ameniez contre nous, qu'ils n'y gagneront mie ; et sera grand pitié de la grand bataille et du sang qui sera répandu de ceux qui y viendront contre nous. Il y a trois semaines que je vous ai écrit et envoyez de bonnes lettres par un héraut pour que vous fussiez au sacre du roi qui, aujourd'hui dimanche, dix-septième jour de ce présent mois de juillet, se fait en la cité de Reims. Je n'en ai pas eu réponse, ni onc depuis n'a ouï nouvelles du héraut. A Dieu vous recommande et soit garde de vous, s'il lui plaît, et prie Dieu qu'il y mette bonne paix. Ecrit au dit lieu de Reims, le 17 juillet."



[Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Paris. *A Room of State.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, *the Governor of Paris, and others.*

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save king Henry, of that name the sixth!

Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,—

[*Governor kneels.*]

That you elect no other king but him :

Esteem none friends but such as are his friends ;

And none your foes but such as shall pretend ^a

Malicious practices against his state :

This shall ye do, so help you righteous God !

[*Exeunt Governor and his Train.*]

Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee !
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg, [*Plucking it off.*]
(Which I have done,) because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest :
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in ail I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,

^a *Pretend*—intend.

Like to a trusty squire, did run away ;
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men ;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpris'd and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss ;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill-beseeming any common man ;
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth ;
Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars ;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He then that is not furnish'd in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order ;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen ! thou hear'st thy doom !
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight ;
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.— [*Exit* FAST.
And now, lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his style ?
[*Viewing the superscription.*

No more but, plain and bluntly,—“ To the king ? ”

Hath he forgot he is his sovereign ?

Or doth this churlish superscription

Pretend some alteration in good will ?

What's here ?—“ I have, upon especial cause,— [*Reads.*

Mov'd with compassion of my country's wrack,

Together with the pitiful complaints

Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—

Forsaken your pernicious faction,

And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France.”

O monstrous treachery! Can this be so;
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.

K. Hen. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. Hen. Why, then, lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse:—
How say you, my lord? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am prevented,^a
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto him
straight:

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason;
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*

Enter VERNON and BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!

York. This is my servant: Hear him, noble prince!

Som. And this is mine: Sweet Henry, favour him!

K. Hen. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak.—
Say, gentlemen, What makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying—the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn^b the truth,

^a *Prevented*—gone before—anticipated.

^b *Repugn*—resist.

About a certain question in the law,
Argued betwixt the duke of York and him ;
With other vile and ignominious terms :
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord :
For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him ;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left ?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Hen. Good Lord ! what madness rules in brain-sick
men ;

When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise :
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissention first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone ;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge ; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so ? Confounded be your strife !
And perish ye, with your audacious prate !
Presumptuous vassals ! are you not asham'd,
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us ?
And you, my lords,—methinks you do not well,
To bear with their perverse objections ;
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves ;
Let me persuade you, take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his highness :—Good my lords, be friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants :
Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.
And you, my lords, remember where we are ;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation :
If they perceive dissention in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel !
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified
That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France !
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years ; and let us not forego
That for a trifle that was bought with blood !
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose, [*Putting on a red rose.*]
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York :
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both :
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade
Than I am able to instruct or teach :
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France :
And, good my lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot ;
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will return to Calais ;
From thence to England, where I hope ere long

To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* KING HEN., GLO., SOM., WIN.,
SUF., and BASSET.

War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. And, if I wist he did,—But let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt* YORK, WARWICK, and VERNON.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice:
For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This should'ring of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'T is much, when sceptres are in children's hands:
But more, when envy breeds unkind division;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [Exit.

SCENE II.—France. *Before Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT, with his Forces.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter:
Summon their general unto the wall.

[*Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the
General of the French Forces, and others.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England;
And thus he would,—Open your city gates;
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects;

And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter, but by death:
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, due^a thee withal;
For ere the glass that now begins to run
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Hark! hark! the dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul,
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exeunt General, &c., from the walls.*]

Tal. He fables not, I hear the enemy;—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—

^a *Due*—pay as due.

O, negligent and heedless discipline !
 How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale ;
 A little herd of England's timorous deer,
 Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs !
 If we be English deer, be then in blood : ^a
 Not rascal-like, ^b to fall down with a pinch ;
 But rather moody-mad and desperate stags,
 Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
 And make the cowards stand aloof at bay :
 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
 And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
 God, and saint George ! Talbot, and England's right !
 Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight ! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*Plains in Gascony.*

Enter YORK, with Forces ; to him a Messenger.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
 That dogg'd the mighty army of the dauphin ?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord : and give it out
 That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
 To fight with Talbot : As he march'd along,
 By your espials were discovered
 Two mightier troops than that the dauphin led ;
 Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
 That thus delays my promised supply
 Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege !
 Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid ;
 And I am lowted ^c by a traitor villain,
 And cannot help the noble chevalier :
 God comfort him in this necessity !
 If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,

^a *In blood*—a term of the forest. So in 'Love's Labour's Lost':—

"The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis*, blood."

^b *Rascal-like*. Rascal was also a term of wood-craft for a lean deer.

^c *Lowted*. Malone explains this, "I am treated with contempt like a lowt."

Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God! that Somerset, who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!
And on his son, young John; whom, two hours since,
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.
Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

[*Exit.*

Lucy. Thus while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the fifth:—Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Other plains of Gascony.*

Enter SOMERSET, with his Forces; an Officer of TALBOT's with him.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Off. Here is sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now? sir William, whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord Talbot;
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the horse;
I owe him little duty and less love;
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en, or slain:
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The English Camp near Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT and JOHN his Son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in stratagems of war;
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided^a danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, begone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me:
The world will say,—He is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

^a *Unavoided*—not to be avoided.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But, if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name: Shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.

Come, side by side together live and die;

And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—*A Field of Battle.*

Alarum : Excursions, wherein TALBOT's Son is hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.

Tal. Saint George and victory ! fight, soldiers, fight :
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot ?—pause, and take thy breath ;
I gave thee life, and rescued thee from death.

John. O twice my father ! twice am I thy son :
The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done ;
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the dauphin's crest thy sword struck
fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy ; and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight—I soon encountered ;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood ; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus : “ Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor ; for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy : ”—
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care ;
Art thou not weary, John ? How didst thou fare ?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry ?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead ;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.

If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain an if I stay,
'T is but the short'ning of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart;
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,)
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die:
And like me to the peasant boys of France;
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance.
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Another Part of the same.*

Alarum: Excursions. Enter TALBOT wounded, supported by a Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone;—
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin, and assail'd of none,

Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle of the French :
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His overmounting spirit ; and there died
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of JOHN TALBOT.

Serv. O my dear lord ! lo, where your son is borne !

Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.
O thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath :
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no ;
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.
Poor boy ! he smiles, methinks ; as who should say,
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms ;
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu ! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [Dies.

Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving the two bodies. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, BASTARD, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging wood,^a
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood !

Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,—
“Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid :”
But, with a proud, majestic high scorn,
He answer'd thus : “Young Talbot was not born

^a *Raging wood*—raging mad.

To be the pillage of a giglot wench :”
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight ;
See, where he lies inhered in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder ;
Whose life was England’s glory, Gallia’s wonder.

Char. O, no ; forbear : for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, attended ; a French Herald preceding.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the dauphin’s tent ;
To know who hath obtain’d the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent ?

Lucy. Submission, dauphin ! ’t is a mere French word ;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta’en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask’st thou ? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek’st.

Lucy. But where’s^a the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury ?
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence ;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice-victorious lord of Falconbridge ;
Knight of the noble order of saint George,
Worthy saint Michael, and the golden fleece ;
Great mareshal to Henry the sixth,
Of all his wars within the realm of France ?

Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed !
The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,

^a *But where’s.* So the original. The ordinary reading is, “*Where is.*” It appears to us that Lucy utters an exclamation of surprise when he does not see Talbot, supposing him to be prisoner.

Writes not so tedious a style as this.
Him, that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain? the Frenchman's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,
That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies; that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence:
But from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.

Char. So we be rid of them do with 'em what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[*Exeunt.*]



[Henry VI. and Court. John Talbot receiving a Sword.]

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT IV.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

THE coronation of Henry VI. in Paris took place as early as 1431. In the scene of the play where this event is represented, Talbot receives a commission to proceed against Burgundy; and the remainder of the fourth act is occupied with the events of the campaign in which Talbot fell. Twenty years, or more, are leapt over by the poet, for the purpose of showing, amidst the disasters of our countrymen in France, the heroism by which the struggle for empire was so long maintained. We have already alluded to the detailed narrative which Hall gives of Talbot's death, and the brief notice of Holinshed. The account of the elder historian is very graphic, and no doubt furnished the materials for the fifth, sixth, and seventh scenes of this act:—

“ This conflict continued in doubtful judgment of victory two long hours; during which fight the lords of Montamban and Humadayre, with a great company of Frenchmen, entered the battle, and began a new field; and suddenly the gunners, perceiving the Englishmen to approach near, discharged their ordinance, and slew three hundred persons near to the Earl, who, perceiving the imminent jeo-



[Effigy upon the Tomb of John Talbot.]

pardy and subtile labyrinth in the which he and his people were enclosed and illaqueate, despising his own safeguard, and desiring the life of his entirely and well beloved son the Lord Lisle, willed, advertised, and counselled him to depart out of the field, and to save himself. But when the son had answered that it was neither honest nor natural for him to leave his father in the extreme jeopardy of his life, and that he would taste of that draught which his father and parent should assay and begin, the noble earl and comfortable captain said to him, Oh, son, son! I, thy father, which only hath been the terror and scourge of the French people so many years,—which hath subverted so many towns, and profligate and discomfited so many of them in open battle and martial conflict,—neither can here die, for the honour of my country, without great laud and perpetual fame, nor fly or depart without perpetual shame and continual infamy. But because this is thy first journey and enterprise, neither thy flying shall redound to thy shame, nor thy death to thy glory: for as hardy a man wisely flieth as a temerarious person foolishly abideth, therefore the fleeing of me shall be the dishonour, not only of me and my progeny, but also a discomfiture of all my company: thy departure shall save thy life, and make thee able another time, if I be slain, to revenge my death, and to do honour to thy prince and profit to his realm. But nature so wrought in the son, that neither desire of life, nor thought of security, could withdraw or pluck him from his natural father; who, considering the constancy of his child, and the great danger that they stood in, comforted his soldiers, cheered his captains, and valiantly set on his enemies, and slew of them more in number than he had in his company. But his enemies, having a greater company of men, and more abundance of ordinance, than before had been seen in a battle, first shot him through the thigh with a hand gun, and slew his horse, and cowardly killed him, lying on the

ground, whom they never durst look in the face while he stood on his feet: and with him there died manfully his son the Lord Lisle, his bastard son Henry Talbot, and Sir Edward Hull, elect to the noble Order of the Garter, and thirty valiant personages of the English nation; and the Lord Molyns was there taken prisoner with sixty other. The residue of the English people fled to Burdeaux and other places; whereof in the flight were slain above a thousand persons. At this battle of Chastillon, fought the 13th day of July, in this year, ended his life, John Lord Talbot, and of his progeny the first Earl of Shrewsbury, after that he, with much fame, more glory, and most victory, had for his prince and country, by the space of twenty-four years and more, valiantly made war and served the King in the parts beyond the sea, whose corps was left on the ground, and after was found by his friends, and conveyed to Whitchurch, in Shropshire, where it is intumulate."

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.**Enter* KING HENRY, GLOSTER, *and* EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this,—
They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our christian blood,
And 'stablish quietness on every side.

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity^a and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord,—the sooner to effect,
And surer bind, this knot of amity,—
The earl of Armagnac—near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France—
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Hen. Marriage, uncle! alas! my years are young;
And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

^a *Immanity*—barbarity.

Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with WINCHESTER in a Cardinal's habit.

Exe. What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then, I perceive that will be verified,
Henry the fifth did sometime prophesy,—
“If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.”

K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable :
And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace ;
Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your master,—
I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty and the value of her dower,—
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, [*to the Amb.*] pledge of my affection.
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover ; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt K. HEN. and Train ; GLOS., EXE., and Amb.*]

Win. Stay, my lord legate ; you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That, neither in birth, or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee :
I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—France. *Plains in Anjou.*

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, and Forces, marching.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Char. What tidings send our scouts? I prithee speak.

Mess. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one;
And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd:—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.* Before Angiers.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.
Now, help, ye charming spells, and periapts;^a
And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents!

[*Thunder.*]

^a *Periapts*—amulets—charms. Cotgrave explains the word, “medicines *hanged* about any part of the body.”

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,^a
Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

[They walk about and speak not.]

O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit;
So you do condescend to help me now.—

[They hang their heads]

No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

[They shake their heads.]

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.

[They depart.]

See! they forsake me. Now the time^c is come
That France must veil her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.

My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:

Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

[Exit.]

*Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting. LA PUCELLE^b
and YORK fight hand to hand. LA PUCELLE is taken.
The French fly.*

^a "The monarch of the North," says Douce, "was Zimimar, one of the four principal devils invoked by witches. The others were, Amaimon king of the East, Gorson king of the South, and Goap king of the West. Under these devil kings were devil marquesses, dukes, prelates, knights, presidents, and earls. They are all enumerated, from Wier, 'De Præstigiis Dæmonum,' in Scot's 'Discoverie of Witchcraft,' book xv. c. 2, 3."

^b The old stage-direction is, "Burgundy and York fight hand to hand."

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:
 Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
 And try if they can gain your liberty.
 A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
 See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
 As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

York. O, Charles the dauphin is a proper man;
 No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee!
 And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
 By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell, banning hag! enchantress, hold thy tongue.

Puc. I prithee, give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, leading in Lady MARGARET.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[*Gazes on her.*]

O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
 For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.^a
 I kiss these fingers [*kissing her hand*] for eternal peace,
 And lay them gently on thy tender side.
 Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

^a We print these lines as they stand in the original. All the modern editors, however, give them thus:—

“For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
 And lay them gently on thy tender side.
 I kiss these fingers for eternal peace.”

Malone says that by the original reading “Suffolk is made to kiss his own fingers, a symbol of peace of which there is, I believe, no example.” We do not see this. Suffolk says,—

“Do not fear, nor fly;
 For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.”

He then adds, kissing the lady's fingers,—

“I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
 And lay them gently on thy tender side,”—

accompanying the words by a corresponding action. He takes the lady's hand, but, instead of seizing it as the hand of a prisoner, he replaces it, having kissed it, on her tender side.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples ; whosoe'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me :
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.
Yet if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.

[She turns away as going.]

O, stay !—I have no power to let her pass ;
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak :
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind :
Fie, De la Poole ! disable not thyself ;
Hast not a tongue ? is she not here thy prisoner ?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight ?
Ay ; beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk, if thy name be so,
What ransom must I pay before I pass ?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell, she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love ? *[Aside.]*

Mar. Why speak'st thou not ? what ransom must I pay ?

Suf. She's beautiful ; and therefore to be woo'd :
She is a woman ; therefore to be won. *[Aside.]*

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no ?

Suf. Fond man ! remember that thou hast a wife ;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour ? *[Aside.]*

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. There all is marr'd ; there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at random ; sure, the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: Tush! that's a wooden thing.

Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy^a may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too:
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.

[*Aside.*

Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.

[*Aside.*

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesies.

[*Aside.*

Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause——

Mar. Tush! women have been captivate ere now.

[*Aside.*

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 't is but *quid* for *quo*.

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my——

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

^a *Fancy*—love.

Suf. No, gentle madam ; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam ; are you so content ?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains, and our colours, forth :
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

[*Troops come forward.*]

A Parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, on the walls.

Suf. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom ?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy ?

I am a soldier ; and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord :
Consent (and for thy honour, give consent)
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king ;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto ;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks ?

Suf. Fair Margaret knows
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[*Exit from the walls.*]

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, below.

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories ;
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king :
What answer makes your grace unto my suit ?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of such a lord ;

Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the county Maine, and Anjou,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her ;
And those two counties, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king :

And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case.

[*Aside.*

I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd ;
So, farewell, Reignier ! set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The christian prince, king Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord ! Good wishes, praise, and prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret.

[*Going.*

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam ! But hark you, Margaret ;
No princely commendations to my king ?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again,—
No loving token to his majesty ?

Mar. Yes, my good lord ; a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal.

[*Kisses her.*

Mar. That for thyself ; I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[*Exeunt REIGNIER and MARGARET.*

Suf. O, wert thou for myself !—But, Suffolk, stay ;
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth ;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise :

Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount;
Mad,^a natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*Camp of the Duke of York, in Anjou.*

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

Puc. Decrepit miser!^b base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood;
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 't is not so;
I did beget her all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle!^c
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'T is true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.

^a *Mad.* Steevens thinks this epithet is used in the sense of *wild*.

^b *Miser*—wretch, miserable creature.

^c *Obstacle*—obstinate. In Chapman's 'May Day' we have—
"An *obstacle* young thing it is."

Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good. [Exit.]

York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay;—away with her to execution.

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no fagots, let there be enow;
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:

Murther not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now Heaven forefend! the holy maid with child?

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live;
Especially, since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his;
It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'T was neither Charles nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave my curse:
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you; till mischief, and despair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!

[*Exit guarded.*]

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter CARDINAL BEAUFORT, attended.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;

And here at hand the dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

*Enter CHARLES, attended; ALENÇON, BASTARD, REIGNIER,
and others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful^a enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That, in regard king Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet;
And yet, in substance and authority,

^a *Baleful*—baneful.

Retain but privilege of a private man?

This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king :
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole ?
No, lord ambassador ; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles ! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league ;
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison ?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract :
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility :
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

[*Aside, to CHARLES.*

War. How say'st thou, Charles ? shall our condition stand ?

Char. It shall :

Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty ;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—

[*CHARLES, and the rest, give tokens of fealty.*

So, now dismiss your army when ye please ;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, *in conference with* SUFFOLK ; GLOSTER
and EXETER *following.*

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me :
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart :
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwrack, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush ! my good lord ! this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise :
The chief perfections of that lovely dame
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command ;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem ;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach ?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths ;
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists

By reason of his adversary's odds :
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that ?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my lord, her father is a king,
The king of Naples and Jerusalem ;
And of such great authority in France
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Eae. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords ! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich :
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship ;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed :
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife ?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king ?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king :
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More than in women commonly is seen,)

Will answer our hope in issue of a king ;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords ; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of Suffolk ; or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell ; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissention in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping ; post, my lord, to France ;
Agree to any covenants ; and procure
That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen :
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say ; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.
And you, good uncle, banish all offence :
If you do censure^a me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where, from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief.

[*Exit.*

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and EXETER.*

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd : and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece ;
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king ;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.

[*Exit.*

^a *Censure*—judge.



[Old Monument of Joan of Arc, Rouen.]

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT V.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

THE circumstances which attended the capture of Joan of Arc are differently told by the French chroniclers. They all agree, however, that the event happened at Compeigne. The narrative which we find in the first edition of Holinshed is almost entirely taken from that of Hall. In the second edition we have an abstract of the details of the '*Chroniques de Bretagne*.' The poet has departed from the literal exactness of all the accounts. We give the passage from Holinshed:—

"After this the Duke of Bourgoyne, accompanied with the Earls of Arundel and Suffolk, and the Lord John of Lutzenburg, besieged the town of Compeigne with a great puissance. This town was well walled, manned, and victualled, so that the besiegers were constrained to cast trenches and make mines, for otherwise they saw not how to compass their purpose. In the mean time it happened, in the night of the Ascension of our Lord (A. 1430), that Poyton de Saintreyles, Joan la

Pucelle, and five or six hundred men of arms, issued out by the bridge toward Mondedier, intending to set fire in the tents and lodgings of the Lord Bawdo de Noyelle. At the same very time, Sir John de Lutzenburg, with eight other gentlemen, chanced to be near unto the lodgings of the said Lord Bawdo, where they espied the Frenchmen, which began to cut down tents, overthrow pavilions, and kill men in their beds; whereupon they with all speed assembled a great number of men, as well English as Bourgoynions, and courageously set on the Frenchmen, and in the end beat them back into the town, so that they fled so fast that one letted another, as they would have entered. In the chase and pursuit was the Pucelle taken with divers other, besides those that were slain, which were no small number."

The mode in which the author of this play has chosen to delineate the character of Joan of Arc, in the last act, has been held to be a proof that Shakspeare was not the author. It will be our duty to treat this subject at length in another place; but we would here observe that, however the dramatist may have represented this extraordinary woman as a sorceress, and made her accuse herself of licentious conduct, he has fallen very far short of the injustice of the English chroniclers, who, no doubt, represented the traditional opinions of the English nation. Upon her first appearance at Orleans she was denounced by Bedford in his letter to the King of France as "a devilish witch and satanical enchantress." After the cruel revenge which the English took upon their captive, a letter was written in the name of Henry to the Duke of Burgundy, setting forth and defending the proceedings which had taken place at Rouen. The conclusion of this letter marks the spirit of the age; and Hall, writing more than a century afterwards, affirms that the letter is quite sufficient evidence that Joan was an organ of the devil: "And because she still was obstinate in her trespasses and villainous offences," says the letter of Henry, "she was delivered to the secular power, the which condemned her to be burnt and consumed her in the fire. And when she saw that the fatal day of her obstinacy was come, she openly confessed that the spirits which to her often did appear were evil and false, and apparent liars; and that their promise which they had made to deliver her out of captivity was false and untrue, affirming herself by those spirits to be often beguiled, blinded, and mocked. And so, being in good mind, she was by the justices carried to the old market within the city of Roan, and there by the fire consumed to ashes in the sight of all the people." The confession in the fourth scene, which is so revolting to us, is built upon an assertion which the dramatist found in Holinshed. Taken altogether, the character of Joan of Arc, as represented in this play, appears to us to be founded upon juster views than those of the chroniclers; and the poet, without any didactic expression of his opinion, has dramatically made us feel that the conduct of her persecutors was atrocious. That in a popular play, written two hundred and fifty years ago, we should find those tolerant, and therefore profound, views of the character of such an enthusiast as Joan of Arc by which she is estimated in our own day, was hardly to be expected. From her own countrymen Joan of Arc had an equally scanty measure of justice. Monstrelet, the French chronicler, does not hesitate to affirm that the whole affair was a got-up imposture. The same views prevailed in France in the next century; and it is scarcely necessary to observe that Voltaire converted the story of the Maid into a vehicle for the most profligate ribaldry. Long after France had erected monuments to Joan of Arc her memory was ridiculed by those who claimed to be in advance of public opinion.

The narrative of the wooing of Margaret of Anjou by Suffolk is thus given by Holinshed.—



[Reignier, Duke of Anjou.]

“ In the treating of this truce, the Earl of Suffolk, extending his commission to the uttermost, without the assent of his associates, imagined in his fantasy that the next way to come to a perfect peace was to move some marriage between the French King’s kinswoman, the Lady Margaret, daughter to Regner Duke of Anjou, and his sovereign lord King Henry. This Regner Duke of Anjou named himself King of Sicily, Naples, and Jerusalem, having only the name and style of those realms, without any penny profit or foot of possession. This marriage was made strange to the Earl at first, and one thing seemed to be a great hindrance to it, which was, because the King of England occupied a great part of the duchy of Anjou, and the whole county of Maine, appertaining (as was alleged), to King Regner. The Earl of Suffolk (I cannot say) either corrupted with bribes, or too much affection to this unprofitable marriage, condescended and agreed that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine should be delivered to the King, the bride’s father, demanding for her marriage neither penny nor farthing, as who would say that this new affinity passed all riches, and excelled both gold and precious stone. * * * * * But although this marriage pleased the King and others of his counsel, yet Humfrey Duke of Gloucester, protector of the realm, was much against it, alleging that it should be both contrary to the laws of God and dishonourable to the prince if he should break that promise and contract of marriage made by ambassadors, sufficiently thereto instructed, with the daughter of the Earl of Arminack, upon conditions both to him and his realm as much profitable as honourable. But the Duke’s words could not be heard, for the Earl’s doings were only liked and allowed. * * * The Earl of Suffolk was made Marquis of Suffolk, which marquis, with his wife and many honourable personages of men and women, sailed into France for the conveyance of the nominated queen

into the realm of England. For King Regner, her father, for all his long style, had too short a purse to send his daughter honourably to the King her spouse."

In the fourth scene we find

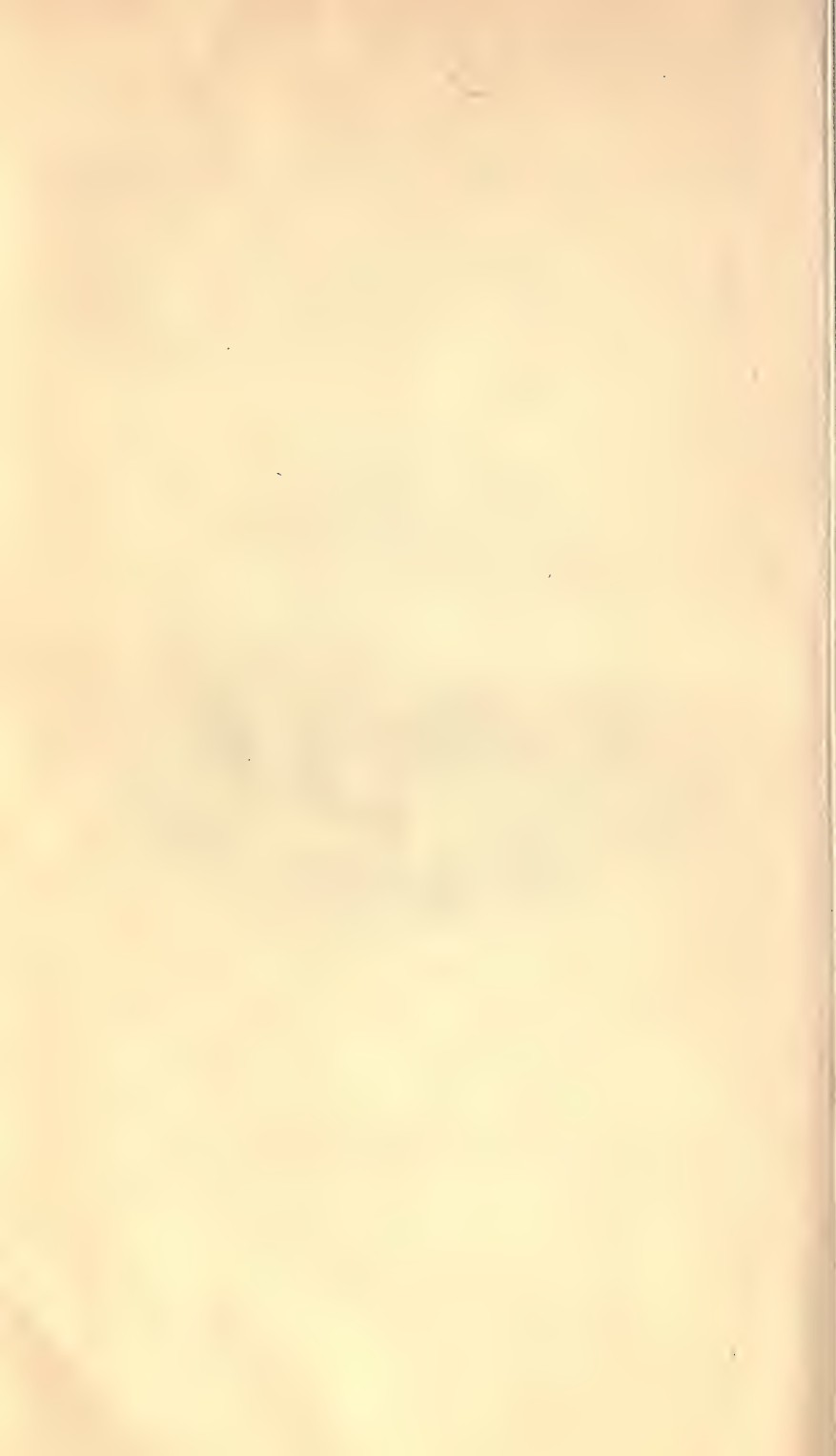
"That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France."

By this was probably intended the truce of 1444, which lasted till 1449. It was in that year that Charles VII. poured his troops into Normandy, and that Rouen, "that rich city," as Holinshed calls it,—the scene of the English glory and the English shame,—was delivered to the French.



[Rouen.]

END OF VOLUME V.



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